The Chicago Daily Tribune.

VOLUME 27. CHICAGO, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1873—SIXTEEN PAGES. NUMBER 122.

HOLIDAY JEWELRY.

RICH AND ELEGANT JEWELRY

For the Holidays, at

C. D. PEACOCK'S.

STOCK ENTIRELY NEW; PURCHASED AT LOWEST PANIC PRICES. WILL KEEP OPEN TILL AFTER HOLIDAYS UNTIL 9 P. M.

98 STATE-ST., cor. Washington, opposite Field, Leiter & Co.

HOLIDAY JEWELRY.

HOLIDAY JEWELRY!

Our stock of Watches, Rich Jewelry, Diamonds, Silverware, Clocks, Fancy Goods, etc., is unsurpassed, and we have reduced prices to a point that WILL MAKE IT to the interest of every one desiring to purchase to examine our stock.

BODDIN & HAMILTON,

99 State-st.,

Southeast corner Washington.

B. F. NORRIS & CO.,

Wholesale Jewelers.

We are yet retailing many of our fine goods at cost, and less than cost, and will be open evenings until Christmas.

148 STATE-ST.,

Near Madison, Up Stairs.

GENERAL NOTICES.

CITY COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE,

CHICAGO, Dec. 19, 1873.

TAX SALE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that all Certificates of Tax Sales remaining in my hands (property having been sold to the city for non-payment of city taxes) after the 24th inst., will be disposed of in Blocks (or large amounts) to the best terms obtainable. The law gives the holder of such certificates the amount of sale and 25 per cent advance for the first six months from date of sale; 50 per cent from 6 to 12 months; 75 per cent from 12 to 18 months; and 100 per cent from 18 to 24 months. Redemptions can be made until 24th inst. at the rate of 1% per cent premium on taxes of 1872; and 10 per cent premium on prior years, for property sold at sale of 1873.

By order of Mayor and Finance Committee.

S. S. HAYES, City Comptroller,

Room 5 City Hall.

REWARD.

Will the party who entered dwelling on Michigan-av. about 5:30 p. m., last Wednesday, and carried off jewelry, please correspond with reference to having same returned to owner, and address Z 30, Tribune office.

All Persons Insured

at the time of the Great Fire in 1871 in the CAPITOL CITY INSURANCE COMPANY, of Albany, N. Y., can hear of something to their advantage by sending particulars and their address to R 6, Tribune office.

Bids Invited

for one work from date, for wooden building, as it stands, northwest corner Michigan-av. and Jackson-st., to be removed. Send offers to Room 8 Nixon's Building, where they may be found, if desired.

ART EMPORIUM.

Paintings, Pictures, &c.

EMPORIUM OF ART.

Steel Engravings, Autotypes, Chromos, Fine and Colored Photographs, Oil Paintings, Picture Frames, and all the Novelties in this line is our specialty.

We carry the largest line in the above of any houses west of New York, and doing a wholesale JOBBING TRADE in the same, enables us to RETAIL at exceeding LOW PRICES.

We will pay you to look through our Mammoth Stock.

PRICE & THOMPSON,

259 Wabash-av.

CHARM BELLS.

CHARM BELLS.

A limited number of these mementoes of the Chicago Fire, made from the metal of the Chicago Court House bell, are offered for sale by the Proprietors, for the adornment of Parlor Vases, and the Holiday Trade in general. For sale at GILES, BRO. & CO.'S, 262 and 264 State-st., Chicago.

$1.25 per Dozen. $12.00 per Gross.

H. S. EVERHART & CO.

CUTLERY.

Look Here

FOR TOOL CHESTS, POCKET AND TABLE CUTLERY, go to

J. L. WAYNE & SON'S,

78 Randolph-st., near State.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS

$2 THE HOLIDAYS $2

Are coming and for Christmas presents nothing can be more appropriate than your

$2 PHOTOGRAPH $2

Taken in the brilliant and highly finished style at

$2 THE ORIENT, $2

101 West Madison-st.,

Where special arrangements have been made to accommodate numerous customers on and before those days at

$2 $2 PER DOZ. $2

At the ORIENT, 101 West Madison-st.

$2 FAMILY GROUPS, $2

Rembrandts, Berlin, and Carte de Visite Photographs,

Executed with splendid light, new instruments, and artistic skill at the reduced rate of

$2 $2 PER DOZ. $2

THE BABIES.

Instantaneous Pictures. Splendid Results. A NOVELTY—Four Large Tintypes for 50 cents, at the ORIENT, 101 West Madison-st. A SPECIALTY—All Old Pictures copied to the entire satisfaction of customers.

THE ORIENT, 101 West Madison-st.

$2 Is our price for those beautifully finished Berlin Photographs. We give you perfect satisfaction. What more can you get at higher prices. Economy is wealth. DENSLOW, Artist, A Doz. 486 State-st., Opposite Continental Hotel.

FINANCIAL.

ILLINOIS TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK,

N. W. Corner Madison and Market-sts.

Cash Capital, $500,000

Confines its business AS ITS TITLE INDICATES to the receipt and care of Trust and Savings Funds, on which interest is allowed on as liberal terms as is consistent with permanent safety.

THIS BANK has always paid depositors ON DEMAND, without requiring any PREVIOUS NOTICE.

Entrance to Ladies' Department from Market-st.

DIME SAVINGS BANK,

Chartered by the State of Illinois.

Exclusively a Savings Bank.

105 CLARK-ST., Methodist Church Block.

Six per cent compound interest on deposits. Pass Books furnished without charge. Children started with ONE DIME as usual.

GEO. SCOVILLE, President.

WM. KELSEY REED, Cashier.

NOTE—Money also invested for others on Bond and Mortgage at 10 per cent interest; no charge to lender for abstract or legal examination of title.

E. R. TREMAIN & CO.,

Bankers, Stock, Bond, & Gold Brokers,

No. 6 Wall-st., New York.

Are prepared to execute orders at the New York Stock Exchange; buy and sell Stocks, Bonds, and Gold; carry the same on margin; give the usual facilities to dealers who desire to take advantage of the present low prices of stocks.

We make a specialty of the co-operative system, which gives perfect security and quick profits to small operators. Circulars giving full particulars will be sent by mail or had on application.

$100,000 CURRENCY

To Loan on Mortgage—improved business or residence property—in sums of $5,000 to $15,000. ALFRED W. SANSOME, 7 Union Building.

DIAMONDS.

Diamonds! Diamonds!

Consisting of Pins, Rings, Studs, and Unset Stones. Ten Thousand Dollars' worth of Old Mine Stones at PRICES LOWER THAN EVER KNOWN IN THE UNITED STATES. I am resolved to turn my Diamonds into money within the next ten days.

A rare opportunity for Jewelers. Those who wish to purchase one or more Diamonds may address a note to the undersigned, and he will call upon them. My stock may be seen at room No. 25 United States Express Building, No. 57 Washington-st. JOHN PARKES.

CLOAKS.

CLOTH CLOAKS

From $8 up. HOTCHKIN, PALMER & CO., 137 and 139 State-st.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A YOUNG ATTORNEY,

Six years a resident of this city, and three years admitted to the Bar, wishes to make an engagement or form a partnership with a first-class lawyer or law firm in good practice. Address Box 308, Post Office.

Commissioner of Deeds

For EVERY State and Territory, and United States Commissioner. Office, 159 LaSalle-st., Republic Life Building, Room 8, first floor.

SIMEON W. KING, Commissioner.

LINENS AT COST

To close the Department. HOTCHKIN, PALMER & CO., 137 and 139 State-st.

EXCELSIOR PATCHIST, 72 East Madison-st.

Invisible patches and general repairing done neat, quick, and cheap. Bring along your old boots and have them made as good as new.

FURNITURE.

W. PARMELEE & CO.

276 STATE-ST.

Closing-Out Sale.

$20,000

WORTH OF

FURNITURE!

AT

COST.

In order to reduce our stock, we offer until January 1,

GREAT BARGAINS

IN ALL KINDS OF

FURNITURE.

	Former Price.	
Marble-Top Chamber Suits	$ 70	$ 85
Marble-Top Chamber Suits	225	325
Parlor Suits, plush	225	300
Parlor Suits	75	100
Fine Cylinder Office Desks	120	150

Great Clearing-Out Sale

OF

Bankrupt Stock

OF

FURNITURE!

In order to reduce our stock prior to closing out at AUCTION, we will offer Furniture this week, of every description, at about half its value.

213 Wabash-av.

BARGAINS

IN FINE

FURNITURE,

220 WABASH-AV.

A Bankrupt Stock of Fine Furniture having been put into our hands, it will be sold regardless of cost.

Carved Walnut Goods,

FOR EVERY DAY USE AND

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

New Patterns for Embroideries.

Towel Racks, Wall Pockets, Slipper Cases, Slipper Racks, &c.

H. C. VanSchaack, Jr.

No. 50 State-st., Chicago.

Desks and Chairs

AT COST.

100 MARKET-ST.

HAVANA CIGARS, &c.

JOSEPH M. LYONS & CO.

120 Randolph-st.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Imported Clear Havana,

DOMESTIC CIGARS, and SMOKERS' ARTICLES.

In order to give Retailers an opportunity to fill up their cases with fine goods for the Holidays, we offer our immense stock till Jan. 1 at about cost for CASH.

Our stock comprises, in part, of the following goods:

Reina Victorias,	Espanolas,
Rosa Conchas,	La Excepciones,
Flor del Famar,	La Carolinas,
Henry Clays,	Figaros,
Londres,	Key West Goods,

&c., &c.

Also, all grades of SMOKING TOBACCOS. Give us a call and satisfy yourselves.

JOSEPH M. LYONS & CO.,

120 RANDOLPH-ST.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

We Offer

FOR SALE our store at No. 130 Twenty-second-st. (Men's Furnishing Goods), at a fair price and upon reasonable terms. PORTER & HOYT, 84 Madison-st.

Packing House

FOR SALE. Favorable terms (long lease). 15-engine, Boiler, 15-Force Jacket Kettle, Cooler, Steam Sausage Cutter, two large Ice Houses, &c.; complete running order for winter and summer; packing capacity, 400 hogs per day; large market trade. 97 South Desplaines-st. HENRY C. SMITH, 36 South Water-st., or GEO. L. BESTLE, on premises.

CONFECTIONER.

JOHN KRANZ,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

CONFECTIONER,

80 State-st.,

Keeps the largest assortment of all kinds of Confectionery. Also Christmas Tree Ornaments. Sunday-Schools and Fairs supplied at Wholesale Prices.

FOR SALE.

$30,000 Bankrupt Sale

The large stock of Paper, Blank Books, and Stationery, of PENNY, WEEKS & CO., 91 Washington-st. Will sell at retail or in job lots, at BANKRUPT PRICES, and no mistake. It must be sold.

BRADFORD HANCOCK, Provisional Assignee.

Three Splendid Games.

Instructive as well as entertaining. AVILUDE, 75 cts.; SNAP, 50 cts.; TOTEM, 25 cts. each. For sale by all Booksellers, Stationers, and Toy Dealers. Sample Games sent by mail, postage paid, upon receipt of price. The trade supplied by CULVER, PAGE, HOYNE & CO., Wholesale Agents for the Northwest.

$12 BUYS

An All-Silk Lyons Cloak Velvet, (send for sample.) HOTCHKIN, PALMER & CO., 137 and 139 State-st.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

THE RUSH

STILL CONTINUES AT

Schweitzer & Beer's,

Importers and Jobbers,

154 STATE-ST., NEAR MONROE,

For TOYS, FANCY GOODS, China, Glass and Lamp Ware, and all kinds of Notions for

HOLIDAY PRESENTS

In connection with their CHOICE ASSORTMENT of NOVELTIES, their VARIETY DEPARTMENT is thronged daily, as it contains the largest selection of TOYS and FANCY GOODS, which may be bought at from 25 cts. to $1. Parties wishing to purchase should call soon to avoid the immense rush of the last two days.

OPEN EVERY EVENING.

SANTA CLAUS!

LIVING CHRISTMAS TREE

Lighted Every Evening.

HOLIDAY GOODS!

CALL ON

Vergho, Ruhling & Co.,

138 to 142 State-st.

EMERSON & STOTT,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Stationers, Booksellers,

AND MUSIC DEALERS,

239 West Madison-st.,

HAVE ONE OF THE LARGEST ASSORTMENTS OF FINE

HOLIDAY GOODS!

IN THE CITY, AT

REDUCED PRICES.

Holiday Goods

Dressing Cases,	Hand Mirrors,
Toilet Sets,	Ivory Brushes,
Cologne Bottles,	Buffalo Brushes,
Fine Fungents,	Shell Combs,
Cigar Cases,	Card Boxes,
Fine Perfumery,	Card Cases,
Portemonnaies,	Thermometers,
Fine Purses,	Fancy Boxes,
Letter Carriers,	Razors, in sets,
Dressing Mirrors,	Fine Soaps.

BLISS & TORREY,

DRUGGISTS' FANCY GOODS,

171 & 173 RANDOLPH-ST.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FOR WINTER AND SPRING TRADE.

THE

CHICAGO TRIBUNE'S

ANNUAL REVIEW

OF

Trade and Commerce

FOR THE YEAR 1873,

Embracing other matter of interest to the entire Mercantile Community.

E. COLBERT, Commercial Editor.

BUSINESS MEN in all branches who desire trade should avail themselves at once of the Great Medium for that purpose. Special space, with terms, can now be secured.

REAL ESTATE.

REAL ESTATE.

Pleasure and Profit.

A Chicago gentleman, for satisfactory reasons readily given, wishes to dispose of a Colorado Ranch and 800 head of Sheep, in good condition. The Ranch is situated 10 miles northeast of "Colorado Springs," a principal station on the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, 75 miles south of Denver, is well supplied with water, and admirably adapted to sheep-raising.

Any Chicago party desiring to spend a few years for recovery of health amid the well-known attractions of climate and scenery in Colorado, and at the same time make his stay there profitable pecuniarily, will do well to investigate this opportunity.

Will sell very cheap for cash, or take in exchange good Chicago property.

For price and other particulars, please call on SAMUEL GERE, Real Estate Broker, No. 10 Tribune Building.

GREAT BARGAIN!

We can sell 25 feet on Jackson-st., between State and Dearborn, at at about half its value, for a few days.

F. A. BRAGG & CO.,

146 Dearborn-st.

For Sale.

AT A BARGAIN—One of the finest Farms in Illinois, situated 2½ miles south of Manteno, on the I. C. R. R. Whole section. All Hedge Fence, two beautiful Orchards, Evergreens Maple, etc., etc. In all about 600 or 700 Trees. Four Farm-Houses and a beautiful Residence; two large Barns, 8x100 and 80x70. Granaries, Corn Cribs, etc. Also Horses, Carriages, and Wagons.

The Farm is well stocked and complete. All the above Buildings are new and built last summer. Will sell in part or whole; one-third cash, balance on long time. Apply to CYRILLE LE BEAU,

16 Gold-st., Chicago.

PRINTERS, STATIONERS, &c.

PARTIES WISHING

BLANK BOOKS & PRINTING

FOR THE NEW YEAR, should make their orders without delay.

CULVER, PAGE, HOYNE & CO.,

118 & 120 MONROE-ST.

BLANK BOOKS!

STATIONERY and PRINTING furnished promptly and at fair prices, by

J. M. W. JONES,

104 AND 106 MADISON-ST.

CLARK & EDWARDS,

GENERAL JOB PRINTERS,

183 Washington-st.,

(Adjoining Times Building.)

CONSUMERS will find it profitable to get our prices before ordering elsewhere. HINDS & NOBLE, Wholesale and Retail Stationers, Printers, and Blank Book Manufacturers, 181 Clark-st.

COAL.

MINER T. AMES & CO.,

134 LaSalle-st.,

CORNER MADISON.

176 W. Kinzie-st.,

CORNER GREEN.

HOCKING COAL,

$6.50.

NO CHARGE FOR DELIVERY.

We are the only firm in Chicago that own Hocking Coal Mines, consequently we can sell at $1.50 per ton lower than all others.

MINER T. AMES & CO.

CHEAP WOOD!

$7.50 PER CORD, DELIVERED.

By F. A. MENGE & CO., Dock foot of West Washington-st. (Tunnel Dock), and corner Blue Island-av. and Sixteenth-st.

DRY GOODS.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

MANNHEIMER BROS.,

224 & 226 West Madison-st.,

NEAR PEORIA.

Intending to dispose of their entire stock of

Winter Dry Goods,

During the next 15 days, will offer the same BELOW the ACTUAL COST OF IMPORTATION OR MANUFACTURE.

Cloaks at a sacrifice.
Silks at a sacrifice.
Shawls at a sacrifice.
Dress Goods at a sacrifice.
Velvets at a sacrifice.
Cloths and Flannels at a sacrifice.
Cassimeres and Cloakings at a sacrifice.
Table Linen and Napkins at a sacrifice.
Hosiery and Gloves at a sacrifice.

Together with a large assortment, just received, of Scarfs, Ties, Sash Ribbons, Russia Leather Satchels, Belts; Work, Glove, and Handkerchief Boxes; Knit Jackets and Leggins, Nubias, Infants' Cloaks and Caps; Linen, Lace, and Silk Handkerchiefs; Real Laces, Lace Barbes, Lace Collars, Corsets, etc., etc., especially suitable for CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

WOOLEN GOODS.

PANIC PRICES!

We shall offer our entire stock of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC WOOLEN GOODS, consisting in part of Hosiery, Gloves, Mittens, Men's Cardigan Jackets, Shirts and Drawers, Scarfs, Nubias, Hoods, Woolen Yarns, Zephyr Worsteds, Canvas, Embroideries, &c., at PANIC PRICES. We guarantee figures to close cash buyers to suit the times.

BURKITT, SUTTON & STANLEY,

117 Franklin-st.

LIBRARY.

A SUBSCRIPTION TO

COBB'S LIBRARY

IS A MOST ACCEPTABLE

CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

36 MONROE-ST.,

PALMER HOUSE.

COMPRESSED YEAST.

COMPRESSED YEAST

The undersigned takes pleasure to announce to the public that he has taken this day the

GENERAL AGENCY

OF

Tauszky's Compressed Yeast.

Trusting that the confidence bestowed upon the former Agent, Mr. Louis S. Stelnitz, be transferred to me, I shall endeavor to give full satisfaction to my patrons.

HENRY A. FLEISCHMANN,

Office, 18 and 20 South Water-st.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS

The largest stock of ARTISTS' MATERIALS in the city, for CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, can be found at

P. M. ALMINI & CO.'S,

344 STATE-ST.

WEATHER STRIPS.

PREPARE FOR CHRISTMAS

By having your Doors and Windows fitted up with the

Double Rubber Metal Weather Strip,

The best made, for the RUBBER will not FALL OUT.

P. P. VALENTINE & CO., Sole Agents,

Agents wanted. 132 South Clark-st., Room 16.

$5.00 TO $10.00 PER DAY

To Agents in city and county, selling the Metal Double Rubber Weather Strips. No pull out to the Rubber.

P. P. VALENTINE & CO., Sole Agents,

132 South Clark-st., Room 16.

CHINA, GLASSWARE, &c.

ABRAM FRENCH & CO.

101 AND 103 WABASH-AV.,

Near corner of Washington-st.,

Are now daily receiving a very choice assortment of goods IMPORTED and designed especially for

HOLIDAY PRESENTS

Particular attention is called to our unequaled display of

ELEGANT DECORATED DINNER, TEA AND DESSERT SETS,

ENGLISH DECORATED WARE AND MAJOLICA GOODS,

Entirely New and in Great Variety.

French and American Bronzes,
New and Elegant Styles of Mantel Ornaments and Jardaniers,
Copelands, Parians, Baccarats, Glassware,
Vienna, French, and German Fancy Goods.

The Newest Patterns of Plated Goods constantly on hand, all of which they offer to purchasers at prices as low as the same quality of goods can be purchased in this market.

F. & E. JAEGER,

73 Wabash-av.,

Offer at Retail before the Holidays:

White, Gold Band and Decorated China Dinner, Tea, and Dessert Sets.

Lava and Rich Bohemian Glass Vases, Punchbowls, Cologne and Liquor Sets.

Parian Vases and Figures, Motto Coffees and Mugs, Cutlery and Silver-Plated Goods.

At Lower Prices than such can be purchased at any other House in the city.

CROCKERY.

For the benefit of our customers who cannot get out during the day, we have decided to keep open evenings until after Holidays.

SCOTT & OVINGTON BROS.,

122 State-st.

FURS.

Furs! Furs!

GREAT BARGAINS

IN

Mink, Seal, Astrachan, Squirrel, Alaska,

CHILDREN'S FANCY FURS, &c.,

AT

SWEET, DEMPSTER & CO.'S,

220 & 222 Madison-st.

OPTICAL GOODS.

THE FINEST AND BEST

MAGIC LANTERNS,

Opera Glasses,

MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS, &c., &c.,

Together with the most Useful Variety of PRESENTS, CHEAP, at

J. G. LANGGUTH'S,

OPTICIAN,

88 STATE-ST.,

Between Washington and Randolph.

MUSICAL GOODS.

MUSICAL NOVELTIES!

Musical Cigar and Liqueur Stands;
Musical Work Boxes and Stands;
Musical Toilet Boxes and Stands;
Musical Automaton Figures, Animals, &c.;
Mandoline Music Boxes;
Musical Boxes, with Harmonophone, Drum, Bells, and Castanet Attachments;
Also, fine Guitars, Flutes, Violins, Accordeons, Zithers, &c., &c., suitable for HOLIDAY PRESENTS, and all at strictly Wholesale Prices, at

FOOTE'S MUSIC HOUSE,

154 & 156 Clark-st.

HOTEL.

THE METROPOLITAN HOTEL,

On the site of the old St. James, opposite Field, Leiter & Co.'s grand retail establishment, is now open for the reception of guests. This hotel has the finest and most central location of any hotel in the city, is run for the moderate and popular sum of $2.50 per day; day-board, $6 per week; and is unsurpassed in all its appointments. Parties who have engaged rooms will please occupy them at once, as applications are numerous, and we cannot hold rooms.

GEO. S. GARDNER & CO., Prop'rs.

THE VIRGINIUS.

Our Controversy with Spain Far from Being Settled.

The Vessel's Rights under the American Flag Yet to Be Established.

English Precedents Said to Be Against Us.

Reported Demand from Spain for a Restitution of the Steamer and Prisoners.

The British Government Considering the Question of Jurisdiction.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 20.—Very little public interest is manifested here just now in the Virginius matter. There are a great many, however, who do not think the trouble is completely settled, and who fear that it will not be for some time. Our Government has yet to establish the fact that

THE VIRGINIUS HAD A LEGAL RIGHT

to the protection of the flag, which may be a more difficult thing to do than has been assumed by the State Department pending negotiations. British authorities seem to be unanimously against the United States on that point. If it should be decided that the vessel is not entitled to our protection, Great Britain will feel called upon to examine the question of jurisdiction, as it is very generally conceded that the outrage was committed in British waters. Meanwhile

OUR NAVY-YARDS

still present scenes of busy activity. The number of laborers has been gradually increased, and at League Island and Brooklyn the yards contain more men than they have at any other time for years. Recent orders have been issued to have some of the vessels in hand in entire readiness for active service within ten days. Whether all this means that the authorities are, for causes not made public, still apprehensive of war, or whether the continued preparations for the worst are attributable only to the fact that Robeson, having got on his war paint, finds difficulty in curbing his impetuosity, remains to be seen. Our navy is now, as a result of the Spanish complication, in better shape than at any time since the close of the late war.

MADRID, Dec. 20.—It is reported that the Cabinet has decided to make a demand upon the United States for a return of the steamship Virginius and the passengers and crew recently surrendered. It is also said that in accordance with this decision, President Castelar has written to Minister Sickles.

Gen. Sickles, American Minister, has determined to tender his resignation.

MANUFACTURES.

Strike of Philadelphia Carpet-Weavers—Work at Other Philadelphia Mills.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 20.—The striking carpet-weavers held a mass-meeting this morning in Friendship Hall, at which the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That as the present aspect of trade affairs carries with it the conviction that the reduction of wages offered by our employers is unnecessary and uncalled for, and we will unitedly resist it to our latest breath.

The German carpet-weavers are at present agitating a strike, and held a meeting to-day at Palethorp street and Susquehanna avenue for the purpose of organizing and acting in concert with the strikers who met in Friendship Hall.

The mills at the falls of the Schuylkil, Manayunk, Kensington, and other parts of the city, are almost all running on full time with slightly reduced wages. Everett mills will resume full time on Monday.

CANADA.

Proposed New Steamship Line—The Inter-Colonial Railway.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

MONTREAL, Dec. 20.—Since the arrival of the Boston Club in this city, arrangements have been made for two steamships being immediately placed in the trade between Boston and European ports, with a likelihood of four being in the trade very shortly. On 'Change, President M. P. Ryan, M. P., called the members together, and welcomed the visitors from Boston, hoping that when they went back they would do what they could to promote closer reciprocal trade relations between Canada and the United States. The Hon. Mr. Rice, President of the Commercial Club, replied.

HALIFAX, Dec. 20.—The Dartmouth Town Council has passed a series of resolutions, to be forwarded to the Dominion Government, setting forth that their town is better suited than Halifax as the terminus of the Inter-Colonial Railway.

MORTUARY.

Burial of the Remains of the Father of Mrs. President Grant.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 20.—The remains of Frederick Dent, the father-in-law of President Grant, arrived here early this morning, accompanied by the President, Gen. Babcock, Mashal Sharpe, Colo. Casey, Frederick Dent, and Col. Frederick D. Grant. Quite a number of old friends of the deceased and intimate acquaintances of the President received the remains at East St. Louis, and accompanied them as a guard of honor to the residence of Col. John C. Dent, son of the deceased, 3704 Washington avenue, where a great number of old citizens, friends and former neighbors of the Dent family, had assembled. Gen. John Pope and several other military officers and a number of freemen, formerly slaves of the deceased, were present. The funeral ceremonies were performed at 10 o'clock, and were very brief. The Rev. John H. Brooks, of the Presbyterian Church South, read the services, and the Rev. Dr. Morris, formerly Bishop of the Methodist Church North, offered the closing prayer. The remains were then conveyed to the Bellefontaine Cemetery, where they will be buried beside those of Mrs. Dent. The funeral cortege was quite long. The pall-bearers were selected from among the oldest citizens and friends of the deceased.

POLITICAL.

Gov. Booth Elected United States Senator for California.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 20.—At the Joint Convention of both Houses of the Legislature today, Gov. Booth was elected United States Senator on the first ballot.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 20.—There is much rejoicing here and at Sacramento over the election of Booth, and the defeat of the railroad monopoly. The result will give unbounded satisfaction throughout the States.

LA SALLE TAX GRIEVANCES.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

LASALLE, Ill., Dec. 20.—At an adjourned meeting of citizens who are dissatisfied with the city taxes, held at Opera-Hall last evening, a committee was appointed to confer with the Mayor and the Finance Committee of the Board of Common Council in regard to the matter. The amount required to meet the city's indebtedness for the year is $25,000 but the complaint is on account of an alleged excess of personal taxes and inequality in the levy.

HOG-KILLING IN CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 20.—The number of hogs slaughtered in Cincinnati, viz., Nov. 1 is 415,000; same time last year, 324,000.

MR. GAGE.

His Offer to Turn Over His Property Further Considered.

No Definite Conclusion Yet Arrived At.

Liability of His Bondsmen---Mr. Tuley's Opinion.

Mr. Gage's Defense Against Criminal Prosecution.

He Has Not Fled the City, but is Ready to Stand His Trial.

A meeting was held yesterday afternoon in the Mayor's office to consider what steps should be taken to

PROTECT THE CITY FROM LOSS

arising from the defalcation in the Treasury. Mayor Colvin, Corporation Counsel Norton, with whom were associated in the case Judge Dickey and Mr. Barney Caulfield, represented the city. Messrs. Jewett & Maddocks represented Mr. Gage, and Mr. Wirt Dexter Mr. Gage's bondsmen. Ald. McGrath and Spaulding, of the Finance Committee, were present during part of the proceedings. The meeting was partially private, that is, reporters were excluded, though there was no great difficulty in ascertaining from some of the gentlemen present what had taken place. The schedule of Mr. Gage's property, already published, was read, and it was decided that a specific description of the property should be drafted and submitted at a future meeting.

WHAT THE CITY PROPOSES.

On the part of the city it was stated that the property would be accepted, to be placed in the hands of a Trustee, who should realize upon it and turn over the proceeds to the city, provided the bondsmen bound themselves to make up the deficiency in case the sum realized on the property did not cover the total defalcation.

NO DEFINITE CONCLUSION.

This elicited some discussion, ending in Mr. Dexter's stating that he would consult with his clients. The meeting was protracted until 3 o'clock, when the gentlemen dispersed with the understanding that they were to meet again Tuesday. It seems to be the disposition of the city authorities to hold the bondsmen at all hazards, and, if they do not agree to the above proposition and enter into a written contract to that effect, proceedings to recover the entire amount of the defalcation will be instituted without delay.

LIABILITY OF THE BONDSMEN.

There is a diversity of opinion as to the liability of the city, by accepting the interest, had approved, and to a certain extent authorized, the loaning of the money to banks, or to any one who would pay interest. They ask where the interest was to come from, if the money was not loaned. Dec. 5, 1870, Mr. Gage sent a communication to the Council as follows:

To His Honor the Mayor and Common Council assembled:

GENTLEMEN: I, as Treasurer of the City of Chicago, have the honor to report to your honorable body the following statement of interest received by me on the city deposits, all of which I have returned to the City Comptroller for the benefit of the city.

D. A. GAGE,
CHICAGO, Dec. 5, 1870. City Treasurer.

Amount received as interest on deposits.....$64,829.07
Paid to Comptroller.....64,829.07

This was before the expiration of Mr. Gage's first term, and might not bear directly on the defalcation, which may or may not have been begun during that term. March 31, 1871, however, Mr. Gage again reported to the Council, among other matters, the paying over of $4,406.78 as interest. It is contended that these reports were sufficient notification to the Council that the city money was loaned, and that the Council tacitly indorsed that disposition of the money. This is the view of the matter taken by some lawyers who are not professionally interested.

MR. TULEY'S OPINION.

A reporter called upon ex-Corporation-Counsel Tuley yesterday, and propounded the following question:

Reporter—Assuming there was a defalcation at the end of Mr. Gage's first term, how will that affect the responsibility of his bondsmen on the second bond?

Mr. Tuley—If any defalcation occurred during the first term, his first bond, I think, would be liable, but if during his second term his accounts were made good, and subsequently there was a deficiency, his last or second bondsmen would be held, and the first bondsmen would not be liable.

The following is a copy of the first bond:

OFFICIAL BOND.

Know all men by these presents, That we, David A. Gage, William F. Tucker, Albert Crosby, Obadiah Jackson, Henry E. Sealy, George W. Gage, Frank Granger, J. H. McVicker, Charles P. Brown, N. P. Wilder, of the County of Cook and State of Illinois, are held and firmly bound unto the City of Chicago, in the penal sum of $2,000,000, lawful money of the United States, for the payment of which sum well and truly and truly to be made, we bind ourselves, our heirs, executors, and administrators, jointly and severally, firmly by these presents.

Sealed with our seals and dated this 10th day of December, A. D. 1869.

The condition of the above obligation is such, that whereas the above bounden David A. Gage was on the 6th day of December, 1869, elected to the office of City Treasurer in and for the City of Chicago, to hold said office for the period of two years and until his successor shall be duly elected and qualified, or until said office otherwise legally vacated.

Now, therefore, if the said David A. Gage shall well and faithfully perform the duties of said office as prescribed by law and the ordinances and ordinances of said city, and shall account for and pay over all moneys received by him as such City Treasurer, in accordance with law and in accordance with orders or ordinances heretofore passed or hereafter to be passed by the Common Council of said city, in conformity with law, and deliver all books, papers, and all other property belonging to said city, to his successor in office, then this obligation to be void, otherwise to remain in full force and effect.

DAVID A. GAGE, GEORGE W. GAGE,
WILLIAM F. TUCKER, FRANK GRANGER,
ALBERT CROSBY, J. H. MCVICKER,
OBADIAH JACKSON, CHARLES H. BROWN,
HENRY E. SEALEY, N. P. WILDER.

Approved by the Common Council Dec. 13, 1869.

A DISGRACEFUL SLANDER.

Since Mr. Gage's defalcation was made known to the public, many cruel things have been said concerning him; but not even the *Staats-Zeitung* has published anything so exceedingly mean, so utterly destitute of truth, as the lying canard which appeared in the *Times* yesterday relative to Mr. Gage's pretended flight from the city. While any one possessed of decent feeling would desire to keep away from Mr. Gage, the reporters of a sensational newspaper have been trying in every way, and during every hour, to force themselves into his presence and to subject him to the ordeal of a cross-examination. That he was sick in mind and body mattered nothing to them. Had he been on his death-bed, alone with his family and attending physician, they would still have sought to disturb his last moments by inquiries as to when his defalcation began.

But they were unable to reach him, unable to have an "interview," which any decent reporter would shrink from, and therefore, in order to satisfy their spite, and in order to haves "sensation," they put in circulation a report, which they did not "affirm," but which they hinted was true, that Mr. Gage had stolen away by night, had run like a coward, and was on his way out of the country. They insinuated that clergymen and laymen of high standing were aware of his pretended flight, and were therefore partners in his guilt.

It was a falsehood calculated not merely to wound Mr. Gage and his friends, but to cause a new prejudice against him in the community, and create an impression that he is not honest in his offer to turn over his property to make good his deficit, and that the city may be a pecuniary loser. It was an attempt to deprive him of a fair trial; an attempt to gratify ill-will by making insinuations which are a disgrace to the paper that published them and the men who wrote them.

MR. GAGE'S DEFENSE AGAINST CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

It is not true that Mr. Gage has left the city or that he intends to leave. It is his purpose to reimburse the city in full, and to meet fairly and openly every indictment that may be found against him. His counsel rely for a defense upon the fact that Mr. Gage never converted to his own use any of the city money, and that his loans to the Riverside Company, amounting to $356,380.90, stand upon the same footing as his loans of $112,500 to the enumerated banks. These two sums, added together, make up more than the deficit in the city accounts. They expect to show that there is no substantial difference between the two transactions; that it was notorious, not only to the Common Council, but to the entire public, that the money was deposited in banks for the sake of interest; that a deposit in a bank for interest is a loan, both in law and in fact; and that the city recognized the right to make loans of this kind by accepting the interest-money paid into the Treasury.

The following is a copy of the receipt for such interest-money taken by the Comptroller and filed away with his other vouchers:

RECEIPT FOR INTEREST.

Received of Comptroller $50,000 for General Fund—this amount being for interest on city deposits in banks.

D. A. GAGE, City Treasurer.

Upon the whole amount of his loans, the city authorities have from time to time received $133,000 interest, and receipted to Mr. Gage therefor as interest. The city claims to hold both Mr. Gage and his bondsmen for this interest-money. Mr. Gage's advisers believe that no conviction for a penitentiary offense could be obtained upon a default to pay back the money in the suspended banks, and, if not, then no conviction, they say, can rightfully be had for the default on money loaned to the Riverside Company. This, we understand, is the theory upon which Mr. Gage is ready to go before a jury.

BEYOND THE FINE.

At the time of the fire, Mr. Gage had loaned to the Riverside Company $137,350.90. All the books in his own office and the Comptroller's were burned, and the only evidence existing of his indebtedness to the city to this amount was a memorandum in his pocket. He used this memorandum to charge against himself the above mentioned sum.

POPULAR TRANSPORTATION COMPANIES.

Correspondence Between the President of the Alton Road and the Secretary of a New Organization.

The people have heard from time to time of the organization of persons interested in the success of the control by the Legislature of the railroads of our State, and have watched their progress with a good deal of interest. A transportation company was organized by a public-spirited gentleman of this city some time ago, who succeeded in getting some of the business men of Chicago interested therein. His enterprise has, however, for some time past been at a standstill on account of the failure of the Railroad and Warehouse Commissioners to prescribe car-rates for companies, as was probably intended by the law of last winter. Another organization was formed at Springfield lately, in which some persons prominently interested in the Farmers' and Grange Associations are interested and hold office. The names of these persons are withheld, as we think they have been misrepresented by their Secretary, who, we understand, is an unsuccessful country School Superintendent. Desirous of ascertaining the real position of this Transportation Company, and the position of the railroad companies thereto, some of the railroad men of this city have been consulted, and the result is the comprehensive statement below of Mr. Blackstone, which agrees exactly with the declarations of other gentlemen of his fraternity. The position of the Commissioners in relation to this question is probably given in their annual report, now in press, and will be anxiously looked for.

The correspondence is as follows:

OFFICE OF THE PEOPLE'S TRANSPORTATION CO.,
SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Dec. 5, 1873.

T. B. Blackstone, Esq.:

DEAR SIR: We have just completed the organization of the People's Transportation Company of Illinois, and will be ready in a short time to go into operation. What arrangements can we make with your road for hauling our cars—either at a fixed rate per mile or what per cent of the business transacted by this Company over the main line and branches of your road will justify you in taking our cars? We are placing our stock largely with the merchants, shippers, and producers throughout the West. We would be glad to have you take stock in this Company. Please answer at once, and give rates for hauling our cars, etc. Very truly, WARREN BURGETT, Secretary.

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE,
CHICAGO & ALTON RAILROAD COMPANY,
CHICAGO, Dec. 10, 1873.

Warren Burgett, Esq., Secretary, etc., Springfield, Ill.:

DEAR SIR: My absence from Chicago has prevented an early reply to yours of the 5th inst., in which you request me to state terms for hauling the cars of the People's Transportation Company over the lines of the Chicago & Alton Railroad Company.

This Company has never made a contract for hauling the cars owned by others, or fixed rates for the same, except from day to day. It has never received compensation for freight transported in its cars for others differing in amount from that charged for transportation under like circumstances upon its own cars; but, in all cases in which cars owned by others have been used upon its lines, the customary rate per mile for the use of cars has been paid. We have never granted privileges to corporations or persons that would not have been granted to others under like circumstances on the same terms.

We believe these rates to be just and equitable, and see no reason for departing from them. We shall be glad to avail ourself of the use of your cars, in connection with others that we may be able to obtain when necessary to meet demands for transportation; but we must take care to avoid being made a party to unjust discriminations by the use of cars not owned by this Company. We think it would be unjustifiable to put to discriminate in favor of the person owning a car, except by a reasonable allowance for its use. When your cars are used by this Company the customary rate per mile will be paid for such use.

There is one part of your letter which appears to be of a personal character. You say that you would be glad to have me take stock in your Company. No person in the employ of the Alton Railroad Company is allowed to hold stock in transportation companies, sleeping-car companies, or any interest in any enterprise which can possibly come in conflict with the interests of the Chicago & Alton Railroad Company. "No man can serve two masters." Very respectfully your obedient servant,

T. B. BLACKSTONE, President.

JOHN MITCHEL.

A meeting of prominent Irish citizens was held yesterday evening at Burke's Hotel, to decide upon a day for inviting the distinguished Irish orator and patriot, John Mitchel, to visit this city and deliver a lecture. The following-named well-known gentlemen were present: Ald. Bailey, State Senator Kehoe, Representative Halpine, Commissioner Hoyne, J. J. Crowley, W. J. Onahan, Redmond Sheridan, Thomas Brennan, and John F. Finerty.

Mr. Onahan called the meeting to order, and nominated Mr. T. M. Halpine as Chairman. Mr. Onahan was chosen Secretary. Mr. Halpine made a few remarks eulogistic of Mr. John Mitchel as an Irish patriot and citizen, and stated that the Knights of St. Patrick, of St. Louis, had called Mr. Mitchel to that city to spend his Christmas, and that they intended to entertain him in a hospitable and hearty manner. He thought it would be a disgrace to the Irishmen of Chicago if Mr. Mitchel should be allowed to go East without having been invited here and tendered a public reception.

Mr. Onahan stated that the Knights of St. Patrick were about to erect a statue of O'Connell in one of the St. Louis public parks, and Mr. Mitchel would take part in the arrangements. It had been suggested to the Lecture Committee of the Catholic Library Association to bring Mr. Mitchel here to lecture before the Association, but the receipts from the lectures of the Association hitherto had not been such as hardly to warrant the expense. Therefore it had been thought best to call this meeting. It had been suggested that, as the representatives of the various Irish societies of the city were to meeting in the afternoon at Father Mallon's Hall, a consultation with those societies might be advisable.

Ald. Bailey moved that a committee of five be appointed to confer with the representatives of the Irish societies, and to make arrangements for the reception and lecture, to report to a meeting to be called to-morrow evening.

The Chair appointed Messrs. Bailey, Onahan, Brennan, Kehoe, and Hoyne, and, on motion, Mr. John F. Finerty and Mr. Halpine were added to the Committee. It was formally agreed that next Sunday would be preferred for the lecture.

On motion, the meeting adjourned to meet to-morrow evening at Burke's Hotel.

The probability is that the lecture will be delivered in Hooley's Opera-House next Sunday night.

RELIEF FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: Among the various suggestions for the relief of the needy during the inclement season now upon us, I fail to see any proposed for giving employment to a certain class of men who, it seems to be taken for granted, are able to provide for themselves. Attention is given only to those able-bodied men who are accustomed to hard labor, and can carry the hod, or clean streets and sewers; and ways and means are devised for their employment and support. This is all well; but, at the same time, others just as needy and deserving should not be overlooked and left to suffer. The class referred to are men accustomed only to light labor, many of whom are advanced in years, and unable to endure the kinds of work offered for the destitute. There are many of this class daily roaming the streets seeking in vain for some business or employment, who with their families must soon be without food, fuel, or shelter, unless some means are devised for their relief. They want employment, and are averse to asking charity. A case of this kind is known to the writer, which may be described as a specimen of this class. It is that of a gray-haired gentleman, who has resided in this city for sixteen years, and at one time, by assiduous attendance to a small retail business, had secured a competence. By a succession of unfortunate events he has lost all his property, and has for months been seeking employment, living meanwhile on the little means left him, and selling everything that can possibly be spared. He is strictly honest, industrious, and free from all bad habits. He has a feeble wife and two daughters to support. The latter have also been for months looking for employment in vain, though capable and willing to do many things not requiring hard labor, for which their habits unfit them. They are now renting a small furnished cottage, but, not being able to pay the present month's rent, have received notice that the furniture will be removed in a few days, thus leaving them without the means to keep house, and no money to buy furniture with. Now, what can be done for cases of this kind? We hope to hear some practical suggestions from the charitably-disposed.

CITIZEN.

CITY HALL NEWS.

Board of Public Works Commissioner---The Free Library---Gas-Lights.

Several of the prize candy-shops resumed business yesterday morning, but the Mayor's policemen promptly shut them up.

The Board of Public Works have prepared ordinances for the opening of Calumet avenue from Thirty-fifth to Thirty-seventh streets; and for rescinding the assessment for paving Twenty-first street, between Prairie and Indiana avenues.

The Board of Police yesterday dismissed Special Policeman Theodore F. L. Johns, because he was physically unable to do duty. They heard testimony in the case of Policeman Wiggins, who was charged with conduct unbecoming an officer. It was alleged that he was not a citizen of the United States when appointed a member of the force, but this was disproved by the testimony. No decision was reached.

The Rector of Grace Church complained to the Superintendent of Police yesterday that he was greatly annoyed by pigeons which have made their homes in the eaves of the church. Small boys slay stones at the birds, missing them, and strike the stained-glass windows. The Rector desired to know if the pigeons could be shot. The ordinances prohibit hunting within the city limits, but the Mayor has discretionary power, and will probably accord the reverend gentleman the privilege of using his gun.

The Council Committee on Gas-Lights met in the City Clerk's office yesterday, and decided to recommend the purchase of four patent gasoline street lamps. If the Council orders them, they will be placed near the City Hall, so that it can be ascertained if they give as good a light as claimed. If they do, a number may be purchased for use in the suburbs. The Committee considered that portion of the Mayor's message relating to gas, and will report a recommendation that the opinion of the Corporation Counsel be obtained as to the validity of the ten years' contract with the gas companies.

Ex-Ald. McAvoy having declined, on account of the pressure of his private business, to accept the place of Commissioner of Public Works, for which he was nominated by the Mayor, his name will be withdrawn from before the Council and another substituted. Who that other will be is not known, but yesterday Mr. Hesing and other prominent gentlemen waited upon the Mayor and urged the appointment of Mr. R. E. Goodell. It is understood that Mr. Goodell is not a candidate himself, but if the place were tendered to him he would probably accept. The name of Mr. J. C. Dearborn is again mentioned, and the Aldermen are again espousing the cause of Mr. Driscoll, and seem determined to make a fight on him.

A meeting of the Board of Public Library Directors was held yesterday afternoon in the usual, President Hoyne in the chair. Messrs. Shorey, Anthony, Queal, and Woodard were in attendance. Mr. William F. Poole, the Librarian elect, was also present, having come from Cincinnati for the purpose of supervising the fitting up of the new library quarters on the corner of Wabash avenue and Madison street, which are expected to be ready for occupancy before the 1st of February. The Chairman presented a communication from Judge Drummond, conveying recommendations from E. B. Washburne, Minister to France, and J. Russell Jones, Minister to Belgium, in favor of the employment of Mr. B. F. Stevens as purchasing agent for the Board in London. An amendment to the by-laws was adopted changing the hour of closing the reading-room from 9 to 9:30 p. m. Nothing else of interest was done.

MASONIC.

Chicago Commandery, No. 19, K. T., elected the following officers on Monday evening, Dec. 15: E. C., J. H. Whitbeck; G., James G. Smeal; C. G., E. M. Bostwick; P., T. D. Fitch; S. W., John H. Sanborn; J. W., B. T. Flournoy; T., M. McDonald; R., G. F. Sinclair; St. B., T. W. Steele; Sw. B., A. P. B. Scolley; W., B. J. Linden; C. of G., W. H. Woodbury; 1st G., W. Amerson; 2d G., J. Bennett; 3d G., J. B. Garin; Stewards, F. Burcky and John Curtis.

Washington Chapter, No. 43, R. A. M., elected the following officers Friday evening: H. P., John McLaren; E., William Lee, Jr.; N., John O'Neil; C. of H., Andrew J. Guilford; P. S., Peter Britton; R. A. C., Thomas Hutchins; T., M. McDonald; S., G. F. Sinclair; G. M. of 3d V., C. J. Trowbridge; G. M. of 2d V., G. A. Williams; G. M. of 1st V., J. M. Terwilliger; Tyler, William Amerson; Stewards, Moses Gray, William H. Woodbury; Finance Committee, William Amerson, Peter Britton, T. T. Guerney.

York Chapter, No. 148, R. A. M., elected the following officers Thursday evening: H. P., William H. Thwing; K., John C. Cluett; S., L. H. Bisbee; C. H., Charles F. Forester; P. S., James D. McKay; T., Alexander Blair; S., G. W. Merrill; G. M. 3d V., John R. Smith; G. M. 2d V., Wilber O. Tobey; G. M. 1st V., Thomas Burton; Tyler, W. Coe.

Cleveland Lodge, No. 211, A. F. & A. M., elected the following officers Thursday evening: W. M., T. D. Fitch; S. W., G. W. Deal; J. W., G. F. Sinclair; T., W. M. Egan; S., G. K. Hazlitt; S. D., G. A. Williams; J. D., George B. Davis; Tyler, Reuben Cleveland; S. S., C. B. Wright; J. S., H. Wizer; Finance Committee, John Whitbeck, John McLaren, W. H. Woodbury.

Kilwinning Lodge, No. 311, elected the following officers Thursday evening: W. M., E. P. Chatfield; S. W., A. H. Robinson; J. W., John P. Mohr; S., B. F. De Long; T., S. H. Donaldson; S. D., A. D. Gould; J. D., G. H. Eddy. The annual hop of the Lodge will be held at the hall, No. 187 East Kinzie street, Tuesday evening.

Hesperis Lodge, No. 411, A. F. and A. M., elected the following officers Wednesday evening: W. M., A. H. Vanzwoll; S. W., W. A. Reed; J. W., W. M. Brown, Jr.; T., M. D. Rapp; S., C. H. Brennan; S. D., C. F. Foerster; J. D., C. F. Dibble; Tyler, H. Guerdon.

Apollo Lodge, No. 642, A. F. & A. M., elected the following officers Thursday evening: W. M., C. H. Harley; S. W., George Howinson; J. W., M. Q. Fair; Treasurer, Augustus Root; Secretary, G. W. McDonald; S. D., P. Cummings; J. D., John Gow; S. S., Thomas Neal; J. S., Thomas Garry; Tyler, Hugh Robertson.

The installation of the new officers of Chicago Lodge, No. 437, A. F. and A. M., will take place at Oriental Hall Tuesday evening.

A Sheep Dog in California.

From the Humboldt (Cal.) Times.

We often read of instances where the dog shows almost human intelligence; but none has come under our own observation which is equal to a performances of one of Mr. Samuels' dogs a short time since. On one of the recent trips of the Reliance down, Messrs. Samuels and Geer sent a large flock of sheep, which were quite wild and unmanageable, so much so that, in the attempt to get them on board the steamer, four of them escaped and ran away "to parts unknown." Six days afterward, Mr. Samuels came to town with his black dog, "Dan," and, riding up to the Reliance wharf on Monkbeck, he said to the dog: "Now, Dan, you must find those sheep." By a peculiar motion of the head, which means yes, as well as "Dan" could say it, he signified his willingness to undertake the job, and at once started off on a wild run toward Bucksport. "Come back, Dan," shouted his master, "and go slower!" He obeyed, and varied his velocity, and several times on the journey he was in like manner checked, and every time went back as he was ordered, and kept in sight of the horse and rider after repeated instructions, which seemed very much to injure his feelings. Dan means business, and he did not want to be hindered. He kept the highway as far as Bucksport, and after reaching Jones Huestis' ranch, he suddenly took a trail to the left, which led to the timber. In the thick timber most of the way he led on 5 miles further, and there, under a tree, the sheep were lying. Mr. Samuels was not more pleased at the discovery than the dog was, and he manifested his joy in every way possible, as plain as speaking could have done. Who will say that dogs have not some reason mingled with their instinct?

HESING.

The Staats-Zeitung's Article of Dec. 16.

Its Allegations in Regard to Mr. Gage, the Law-and-Order People, The Tribune, the "Sanctimonious Pharisees," "Honest Joe," &c., &c.

Comments Thereupon by Mr. Willard Woodard.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: Our attention has been called to an article in the *Illinois Staats-Zeitung* of Dec. 16, 1873, entitled "Whitened Sepulchres!—Scratching Off the Whitewash—David A. Gage, the Champion of Law and Order, the Saintly Among the Saintlies, the Pet of the Pulpit, the 'American Protestant Gentleman,' Between Whom and an Irish Catholic Democrat There Could Be No Choice—So Said the 'Law-and-Order' People—a Defaulter to an Amount of Over $300,000, and confessedly a felon—The People's Party Fully Vindicated!"

The reader must feel that the above is a somewhat fulsome title for a pastoral letter of a great man to his misguided subjects. It is remarkable for its calm, dispassionate style. The production is important only as it represents the best thought and

THE ANIMUS

of the head of the People's party. Great pains have been taken to circulate this article in the German and English languages. Considerable postage has been wasted. We are led to inquire, What has happened that we should be thus afflicted?

It seems that, during the last two years, an impression had crept into the public mind that there were some State laws, city ordinances, and contracts, that had not been enforced. It was understood to be the duty of the Mayor, as expressed in the City Charter, to "take care that the laws of the State and the ordinances of the city are duly enforced, respected, and observed;" and that all executive officers of the city discharge their respective duties." In further confirmation of this opinion, it was observed that it was required that each officer of the city should take an oath and solemnly swear that "I will support the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of Illinois, and that I will faithfully discharge the duties of the office," etc. Many persons called the attention of the Mayor to the

FACT OF THE NON-ENFORCEMENT

of some laws, and the injury resulting therefrom. He did precisely what any honest man must do who has taken the above oath, although he did not enter upon the work with much earnestness or faith. There were two parties. We are bound to assume, in the exercise of charity, that both really and honestly believed in their positions. We are all citizens of Chicago. We have common interests. That which hurts one injures all. No man desiring the prosperity of the community wishes to see the wrong prevail. One party claimed that the State laws and city ordinances on the

USE AND SALE OF INTOXICATING DRINKS

were right, and should be enforced. The other took the position that the said laws were wrong, and should be repealed; and, until their repeal, they should remain unenforced. The first claimed that intemperance was a fruitful source of crime and poverty, and that it was the plain duty of Government to control, and to hold to a strict accountability, those who engage in the liquor-traffic. The second denounced these laws as sumptuary enactments, and wrong in their tendencies. The first put into the argument every day's observation, prison-reports, and social statistics of intemperance. The other cited the condition of those communities where the sale of some kinds of liquor was left free and unrestrained. Each party was convinced by the arguments on their respective sides. The verdict was

AGAINST ALL SUMPTUARY LAWS.

Such was the leading issues before the public. All side-issues and all candidates sank into comparative insignificance.

We cannot see how the uncontrolled sale of intoxicating liquors in 2,700 places, every day and year, can conduce to the public welfare. We grope in this matter in thick darkness.

If the trial of the next two years should show that entire freedom is better than partial restriction, we shall hail the election of Mayor Colvin with joy and gladness. We shall be surprised to find that free use of intoxicating liquors conduces to the prevention of crime. Patiently we await the solution of the problem. We cannot admit for a moment that the contest was waged or carried on to secure

A COUNT OF THE CITY'S MONEY.

If this view should be taken, it would render all those denunciations of Puritans and the Committee of Seventy aimless and insipid. What would the remark of that prominent and nervous little banker mean, when, at a meeting of rejoicing of the People's party, and flushed with victory, he, to make amends for past coldness when the cause was doubtful, declared that "We will amuse ourselves in passing laws against the G——d—— Puritans."

We know that we could claim that the Committee of Seventy had a ticket in the field; that it was the Pacific Hotel ticket that was defeated, and that the Citizens' Convention were forced to adopt it as the best that could be done under the circumstances. But still we never will consent that all those articles of condemnation against the Committee for

OPENLY OUTRAGEOUS MEETING WITH PRAYER

be thus ruthlessly swept away. It is true that it might be urged that it was no great offense to open a meeting with prayer. It might be said that men prayed at the opening of political conventions, and that all our deliberative assemblies did it; that it was done by many men every day; that our children were taught to pray; that it was deemed proper at marriages and funerals, and when men got into tight places,—which latter, of itself, ought to have been a sufficient excuse for the Committee; but still the world would not, if all these articles were blotted out, know just why the Pacific Hotel ticket was defeated. It would be a pity to waste so much keen wit, humor, and pious indignation on only seventy men.

It has been the practice of the several successful candidates to claim that their election was a full justification of their character. "They called us bummers," says one; "my election vindicates my character." But, my friend, if you were a "bummer" before your election,

YOUR CHARACTER IS UNCHANGED.

Suppose it was susceptible of proof" that you had frequently been carried home drunk, and thus, during your candidacy, your friends did their utmost to keep you straight and presentable, "would in the case with a certain prominent candidate,—would a majority of 10,000 change the fact? Would that man be any less a drunkard now? Would it strengthen that weakness in his character?

Let us apply this cleansing process of majorities. In 1869 it was boldly asserted that my friend Hesing was a bummer, and a corrupt and dangerous man. His chief friend ran for County Treasurer. (This friend has had a history since). Mr. Hesing, it was said, had the profits of the Treasurer's office. The people sustained these charges against the powerful Republican party by a majority of 10,000 votes, and the "chief" of the People's party, from this majority standpoint, stood convicted of being a

CORRUPT AND DANGEROUS MAN.

Has he reformed since, or was the verdict wrong? We would remind our jubilant friends that several persons against whom charges have been brought have had three trials, and been convicted only by the last, if our opponents are right, they will be sustained in the third and all other trials. We have no doubt that many false statements were made, in the heat of the contest, by both parties, of which persons making them ought to be ashamed. Doubtless there were many unpleasant statements that were strictly true, and persons against whom they were made ought to mend their ways. When our successful opponents show their political sores, we feel a desire to probe them, and be sure it sure is soundness at the core, and that there is no proud flesh there. The man who tells us our faults is a friend, and not an enemy. Defeated or elected, running for office is

A BLESSED PRIVILEGE.

It leads us to see ourselves as others see us. He who after an election does not commence the work of reform and regeneration fails to make the most of a good thing. It is barely possible that our friend Hesing owes his present exaltation to the lessons of 1869; or it may be that the first two words in the grandiloquent heading have a double meaning, as they have no special application. The sepulchres of 1869 are still standing and much whiter, if we may depend on the *Staats-Zeitung* for our information. Again:

On several occasions since our late election, the *Illinois Staats-Zeitung* has called the attention of THE TRIBUNE and its fellow-advocate of "Law and Order" to the deplorable condition of the City Treasury in the hands of Mr. D. A. Gage.

If this paper had any facts, why did it not communicate with the Mayor? If Mr. Hesing or Mr. O'Hara *actually knew* that David A. Gage was a "felon," or "corrupt perjurer,"

WHY DID THEY NOT PROCEED AGAINST HIM?

They were both public officers in the people's pay, and in whom the people had confided trusts. Why tell THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE? Why not tell the Grand Jury? Would that not have been more manly?

Why blame men in the Law-and-Order party who did not know the truth? We repeat the more straightforward and manly action from the *Times*. We supposed that he would not simply cry aloud, but would be instrumental in securing an indictment. Yet these facts have been known for months by these two men. We confess that it does "scratch off the whitewash." They say they have told of it. The public did not believe them. Strange want of confidence! It was due to Mr. David A. Gage to hold the story that it was believed.

The *Zeitung* then quotes from THE TRIBUNE a frank statement, and proceeds as follows:

We suppose we must accept this confession as an amende honorable. We assume that THE TRIBUNE *means to say that it has wrongly, unjustly, not to say maliciously, denounced those leaders of the People's party who (knowing how Gage stood, and saying what they knew) demanded that the city moneys should be counted, as 'supporters, scalawags, rufians, scum of society,' and the like. We are not sure but what the amende of* THE TRIBUNE *would have been more explicit by the addition to it of a formal recantation of those vile deeds. Minus, if it had been aware of some more facts which we are prepared to disclose.*

By what sacrificial jugglery is the defalcation of Mr. Gage to make the People's party the "saintly among the saintlies?" They seem to demand too large a price and too prompt a payment for telling the truth *once*. They cackle like a pullet over the first egg. It looks as if, in a great lottery of lies, they had drawn a prize of *one truth*. And

IT IS A SAD TRUTH

to generous men of all parties. Base is the man who exults over it, or tries to implicate innocent parties with it. Not exultation and political claptrap, but stern and inflexible justice, is what the case demands. An honored, generous-hearted citizen has made a *sad mistake*. Against a life of many years' unstinting labor in our behalf, we have to charge one great error. Let him that is without sin cast the first stone. Let public virtue be vindicated in the spirit of a generous manhood. We object to this attempt to seek atonement of all past grievances with the blood of Gage, as seems to be indicated by the following:

Less than two years ago, when some leaders, gathering around a procession of North-Side citizens (in which procession Mr. Hesing did *not* participate, all the infernal *ites* of scalawag, penny-a-liners and unctuous parsons, were handing, three-at-a-time, hot plates through the windows of the temporary City Hall, all the "Law-and-Order" press, all the sanctimonious Pharisees of Chicago, shouted lustily for an indictment of Mr. Hesing, who had no more guilt in him than Horace White or Robert Collyer. And Mr. D. A. Gage, *even at that time knowing himself as a defaulter*, in an interview pronounced himself very decidedly in favor of such criminal prosecution.

THERE ARE SEVERAL INQUIRIES

that arise in reading the above paragraph:

First—How it happened that it took so large a procession to carry so small a petition? Was it to intimidate the Council?

Second—Had Mr. Hesing done or said anything, or was there aught in his previous history and character, to lead any man to suppose that he might have anything to do with it?

Third—Are not the terms "scalawag," "penny-a-liners," and "unctuous parsons" (who are they?) a little too strong?

Fourth—What is the force of the word "temporary" in the phrase "temporary City Hall?" We have been informed that there were coal, permanent beds in front of the windows. We trust that the word "temporary" was not used to palliate the offense. We notice the frequent use of the word *all*. Can it be that Mr. Hesing fills so large a place in the public thought? Now, friend Hesing, do not get into these moods. Everybody on our side don't think you do. We realize how in the political atmosphere you would be without you. Political journalism would languish. A great many fellows would never get into office without you. We can lose our buffaloes and bears, and even the parks; but we cannot do without our Hesing. In one respect, he is like our great bear at Union Park. We always know on which side of the cage to find him. He differs from Congressmen and Postmasters in that particular. Would any one indict him when he is not guilty? O, no! Then comes

THE JOURNAL SORE!

During the late campaign, the *Evening Journal* warned the People's party to be careful how to avoid treading in the footsteps of Tammany Hall. It compared Mr. A. C. Hesing with *Boss Tweed*. Very well. The *Boss Tweed* has now been detected in the Pacific Hotel; or, as the phrase goes, the hot side of the other leg. Will the *Journal* now be ready enough to call for such proceedings against Dr. A. Gage as were instituted against *Boss Tweed*?

Again: It does not appear how the advice and warning of the *Journal* were rendered unnecessary by the action of the managers of Mr. Gage. Friend Hesing, would it not be better to leave that as a question for the future? Had we not better wait two or three years? Great changes may occur. You may yet be the "Pet of the Pulpit." You came near it in "Fire-Proof" times.

SHORTCOMINGS

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, in one of its last issues, wrings its hands in holy horror at the appointment, by Mayor Colvin, as members of committees, of saloon-keepers and brewers. Yet the same sanctity publication does not take the slightest notice of the condition of the City Treasury, though it is next to impossible that it should not have known anything of that condition.

Let us in charity believe that they did not know it. These religious papers are awful slow in getting the news, but they

SOMETIMES GET TO SOME THINGS

after they get posted. Has an innocent man been convicted? Again:

When, lately, a Clerk of the Criminal Court, for trying to do what in 1869 was done with scarcely an attempt of concealment in favor of the "People's Party" in power, the party, was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, the "Law-and-Order" press was unanimous in saying that it served him right. Is the same press now prepared to say that it would serve D. A. Gage right if he was sentenced under the law which provides fines and imprisonment for defaulters and wilful perjurers? If not, why not?

Was what was done in 1869 right or wrong? What was Mr. Hesing's

OPINION OF IT THEN?

Will he give us a few extracts from the *Staats-Zeitung* written at that time? What was Mr. Hesing's opinion of Mr. O'Hara then? Was it Mr. O'Hara who did it? That is our impression. Does Mr. Hesing intend to insinuate that it was the chief officer who ought to have gone to prison instead? Was it the Law-and-Order party, or the Courts, that sent the Clerk to prison? Are the Courts corrupt? Would it not be well to be a little more explicit on this point? Should the man be set at liberty now that the defalcation of Mr. Gage has been discovered? If the man is innocent, or wrongfully convicted and sentenced, circulate a petition for his release, and every man in the Law-and-Order party will sign it. Do not grumble, but act.

THE STORY OF THE AFFIDAVIT.

The public probably remembers a certain affidavit of Mr. A. C. Hesing, published some days before our election, in the shape of an affidavit sworn to, under oath, that a confidential friend of Mr. Gage had approached him with an offer of the control of a certain portion of the city funds on condition of the *Staats-Zeitung* supporting Gage's re-election. It was stated that Mr. Gage's friend said words substantially to the effect that *other papers* had been "*seen*" and were all right; that Mr. Hesing was foolish in rejecting the offer made to him, &c.

To be happy we must be virtuous. The public does remember; but it has forgotten, or

NEVER WAS TOLD,

the name of that *confidential friend* who thus dared to invade the sanctity of our friend's honor. Name him, and let the public execration follow. What would we think of the virgin who would not give the name of the man who attempted to outrage her? Why was the fact sworn to? How much more credit should be given to such an affidavit than to a man's word? We leave this subject, not without anxiety, and pass to

"ET TU BRUTE."

This, then, is the glorious result of the rule of those respectable Pharisees who have showered their holy wrath and virtuous indignation upon the poor "Publicans and sinners!" This is an outgo of Honest Joe's Administration. Honest Joe, indeed! With that undeniable talent of his, of peeping into the most occult matters, is it to be supposed that he should not have known anything about the condition of Gage's accounts? We suppose so much thing. Upon the contrary, we firmly believe that Joseph Medill, while feeling the battle of the strict Sabbatarians, has been fully aware of the unsoundness of Gage's financial doings; and that, in going abroad, one of his motives has been to escape from his responsibility in the premises, even though that responsibility be only a moral, not a legal one.

The first thought that suggests itself in the "rule of those respectable Pharisees," It had been our impression, until we read that sentence that the *Staats-Zeitung* favored the election of those same "Pharisees." Those of us who saw the lynging eyes of Medill turned Tom-ward, to catch the first glimpse of his friend returning from the Old Country, can never forget the fact of the tie that seemed to bind them. And, when they did come together, there were those who saw the two great men rush into each other's arms, and, womanly though it may appear,

ACTUALLY KISS EACH OTHER.

I give our

REAL ESTATE.

A Decrease in the Sale of Cheap Lots.

The Depression of Manufacturing Makes Workmen Afraid to Buy.

Bankers as Bears on Real Estate--A Banker's Opinion.

Where Are the January Interest and Dividends to Find Investment?

City Real Estate Seems to Be the Only Thing After All.

The recent activity in real estate has subsided, and the business is extremely dull again. Perhaps the most important feature is that the sale of cheap lots has greatly diminished lately. This is due to the fact that a great number of skilled mechanics, who are always the principal buyers of such property, are still out of employment. The great manufacturing establishments have not resumed work as soon as expected; several of the large sash and blind and other factories on the South Branch are still closed, the rolling-mills and some other of the largest work-shops in the city are only running on part time, and the workmen who would otherwise buy cheap lots feel afraid to invest, because they may not have work as soon as they anticipated a few weeks ago. At the same time, those of them who have money in the savings banks undoubtedly feel as though they would rather have it invested in a lot, and the fear that they may be obliged to live on their savings during a considerable portion of the winter is all that prevents their making such investments now. We regard this, however, as only a temporary feature of the real-estate market. The revival of business from the effects of the panic has been so positive in all parts of the country that, though the manufacturing interest lags behind all other branches of business, it cannot remain depressed long. When it does revive, workmen will accumulate money again as usual, and for this class of savings there is no form of investment so popular or so safe as real estate in and around a growing, thriving city like Chicago. We know it has become a fashion among a certain class of business men to decry real-estate investments, and to only speak of them as real-estate "speculations," thereby implying something discreditable. This is, perhaps, more common among bankers than any others. The opinions of bankers are usually accorded more weight in connection with money matters than any other class of the business community, and this is perhaps the reason of the unwarranted taint of discredit that attaches to real estate "speculation." It must be remembered, however, that it is the habit of bankers to decry everything but ready money. They are constitutional bears, their business being to get the keeping of other people's money, and lend it out for their own profit. Their habit of preaching that nothing is so good as ready money, and to be always on the look-out for a decline of prices, grows to be a part of their nature. The banker has no interest in an *advance* of prices. No matter how much values increase, he gets no benefit from it. Legitimately, he gets nothing but the interest of his money loaned on security. His policy, therefore, always is to anticipate a decline of prices. Nothing offered as security is ever worth the market price to him. He must not only anticipate the lowest price to which any marketable thing may be depressed, but he must establish a much lower price than this at which he would be willing to take property, or rather, he must habitually put so low a value on all sorts of property that under any circumstances he will find somebody else to take, instead of being obliged to take it himself. The banker's habit, therefore, always is to preach that things are "too high," "too high." Now, as there is perhaps a larger proportion of real-estate paper offered to Chicago banks than to the banks of almost any other city, this constitutional bearishness of bankers has probably contributed more than anything else to create the general habit of decrying real-estate "speculation." But when we come to compare the desirability of the different kinds of investment for money at the present time, even bankers admit there is nothing so good as city real estate.

Yesterday we asked one of the best known and most conservative bankers in this city: "Where, and in what, will the money that usually accumulates in the hands of capitalists at the close of January, find its most active investment two or three months from now?"

After the consideration of the probability that less capital would be invested in railroad and other corporate stocks, and in State and municipal bonds this year than usual, owing to the general unsettlement of confidence in corporate and municipal honesty, he said:

"If some personal friend, some widow, or other person not actually engaged in active trade, were to ask me what he or she should do with any sum of money now, I think I should advise investment in Government bonds or real estate mortgages. The Government bonds, however, are pretty high, and I think the preference would be for real estate mortgages. Ten per cent is now the ruling rate of interest here on such security, and I can't think of anything else that offers so much inducement with equal security."

But what do you think of the *purchase* of real estate?

"Well, real estate seems high, but, on the whole, I don't see what else a good many people can do with their money this year."

In fact, this banker's opinion coincides with the views of capitalists everywhere, and in the general canvass of the comparative desirability of property in various cities there is no doubt that property in Chicago looks more attractive than in any other city in the United States.

There have been several parties from Kentucky in this city this week looking after acre property. They purchased over $100,000 worth and went home, with the intention of returning after the holidays. One of these gentlemen was heard to say, "We have been looking around your city for 'bargains,' but find that we must pay the old prices for all that we purchase."

ACRE SALES.

Kerr, Davison & Welch sold 50 acres located in Sec. 28, 40, 13, one mile southeast of the County Farm; consideration, $450 per acre.

Also, 104 acres in Sec. 4, 38, 13, located 2½ miles southwest of Brighton, on the canal, and [illegible] Railroad; consideration, $500 per acre.

Also, 106 acres in Sec. 9, directly south of the above and adjoining; consideration, $500 per acre.

The same parties are negotiating for about $100,000 more on property inside the city limits.

Snyder & Lee sold 28 acres in Sec. 5, 37, 14, at Washington Heights; consideration for all, $5,000.

Oscar Newman sold 40 acres, being the N.E. ¼ of the N. E. ¼ of Sec. 35, 38, 13, in the town of Lake; consideration, $24,000.

John S. Hair & Co. sold 150 acres in Sec. 12, 38, 14; consideration, $20,000. Also 10 acres in Sec. 24, 39, 13; consideration, $4,000.

SALES OF LOTS.

Mr. Webb sold 50x100 on the northeast corner of Carpenter and Madison streets, including a cheap frame building; consideration, $600 per foot.

[illegible] Brown sold cottage and lot at Desplaines; consideration, $1,000. Also 100x125 at Desplaines; consideration, $600. Also 27 lots at Desplaines Cemetery, $100 each. Also 100x120 feet at Evanston; consideration, $1,400.

The West Chicago Land Company sold 2 lots at the Northwestern Car Shops; consideration, [illegible].

John S. Hair & Co. sold 1 lot on West Lake street, near Robey street; consideration, $5,000. Also house and lot on Throop street, between Van Buren and Harrison streets; consideration, [illegible]. Also 6 lots in Lawndale; consideration, $6,000. Also 1 lot on Blue Island avenue, [illegible] of Sixteenth street; consideration, $2,250. Also 5 lots in Joy & Frisby's Subdivision; consideration, $2,500.

Averill & Higginson, who deal exclusively in first-class residence property, say there is almost nothing doing. Nobody seems to want fine residences, and it would be difficult to sell anything in that line now.

SATURDAY'S TRANSFERS.

The following instruments were filed for record on Saturday, Dec. 20:

CITY PROPERTY.

Carroll st, n w cor of Sangamon st, s f, 250x200 ft, with buildings, dated Dec. 17; consideration, $119,000. Lyman Bridges to John C. Garland.

Monroe st, 185 ft w of Fifth av, n f, 43x198 ft, dated Aug. 25; consideration, $40,000. Albert A. Rankin to John F. Eberhart.

Clybourn av, 491 ft n w of Webster av, n e f, 25x120 ft, dated Dec. 19; consideration, $700.

St. Louis av, s w cor of Fifteenth st, e f, 598x125 ft, dated Dec. 1; consideration, $9,000.

Harbine st, n w cor of Laflin st, s f, 25x124 ft, dated Dec. 10; consideration, $750.

Attica st, 305½ ft w of Halsted st, s f, 25x144¼ ft, dated Dec. 19; consideration, $1,600.

Wentworth av, 275 ft n of Thirty-seventh st, w f, 25x120½ ft, dated Oct. 30; consideration, $1,340.

Napoleon place, 120 ft w of Buddan st, n f, 24x103½ ft, dated Dec. 19; consideration, $1,090.

Milwaukee av, 24 ft s e of Houston st, n e f, 24x100 ft, dated Dec. 10; consideration, $2,500.

Lot 25, in Block 9, of e ½ Sec 31, 39, 14, dated Aug. 29; consideration, $1,175.

Lot 3, in Rust's Lots 12, 13, &c., in Block 2, Rockwell's Addition, dated Dec. 10; consideration, $1,040.

Butterfield st, bet Thirty-first and Thirty-second sts, w f, 25 ft to alley, dated Dec. 16; consideration, $3,000.

Milwaukee av, s e cor of Houston st, n e f, 24x100 ft, dated Dec. 10; consideration, $3,000.

Lot 82 of Lot 2, Block 19, Sheffield's Addition, dated March 29; consideration, $725.

Lot 13, in Block 7, of e ½ w ½ s e ¼ Sec 28, 39, 14, dated Oct. 9; consideration, $1,150.

Buddan st, 226 2-10 ft north of Thirty-first st, w f, 50x125½ ft, dated Oct. 1; consideration, $2,600.

NORTH OF CITY LIMITS.

Lots 16 and 17, in Block 5, in partition of n ¼ e ½ s e ¼ Sec 20, 40, 14, dated July 6; consideration, $1,250.

SOUTH OF CITY LIMITS.

Cottage Grove av, s e cor of Fifty-fourth st, w f, 116¼x180½ ft, dated June 21; consideration, $10,832.

Drexel av, 240 ft n of Fifty-fifth st, e f, 48x180 ft, with 24 ft on Madison av, in same block, dated March 1; consideration, $3,950.

Lots 3, 16, 17, and 18, in Block 50, Hyde Park, dated June 7; consideration, $10,750.

Lots 1 to 3 and 16 to 18, in Block 2, of Bowen and Smith's part n ½ n w ¼ of n e ¼ Sec. 3, 38, 14, dated Dec. 19; consideration, $33,000.

Lot 127 of Lots 1 to 20, Brighton, dated Nov. 15; consideration, $500.

SUMMARY OF TRANSFERS FOR THE WEEK.

The following is the total amount of city and suburban property transferred during the week ending Saturday, Dec. 20:

City property, number of sales, 94; consideration, $585,045.

North of city limits, number of sales, 6; consideration, $11,225.

South of city limits, number of sales, 25; consideration, $159,622.

West of city limits, number of sales, 3; consideration, $46,750.

Total sales, 128. Total consideration, $802,642.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Grand Army of the Republic will give a ball in McCormick's Hall New Year's Eve.

The Union Club will give a party Friday evening.

A special meeting of the friends of the Murray Chapel will be held in the vestry of the church Monday evening.

The regular meeting of the Farragut Boat Club will be held at No. 1052 Indiana avenue, Monday evening.

There will be a special business meeting of the Americus Club Monday evening. All members are requested to be present.

T. S. A. Pope will deliver a lecture entitled "Temperance vs. Teetotalism," at Jackson's Hall, corner Jefferson and Randolph streets, this afternoon. Admission, 15 cents.

The ladies of the Fifth Presbyterian Church, corner of Wabash avenue and Thirty-first street, will give a Christmas entertainment at the church Tuesday evening. There will be tables for the sale of presents; also music and a supper. Every one is invited.

The Christmas soiree given by the pupils of the Dyhrenfurth Colleges will be more entertaining and extensive this year than ever before. It will occur Tuesday evening, at the North Side Turner Hall. The programme consists of music, recitations, and declamations, in German and English, and a comedietta called "Seeing the Elephant."

The Christian Union programme for next week is as follows: Monday evening, lecture by the Rev. C. D. Helmer; subject, "The Ring." Free to the public. Tuesday evening, class in short-hand. Wednesday, 3 p. m., Prof. Haven's lecture on "Philosophy." Thursday evening, German Class and Literary Club. Friday evening, French and vocal music classes. The reading-room and library are open every day in the week, from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m.; the gymnasium and health-lift every day except Sundays. The class in English literature will be opened by Prof. Haven after New Year's. Mr. Elias Colbert will open a class in astronomy about the same time. A Christmas sociable will be given to members and their friends Tuesday, Dec. 30. The Union occupies three entire floors at No. 114 Madison street, and furnishes all the above privileges to members at nominal cost.

By invitation, a council composed of delegates from seventeen Baptist churches was convened at the First Baptist Church. The First Church presented the Rev. W. W. Everts, Jr., for examination, and, if judged proper, for his ordination to the work of the Gospel ministry. Nearly two hours were spent in listening to a clear and very interesting statement of his religious experience, call to the ministry, and views of doctrine, whereupon it was voted unanimously by the Council to proceed to the ordination in the following order: An Ordination Sermon at the First Baptist Church this morning by the Rev. W. W. Everts, D. D., and Tuesday evening the following services are to be held at the Chapel, corner of Indiana avenue and Thirtieth streets: Charge to the Candidate, by the Rev. G. W. Northrup, D. D.; Hand of Fellowship, by the Rev. T. W. Goodspeed; Address to the Congregation, by the Rev. Florence McCarthy; Prayer, by the Rev. A. Judson Frost, and Laying on of Hands, by the Revs. Messrs. Whitehead, Langridge, Maybie, Ellis, and Chappell. The Rev. Dr. Patterson, of the Theological Seminary, will preside.

Tuesday evening, the 30th inst., the first annual ball of the Benevolent Association of the Paid Fire Department of the City of Chicago will take place at McCormick's Hall. The proceeds of the ball are to be placed in the treasury of the Association, which has been very low since the fire. This is the first time the organization has called upon the public for assistance, having been sustained heretofore by contributions of its members and those of grateful and generous persons whose property was saved from burning. Aside from the debt of gratitude due the firemen of the city, the character and object of the Association appeal to the good-will of the citizens. The managers will use every effort and spare no expense to make the ball enjoyable to everybody. The best orchestra in the city has been engaged, and the hall will be neatly trimmed. The cards of invitation may be procured at the Fire Marshal's office, and of Mr. E. B. Chandler, the President of the Association, in the Fire-Alarm office, in the City Hall Building. They are also for sale at the various engine-houses.

PERSONALS.

THE CITY.

S. M. Perry, Esq., agent of N. Matson & Co., returned to Chicago last evening.

James Reegan, one of the Assistant Marshals of the Boston Fire Department, is in the city visiting his friends.

Samuel Schoch, General Manager of the M., H. & O. Railroad, is at the Grand Pacific.

The managers of the Grand Pacific gave another of their series of hops to their guests last evening.

J. M. Walker, Esq., President of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, has returned from his trip to Kansas.

George L. Carman has been appointed General Freight and Ticket-Agent of the Peoria & Rock Island Railroad, in place of J. A. Grier, resigned.

S. K. Hooper, formerly General Ticket-Agent of the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Railroad, has been appointed General Ticket-Agent of the Fort Wayne, Jackson & Saginaw Railroad, in place of Mr. Robert Billie, resigned.

Thomas P. O'Connor, the delegate from Tipperary, desires to state that he will be present at the meeting to be held at Tooney's Hall, Blue Island avenue, this afternoon, and will answer any questions put to him bearing upon the movement.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Sherman—George H. Wright, U. S. A., Fort Shaw, Mon.; the Hon. S. Richardson, Nebraska; Adrian Safford, Albany, N. Y.; J. B. Johns, Springfield, Mo.; G. A. Hook, Washington, D. C.; Col. J. G. Ford, U. S. A.; the Hon. Edwin R. Blake, Wisconsin; J. A. Saxton, Cincinnati. . . . *Palmer*—The Hon. C. S. Landers and J. A. Pickett, Connecticut; H. W. Nelson, Toronto, Can.; Prof. Ford, Jacksonville; William J. Twining, United States Army; D. Irvin Meyers, Pittsburgh, Pa.; A. D. Lindsay, Nebraska City. . . . *Gardner*—G. G. Hadley, Lafayette, Ind.; George S. Harris, Lincoln, Neb. . . . *Grand Pacific*—A. L. Barber, Washington, D. C.; Benjamin T. Cobia, Rock Island; H. D. Huntington, Cincinnati; the Hon. D. M. Lewis, Kansas, R. R. Cable, Rock Island; J. T. White, Fort Wayne; W. R. Smith, Kentucky University. . . . *Briggs House*—H. C. Crawford, Toronto; S. F. Browne, Detroit.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Donations of toys and provisions for the orphans' Christmas dinner and tree may be sent to the Asylum, on Michigan avenue near Twenty-second street, any time before Friday.

The alarm of fire from Box 26, at 7 o'clock yesterday morning, was caused by the discovery of flames in W. L. Tidd's book-bindery and blank-book manufactory, on the fourth floor of Dr. Bassett's marble front buildings, Nos. 172 and 174 Clark street. The origin of the fire is unknown. Loss, $1,000; fully insured.

We have received, from O. L. Fox & Co., a copy of the "Chicago Almanac for 1874." A very convenient and beautifully illustrated little work, which is in every way creditable to the Chicago firms which took part in getting it up.

The bazar of the Union Catholic Library Association, which has been in progress during the past week, will be continued two days' longer. So far it has been quite a success, thanks to the energy of the President of the Society, Mr. Washington Hesing, and the ladies who have devoted their time to it. The contest for a silver set between the proprietors of the St. Charles, Burke's, and the St. Elmo hotels is quite exciting.

At the meeting of the last Board of Managers of the Home of the Friendless the ladies decided they would not solicit presents for a Christmas-tree at the Home, but would ask their friends to send in contributions for a dinner. The stringency of the money market is the excuse for the departure from the long-established custom. The Christmas dinner will be given on the 25th this year, instead of on the 27th and 28th, as in former years. Donations are asked for, and those who send anything may be assured the recipients will gladly welcome and make use of all that is received.

The inquest on the body of Mr. McQuaid was continued by Coroner Stevens yesterday, several new witnesses being examined. The most important evidence elicited was that of Miss Margaret L. Corbett, who testified that she saw the deceased near Polk street bridge in conversation with Dennis O'Grady and two other men. O'Grady stated that McQuaid was in his store at midnight of the day of the city election, the last moment at which he was seen alive. The belief of Edward McQuaid, brother of deceased, is that he wandered about while drunk, and finally fell into the river and was drowned accidentally.

The prize medal of the recent three-ball tournament held in this city, and won by Albert Garnier, will be sent to him this week by Tom Foley. It was manufactured by Shurly & Co., of this city, and is a beautiful piece of workmanship. The body of the medal is a massive gold star. On the front is enameled a carom table with three balls and crossed cues. On the obverse is the following inscription: "Presented to Albert Garnier, Master of the Tournament, by Tom Foley. Chicago, Nov. 10, 1873." The star is surrounded by a frosted wreath, and is pendent from a shield bearing the name, "A. Garnier." An American eagle standing on a miniature billiard-ball completes this elaborate and beautiful medal.

Merchant Tailoring.

Among the new and highly meritorious institutions of our city is the fine tailoring establishment of Beach & Tripp, 211 South Clark street, corner of Adams. Their stock and prices, and especially their styles, when once known by the public, will insure success unprecedented in the history of merchant tailoring in Chicago. Their dress suits, the "Novelty," seamless overcoat, and the "Tripp coat," now on exhibition among their holiday styles, cannot fail to satisfy the most fastidious. Bear in mind that they yield the palm to none in the style and finish of their work, and, as they originate their own designs, must depend upon merit for success.

Something New.

Any person passing down Madison street must be attracted by a magnificent stock of holiday goods displayed by Taylor & Harrison, and be greatly surprised to learn that the whole stock was to be sold at auction Monday, the 22d, commencing at 9 o'clock. This is an innovation in the trade that no one has looked for, and when people see diamonds, jewelry, fine watches, fancy goods, etc., in endless variety offered at auction, they feel ready to believe almost anything. Their store, 204 and 206 East Madison street, is now a perfect curiosity, and if not mistaken, the sale to-morrow will be a grand event.

Money Saved.

We are now offering 5,000 cases of holiday goods, bought for cash during the panic, for less than the actual cost of manufacture. Silks, velvets, shawls, and laces are now sold as cheap as before the War; 1,000 pieces of dress goods at 25, 37, and 50 cents—great bargains; black Cashmere at $1, $1.25, and $1.50—reduced nearly one-half; 10,000 pieces fine black mohair alpacas at 25, 37, and 50 cents—worth double that. All staple and domestic goods we offer at a great saving to our customers. New York Store, 284 and 286 West Madison street.

Music--Instrumental.

Any one passing the Palmer House cannot but observe the business every day apparent at Julius Bauer & Co.'s. The Knabe and Bauer pianos are constantly arriving and being reshipped Westward. These instruments, already great favorites with the public, have received unbounded approval and praise from all the distinguished artists visiting this country, among whom may be mentioned Paulina Lucca and Di Murska. Purchasers are invited to call and judge for themselves.

At Cost--Furs.

Selling at cost with Brewster, corner of Clark and Madison streets, means that you will get the goods at the prices they cost him. His entire stock of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Furs, embracing everything in kind and style known to the trade, is now offered the public on such terms,—and the result is "rare bargains" for those who visit his establishment.

The Reason Why

Seekers after presents of the richest, most attractive, and newest designs in gold watches, chains, jewelry, silverware, and fancy goods, at living prices, invariably go to McElwain's. His elegant store, corner of State and Randolph streets, is always attractive with the latest novelties, while the courtesy and desire to please daily add to the throng of visitors. Open every evening.

"Barstow" Crown Cook.

The latest and best cook stove, with anti-clinker grate. "Richmond" palace ranges, "Anti-clinker" parlor stoves, "Barstow" furnaces, and the "Golden Sun" fire-place heater. If you want a first-class article in this line, do not fail to call at Bangs Bros.', corner of State and VanBuren streets.

The Rush at Gunther's.

In view of the great rush at Gunther's during the holidays for his celebrated candies, all should make it a point to make their purchases as early as possible, and avoid the throng that surrounds the counters. Fancy goods, boxes, etc., at great reductions from all former seasons.

Elegant Jewelry.

Persons looking for holiday presents can find an elegant and varied assortment of jewelry of every description at E. H. Goodrich's, No. 137 Twenty-second street. His stock is all new, and includes a fine selection of gold and silver watches, which would make very appropriate presents.

Oysters and Fish.

In the way of good eatables, what is better than the best of solid meat oysters, saltwater fish, and canned goods? These articles are always in stock, kept fresh, and ready for delivery, at 157 Dearborn street, well known as Ruth's Oyster and Fish Depot.

Low Prices.

Benjamin Allen & Co., 137 and 139 State street, near Madison, second floor, will offer at retail a large assortment of gold watches, chains, chain bracelets, etc., at very low prices, in order to close out as much stock as possible before taking inventory.

Ladies,

Go at once to Stein's Dollar Store, and see the finest assortment of Holiday presents in the West, and nothing higher priced than $1. This is the Original Dollar Store. Go early and avoid the crowd. 124 West Madison street, formerly 88 South Clark street.

A Monster Tank.

The largest tank that was ever set up in Chicago can be seen at Hugh Bradshaw's, Nos. 207 and 209 West Lake street. The dimensions are 30 feet diameter and 18 feet high. It contains 2,900 barrels, and is designed for a reservoir for Morrison, Ill.

Economize in Hard Times.

Save your money, and make your own clothing on the celebrated Wilson Shuttle Sewing-Machines, which can be purchased by making a small payment down, and the balance payable in from one to two years. Salesrooms at No. 197 State street.

Open.

The New York Store, Nos. 284 and 286 West Madison street, will keep open the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday previous to Christmas. The many patrons of this establishment will be gratified to hear of this intelligence.

Bottled Liquors.

The place at which to buy bottled liquors for medicinal use and other purposes, is at Lydston & Andrin's, 46 East Randolph street. They keep nothing "but the best in the world."

THE LABOR-QUESTION.

Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work: But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work,—thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates:

For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day and hallowed it.

Such was the command, bearing the seal of Divinity upon it, that was given by Moses to the Children of Israel; and, from the time of the great Jewish law-giver up to the present, that day has been observed by Jews and Christians as a day of religious rites and ceremonies, and

A DAY OF REST

from the ordinary labors of the week. At this period of the world's history, when men of science are searching into the hidden mysteries of Nature, and deducing from her uniformity, her apparent changes, and her known transitions, the laws that govern her, it is proved, beyond a doubt that the Sabbath is not only a religious institution, but it is in accordance with the laws of Nature. They have discovered the fact that the body, in order to sustain life during the years allotted to it, must have its periods of rest; that, without this rest, the body rapidly wears out, and becomes an easy prey to the fell destroyer; that no man can retain his full vigor who devotes more than six days to continuous labor without a resting-place, and, therefore, every seventh day is the proper period to lay aside his vocation, and rest his powers in order to keep them in good working order,—thus proving that the Sabbath is a necessity of man's nature; that it has the approval of men of science, and the higher sanction of "Thus saith the Lord."

On one beautiful Sabbath, last summer, as I was recovering from a fit of sickness, but was still feeble and unable to walk any great distance, my husband proposed that we should ride down to

UNION PARK,

where I could enjoy the fresh, free, life-giving air, without being obliged to make any exertion. We accordingly entered a street-car, in which I took a seat without the least compunction of conscience, and was soon carried down to Union Park, where I sat down upon one of the rustic seats feeling much refreshed, first with the ride, and then with the sight of our beautiful park. I remained there the greater part of the afternoon, watching the continuous stream of men, women, and children, as they promenaded along the gravel walk, and was pleased to see how much they seemed to enjoy the freedom, the quiet, and the rest of that beautiful place. Feeling somewhat strengthened, I rose, and, leaning on my husband's arm, joined in the promenade. The park was by this time pretty well filled with people, who were enjoying themselves in their own way.

Here and there were seated, under the shade of a tree, a young lady and gentleman, so deeply engrossed in conversation as to be oblivious to all around them; yet their very obliviousness appealed to my sympathies, and invested them with a sacred tenderness, for my imagination pictured them repeating the

OLD, OLD STORY,—

old as Adam and Eve, yet new to every succeeding generation,—the story which is the crowning joy of every man's and woman's life. Would that it never lost its brightness; that the halo which surrounded it then could hang around it as long as life lasted! Who but has wished for the days that are gone? Who would abridge one iota of their sweetness to the youth or maiden just preparing to face the stern realities of life?

On the grass, at full length, lay many a stalwart frame, wearied with his week's labors, and now abandoning himself to the loveliness, the freedom, the sweet rest, of the glorious Sabbath, amid the trees, the flowers, the grass, and the sparkling waters of that beautiful spot. Never did I so fully appreciate the blessedness of the Sabbath as I did on that afternoon in Union Park, and I think I comprehended what Jesus meant when he said, "The Sabbath

WAS MADE FOR MAN,

and not man for the Sabbath."

A little farther on was a group of boys and girls, standing by the pond, and throwing bread upon the water. The fishes also seemed to understand that it was the Sabbath, and that they, too, were expected to join in its pleasures; for they swam, and leaped, and sparkled in the water close to the edge of the pond, not the least afraid of harm; and, as they sprang for a nibble at the bread upon the surface, the merry laugh rang out from that happy crowd. We stood by them some time, and participated in their sport,—my attention being called to every piece of bread as it grew less with every nibble and finally disappeared. My company was also requested to a visit to the ducks, the geese, and the swans, for whose particular benefit the little pockets had been crammed with bread; and I enjoyed the pleasure of feeding them as much as the little ones themselves.

I wish I could convey to the City Fathers all the gratitude that swelled my heart that day for the gift of that park, where the laborer, who has toiled hard for six days, can bring his family from his impoverished home, and together they can enjoy,

THE PEACE, THE QUIET, AND THE REST

of the glorious Sabbath amid the surroundings of the beautiful. As I looked over that motley crowd, I thought, What a field for the missionary! What an impression a large-hearted, generous-souled, Christian minister, gifted with good common-sense, could make upon this multitude, if he had the cause of humanity at heart sufficiently to enter into their feelings and enlist their sympathies!

As these thoughts were passing through my mind, and I was extolling the kindness and the beneficence of our City Fathers, who neglected none of her citizens, but provided for the welfare of all, and they were themselves to blame who did not partake of the good things provided for them, a street-car passed, and for the first time, it occurred to me to inquire if the

DRIVERS AND CONDUCTORS OF STREET-CARS

had any Sabbaths; if there really were, in our midst, men who toiled on incessantly, into whose labors a Sabbath never entered. Oh, horrible! men without a Sabbath in this boasted age of civilization!

Here Conscience spoke: "You patronized the street car to bring you here, and you will have to patronize in again to take you home. You could not have spent this afternoon so pleasantly had it not been for the street-car."

Then an anecdote of Henry Ward Beecher came to my mind. He had been somewhat exercised upon the consistency of the Sunday street-car with the cause of religion, and he one day inquired of a driver if he thought it was right to drive a street-car on Sunday. The man, not knowing to whom he was replying, honestly answered:

"I do not think it is right; but, as long as that Beecher theatre is open, we shall have to run cars on Sunday."

But the right or wrong of the Sunday car is not now the subject under discussion. Wiser heads than mine will have to solve that question.

THE RIGHT

of the street-car driver and conductor to the Sabbath, with all its glorious privileges, is now my theme. If it can be shown that the labors of the week, continued through the whole of the seven days, has a tendency to shorten life, then no man has a right to compel another to work seven days in the week, any more than he has a right to administer slow poison to undermine another's constitution.

"The street-car companies may say: "If a man does not want to work for us, he need not do it. Any one who is dissatisfied with our rules can leave us; there are plenty more waiting to fill their places." And they would speak the literal truth.

One advantage which men employed on street-cars have over the mechanic and the laborer is, that their wages are steady, summer and winter, and their pay is sure. No man who works for the company ever loses his money, and for this reason plenty of men stand ready to occupy a position on a street-car.

Not long since, as I was waiting at Robey street for a Western-avenue car, I entered into

CONVERSATION WITH THE CONDUCTOR,

who said, in reply to my questions:

"I have worked for the company a long time, and they have always used me well. I try to do my duty faithfully in every respect. Look at my windows, how bright they are; there is scarcely another car on this road that is kept as neat and clean as mine. The company know as well as any one when they get good men, and, when they do, they know how to appreciate them. There are so many who take positions on these cars who do not do their duty, and, when they are discharged, they blame the company, when they alone are to blame. Our pay is $75 per month, winter and summer, and, as all the stock is held by the Legislature for our pay, we always get it. I would rather have my money in the hands of the company than in the banks. I consider it safer.

"Our days are fifteen working hours long, and sometimes the weather is very cold, which makes it tedious, as we have no opportunity of warming ourselves. The number of hours I have to work is all I have to complain of; but I console myself with the idea that I save my money, because I have no time to spend it. The horses have good care, are well treated, and are not worked as hard in proportion as the men. The company have one rule that sometimes seems harsh: Whenever a conductor or driver misses his car, if he is only one minute behind, as he will be sometimes, he loses it for a week, and sometimes a month. I missed mine once last week, but I lost it for only three days. The company know that I am faithful to them, so they were not hard on me."

TO SAY I RESPECTED THAT MAN

would be but faint praise. I admired him, for I was sure, from his cheerful, honest, open countenance, that he spoke the truth; and to find a man faithful to the interests of his employers, when those employers compelled him to work fifteen hours per day, without any chance of seeing a fire in the most inclement weather, and deprived him of his Sabbath,—even admiration seems but a poor word to express my feelings towards him.

I wonder who are the most acquainted with him, his wife and children, or his daily passengers? Those who ride on his car to and from their business have a much better chance of making his acquaintance than his own family. I should think his wife would sometimes regulate his watch for him, so that the company's rule which deprived him of his car would give her the pleasure of his company for a few days.

When our Legislature gave the street-car company their charter, with stipulations to guarantee the employe his pay did they for one moment contemplate the fact that those same employes would be worked to the utmost limits of human endurance? MRS. M. D. WINKOOP.

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

Foreign Markets.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 20—10 a. m.—Flour, 28s@29s 6d. Wheat, 12s 3d@12s 6d; spring, 12s 1d@12s 9d; white, 13s 5d@13s 8d; club, 13s 9d@14s 3d. Corn, 36s 3d. Pork, 64s. Lard, 40s 9d.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 20—2 p. m.—Breadstuffs quiet. Pork, 62s 6d. Lard, 40s 6d.

LONDON, Dec. 20—5 p. m.—Consols for money, 91¾ @91⅞; on account, 92@92⅛. United States bonds—5-20s of '65, 94⅛; '67, 94⅞; 10-40s, 92; new 5s, 91⅛; New York Central, 78; Erie, 36⅞; Erie preferred, 58⅜.

PARIS, Dec. 20.—Rentes, 58f 37½c.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 20.—Cotton easier; middling upland, 8¼d; Orleans, 8⅝@8¾d. Sales 10,000 bales; American, 6,300, speculation and export, 3,000.

Breadstuffs—Quiet and unchanged. Lard, 40s 6d. New mess pork, 62s 6d.

New York Produce Market.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—COTTON—Quiet and lower; middling upland, 16c; futures closed quiet.

BREADSTUFFS—Flour dull and lower; receipts, 12,000 brls; superfine Western and State, $5.65@6.15; common to good extra, $6.50@6.95; good to choice, $7.00@7.50; white wheat extra, $7.50@8.00; extra Ohio, $6.60@8.35; St. Louis, $6.80@11.00. Rye flour quiet and steady at $4.75@6.00. Corn meal firm; Western, $3.90@4.25. Wheat heavy and lower; receipts, 138,000 bu; Minnesota, $1.53@1.54; No. 2 Chicago, $1.52@1.54; No. 3 Milwaukee, $1.50; winter red Western, $1.60; No. 1 Milwaukee, $1.60½; No. 1 Minnesota, $1.58@1.60. Rye, $1.03@1.08. Barley more active; Western, $1.42. Malt quiet. Corn active, excited, and higher; receipts, 7,000 bu; Western mixed in store and afloat, 80@82½c; unsound in store, 70@72½c. Oats firmer; receipts, 10,000 bu; mixed Western afloat, 58@59c; white do, 59@60c.

HAY—Steady.

HOPS—Dull; Western and State, 25@40c for the crop of 1873.

GROCERIES—Coffee quiet and firm. Sugar dull; fair to good refining, 7⅛@7⅜c. Molasses firm. Rice unchanged.

PETROLEUM—Dull; crude, 5⅝c; refined, 13⅞@13⅞c.

TURPENTINE—Weak at 42c.

EGGS—Quiet; Western at 28@30c.

LEATHER—Firm at 29@30c; Orinoco, 25@27½c.

WOOL—Quiet; domestic fleece, 38@65c; pulled, 28@45c.

PROVISIONS—Quiet and weak; mess pork, $16.00@$16.12½; extra prime, $12.50; prime mess, $13.75@14.00. Beef unchanged. Cut meats in limited request; pickled shoulders, 7½c. Middles steady; short clear, 7½c. Lard weak; Western steam, 8¾c spot; 8¾c January; 8 15-16@9c February; 9½c March.

BUTTER AND CHEESE—Unchanged.

WHISKY—Heavy and lower, at 98½@99c.

The Wool Trade.

BOSTON, Dec. 20.—Wool continues in demand, and prices are steadily tending upward. Double extra Ohio sold as high as 53c; nearly 500,000 lbs of fine Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces have been taken, and the stock of this description has been again materially reduced. The most desirable lots of Michigan are now held at 53c and upwards. In delaine and combing fleeces, very little has been done, and prices may be quoted from 55@75c; pulled wool not so active; Ohio and Pennsylvania extra, double extra, and above, 51@57c; Michigan, 48@53c; Wisconsin, New York, and Vermont, 45@51c; coming fleece, 55@57½c; unwashed, combing and delaine, 40@47½c; unwashed Western, Colorado, Southern and Texas, 20@40c; tub, 49@58c; scoured, 55@90c; nails, 38@45c; superfine and extra pulled, 29@60c. The amount of sales of domestic wool during the week reaches 157,405 lbs.

New York Dry Goods Market.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—There was a quiet trade movement to-day with agents and jobbers alike. The market for cotton goods is steady and strong. Lonsdale, Hope, and Blackstone A A shirtings advanced ½c per yard. Rolled jaconets firm, and some makes advanced to 9c. Denims and ticks fairly active. Cottonades in brisk demand by clothing manufacturers and tend upwards. Laces and embroideries in demand.

MARRIAGES.

CHAPPLE—LAGUS—On Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 339 Calumet-av., by the Rev. C. H. W. Stocking, of the Church of the Epiphany, Mr. James A. Chapple and Miss Hattie H. Lagus, all of this city.

DEATHS.

HUDSON—Dec. 20, Melvina P., wife of Leonard S. Hudson, and daughter of the late Herman S. and Pamelia Bond, aged 39 years, 6 months, 24 days.

Funeral from her late residence, 240 Twenty-sixth-st., Monday, Dec. 22, at 11 o'clock a. m. Carriages to Oakwood.

BUTLER—Dec. 12, near Canon City, Col. T., Hattie, daughter of Henry Butler, aged 37.

HARAN—On 19th December, 1873, Mauris O. Haran. Funeral from his late residence, No. 1 Merrick-av., on Monday, Dec. 22, to St. James Church, thence by cars to Calvary Cemetery, at 1 o'clock sharp.

KEEFE—Dec. 20, of consumption, at the residence of his parents, 410 Elston-av., William Keefe, aged 22 years, 6 months, and 22 days.

Funeral Monday at 10 a. m., by carriages to Calvary. Friends of the family are invited to attend.

HOLMES—Thursday evening, Dec. 18, at the residence of her son, No. 468 West Indiana-st., Mrs. Sarah A. Holmes, of Dubuque, Iowa, of apoplexy, aged 47 years. Remains will be taken to Dubuque Sunday evening for interment.

DAVIDSON—On 18th inst., at Lansing, Mich., Mr. Charles Davidson, of Little Traverse, aged 44 years. Funeral at 1 p. m. to-day, from the residence of his sister, Mrs. J. H. Stead, 44 South Sangamon-st.

WANTED--MALE HELP.

Bookkeepers, Clerks, &c.

WANTED—MEN FOR THE CITY AND COUNTRY, to sell Prof. Henry's Non-Explosive for kerosene; costs 8c, sells for 25c. Samples to country free. RAY & CO., Room 18, 164 East Randolph-st., Chicago.

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS WRITER FOR COPYING. Address, in handwriting of applicant, R 16, Tribune office.

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS SALESMAN HAVING a good country trade in the cigar and tobacco business. Address S 98, Tribune office.

WANTED—TWO GOOD SALESMEN, ONE GERMAN, to sell sewing-machines. Apply at once, at 329 West Madison-st.

WANTED—AN ENERGETIC SALESMAN, COMMANDING a good connection throughout the country among grocers and hotels, either East, West, Northwest, or South, for the sale of a staple article. Liberal inducements. Address R 93, Tribune office.

WANTED—A GOOD PENMAN; ALSO AN EXPERIENCED canvasser for the city. RICE & CADWELL, 71 Dearborn-st., Rooms 19 and 20.

WANTED—A BOOKKEEPER WITH $5,000. WILL pay 10 per cent and good salary. Address R 68, Tribune office.

WANTED—GOOD CORRESPONDENT BOOKKEEPER can secure a position in manufacturing company by paying $100. Also one as private secretary to a manufacturer. Apply from 10 a. m. to 12 m. to H. THOMPSON, 124 South Franklin-st., in basement.

WANTED—FOUR EXPERIENCED MILLINERY salesmen who can command a trade of $40,000 to $50,000 per annum; to such a liberal salary will be given. Address for one week, stating terms and references, R 28, Tribune office.

Trades.

WANTED—RESPONSIBLE PHOTOGRAPHER TO take an excellent gallery on the West Side. See advertisement "Gallery to Rent."

WANTED—CLOTHING CUTTERS, AT RINDSKOPF BARBE & CO.'S, 75 and 77 Wabash-av.

WANTED—25 CARPENTERS AND 20 BRICKLAYERS. Call at No. 16 East Adams-st., Monday.

WANTED—A BARBER TO TAKE A GOOD SHOP on wages, or on his own account. Apply to TRUESDELL & BROWN, 125 West Madison-st.

WANTED—FOR LIGHT WAGON FACTORY, blacksmiths, painters, and frame and body makers to form a co-operative manufacturing company. Apply from 1 to 3 p. m. to H. THOMPSON, 124 South Franklin-st., in basement.

WANTED—TINNER—ONE ACCUSTOMED TO jobbing. Apply to EDWARD SMEETH, Copper and Brass Works, Randolph and Desplaines-sts.

WANTED—GOOD PAINTER—ONE WILLING TO pay $25 for a good thing. Address S. W. McNEIL, 724 South Jefferson-st.

Miscellaneous.

WANTED—A GOOD CANVASSER FOR COOPER'S works, new edition; Leather-Stocking Tales and Sea Tales just out. MOSES WARREN, 103 State-st., corner Washington-st.

WANTED—CANVASSERS OF FIRST-CLASS ABILITY for Picturesque America, Seward's Travels Around the World, and Appleton's American Cyclopedia, revised edition. MOSES WARREN, 103 State-st., corner Washington-st.

WANTED—WINTER EMPLOYMENT. WORK for everybody. Good wages. Permanent employment. Men and women wanted. Full particulars free. Address W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, O., or St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED—A COMPETENT TRAVELER. Address T 4, Tribune office.

WANTED--MALE HELP.

Miscellaneous--Continued.

WANTED—A BRIGHT, INTELLIGENT BOY, WILLING to work for small wages to do light office work. One living with his parents preferred. Must be able to give good reference. Address Q 35, Tribune office.

WANTED—TRAVELING MEN TO COME AND see an entirely new article. Large profits and quick sales. 125 Clark-st., Room 57.

WANTED—A GOOD SHOW-CARD AGENT. CALL Monday morning. E. B. DYER, 114 North Clark-st.

WANTED—MEN TO SELL CHANG-CHANG; ONE agent sold 78 boxes in one day; a mechanic who had never sold anything before cleared $82 in twelve days; every family buys it, any one can sell it; don't fail to secure an agency that will pay from $20 to $40 per week. 99 East Madison-st., Room 5.

WANTED—YOUNG MEN OUT OF EMPLOYMENT to call on or address REVINGTON & CO., 222 West Washington-st., Chicago.

WANTED—MEN IN CITY AND COUNTRY, TO sell a new article, something that has never been before the public. It will pay you well. Eureka Manufacturing Company, 145 Clark-st., Room 13.

WANTED—MEN TO SELL ARTICLES SUITABLE for city or country. Outfit, $3 to $15. American Novelty Company, 113 East Madison-st., Room 22.

WANTED—MAN TO OPEN BRANCH AGENCY IN another city; must have $30 capital. Address V 44, Tribune office.

WANTED—SHORT-HAND REPORTER WANTED for a few hours to-day. Call at Room 8d, Palmer House, after 8 o'clock a. m.

WANTED—50 MEN AS CONDUCTORS AND drivers on a new street railroad in a Southwestern city, to commence Jan. 1. Transportation free. Address S 88, Tribune office.

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS CANVASSER TO solicit orders for goods salable as flour. To the right man a permanent place and good pay will be given. Apply first floor 113 Twenty-first-st.

WANTED—A FEW GOOD CANVASSERS, ON salary or commission, at 41 LaSalle-st., third floor. Call between the hours of 9 and 4 o'clock.

WANTED—FIFTY MEN FOR COAL MINE; FREE fare; German or Scandinavians. Inclose 25 cents and give address. Address P 20, Tribune office.

WANTED—A BRIGHT AND FAITHFUL OFFICE-boy. Must reside with his parents. Address in own handwriting X 20, Tribune office.

WANTED—LADY OR GENTLEMAN CANVASSER to give security for what they take to sell; good profit. Apply at 137½ East Lake-st., third floor.

WANTED—MEN FOR THE CITY AND COUNTRY, to sell Prof. Henry's Non-Explosive for kerosene; costs 8c, sells for 25c. Samples to country free. RAY & CO., Room 18, 164 East Randolph-st., Chicago.

WANTED—100 SMART YOUNG MEN IN THE CITY and country towns, and to travel; salary, from $8 to $20 per week. Accordingly, applicants must inclose 25 cents for trouble. Address O 84, Tribune office.

WANTED—FEMALE HELP.

Domestics.

WANTED—A GOOD RELIABLE WOMAN TO wait upon an invalid lady and take care of a little girl; she must sew well and bring good recommendations. Call at 1279 Indiana-av.

WANTED—A GIRL FOR GENERAL HOUSE-work; good wages. 241 West Lake-st.

WANTED—GOOD COOK IN A PRIVATE BOARDING-house. Good wages to the right person. Call at front basement 151 South Sangamon-st.

WANTED—IN A FAMILY OF FOUR, A GIRL TO do housework, wash, and iron; small salary, but will be treated as one of the family. Apply Sunday afternoon, or Monday from 10 to 1, at 305 Rush-st., corner of Elm, North Side.

WANTED—A GOOD GIRL OR WOMAN TO DO general housework in a family consisting of man and wife only. A good place for the winter can be had by the right party. Call to-day (Sunday) at 348 West Lake-st., second floor.

WANTED—A GOOD YOUNG GIRL TO DO GENERAL housework in a family of two persons. Apply at 791 Kinzie-st., near Hoyne.

WANTED—TWO GIRLS, ONE TO DO KITCHEN and laundry-work, and one to assist and do second work. Inquire at 47 Twenty-sixth-st., from 10 to 1 o'clock Monday.

WANTED—BETWEEN WABASH AND MICHIGAN-avs., at 55 Twenty-eighth-st., a girl for second work, who can sew. Apply Monday.

WANTED—A GIRL FOR HOUSEWORK IN SMALL family. Inquire at 82 Harrison-st.

WANTED—A GERMAN GIRL TO DO GENERAL housework. Apply at 174 North State-st.

WANTED—A YOUNG AMERICAN GIRL TO TAKE care of children and do light housework at 628 Milwaukee-av. Apply this morning.

WANTED—GOOD GIRL AT 225 SOUTH CANAL-st., early to-day or to-morrow.

WANTED—A GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD TO wash dishes. Apply at 108 South Hoyne-st., from 11 to 2 to-day.

WANTED—A COMPETENT GIRL FOR GENERAL housework. Call Monday at 617 Washington-st.

WANTED—A GOOD GIRL FULLY COMPETENT to do general housework and cooking in a small private family. Apply Monday at 1445 Indiana-av.

WANTED—IN A PRIVATE BOARDING-HOUSE, a girl to do chamber-work and help to wait on table. 120 Illinois-st.

WANTED—AT 286 WABASH-AV., A GERMAN OR Norwegian girl, to cook; must bring references.

WANTED—A COOK, TO HELP WASH AND IRON, at 961 Madison-st.

WANTED—A GIRL FOR GENERAL HOUSEWORK; must come well recommended and be a good cook, at 85 South Peoria-st.

WANTED—A GIRL FOR HOUSEWORK; MUST BE a good washer and ironer, 107½ North Dearborn-st.

WANTED—COMPETENT SERVANT. MUST BE a good cook, washer, and ironer. Apply, with references, at 428 South Park-av. R. T. PETTENGILL.

WANTED—A NEAT, TIDY GIRL TO DO GENERAL housework; only two in family; good references required; none need apply except competent, at 307 West Washington-st. Call Monday.

WANTED—A GERMAN, SWEDE, OR NORWEGIAN girl to cook, wash, and iron, at 819 Michigan-av.

WANTED—A GIRL TO DO GENERAL HOUSE-work at Englewood. Address G S M, Box 345, Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—A YOUNG GIRL TO ASSIST IN DOING general housework in a private family. Call at 257 West Tyler-st., Cottage House, Monday forenoon.

WANTED—A COMPETENT GIRL TO DO GENERAL housework. German or Scandinavian preferred. Must speak English. No other need apply. 308 West Jackson-st.

WANTED—A SMART, TIDY GIRL TO TAKE care of child and assist in light housekeeping. Apply at once at 612 Washington-av.

WANTED—A GIRL TO DO GENERAL HOUSE-work in family of three. No Irish. No. 1458 Prairie-av.; apply Monday morning.

Nurses.

WANTED—WET NURSE—A YOUNG, STRONG, healthy woman with a full breast of milk. Apply between 8 and 9 o'clock a. m., or 4 and 5 o'clock p. m. Dr. J. S. MITCHELL, 871 Michigan-av.

WANTED—WET NURSE. APPLY AT 1266 PRAIRIE-av.

WANTED—A NURSE TO ENGAGE TO TAKE CARE of lady in confinement through the month of February. Address, with reference and terms, R 100, Tribune office.

WANTED—AN EXPERIENCED NURSE TO ATTEND a lady through accouchement. Address O 60, Tribune office.

Housekeepers.

WANTED—IMMEDIATELY—A HOUSEKEEPER—One who can cook and make herself generally useful. American preferred. Apply at Sherwood House, Englewood, corner Sixty-third-st. and Wentworth-av.

WANTED—HOUSEKEEPER FOR BACHELOR; A home for the winter, with light work and low wages. Address, in confidence, N 24, Tribune office.

Seamstresses.

WANTED—A GOOD, HONEST GIRL TO LEARN dressmaking and assist in housework; can have a good home. Apply to Mrs. CONROYD, No. 78 North Halsted-st.

Laundresses.

WANTED—NEW SHIRT IRONERS AT THE Lakeside Laundry, 63 and 65 Canal-st.

Employment Agencies.

WANTED—EVERYBODY TO KNOW THAT GIRLS of any nationality, ready for any kind of work, and with good references, are always in waiting at Old Star Employment Office, 126 West Monroe-st.

Miscellaneous.

WANTED—LADIES IN CITY AND COUNTRY to sell my fast-selling rubber-goods for ladies and children. This business is permanent, pleasant and profitable. MRS. PALMER, Room 18, 164 East Randolph-st.

WANTED—BOOK-CANVASSERS—LADIES OR gentlemen unemployed can make a first-class living by selling our publications on commission. United States Publishing Company, of New York. Temporary office in Chicago, Room 4, No. 4 South Clark-st.

WANTED—FIVE ACCOUNTANTS TO SELL OUR "Accountants' Vade Mecum" on commission to mercantile houses; from $30 to $50 per week can easily be made; only parties thoroughly posted in figures need apply. U. S. Publishing Company, of New York. Temporary branch office in Chicago, Room 4, No. 4 South Clark-st.

WANTED—IMMEDIATELY—TWO YOUNG LADIES to perform in a varieties theatre in St. Joseph, Mo. No need apply but those who can sing, dance, and take parts if necessary. Good wages given. None but first-class artists wanted. Address R 18, Tribune office, giving name and address.

WANTED—A GIRL TO DO WRITING AND TEND office. Address, early Monday, Q 3, Tribune office.

SITUATIONS WANTED--MALE.

Bookkeepers, Clerks, Etc.

SITUATION WANTED—AN ACTIVE YOUNG MAN, with 10 years' experience in the dry goods trade, having occupied responsible positions in the largest dry goods houses of Switzerland, Paris, and London, speaking and corresponding thoroughly German, French, and English, wishes to enter a wholesale house, and does not look so much upon actual salary as to get into the right place where his capabilities can be usefully applied. Address R 96, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN WHO has had eight years' experience, in some first-class business, mercantile or commission preferred; would loan employer $4,000 on first-class security; best of city references given. Address S 5, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—A PARTY OF BUSINESS, and only partially engaged each day, is desirous of occupying the balance of his time in office work of any kind requiring ability and accuracy. Address T 44, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—AS BOOKKEEPER OR clerk in commission or retail grocery; am experienced in both. No objection to going into the country. Best of references. B. L. STREETER, 144 South Water-st.

SITUATION WANTED—AS SALESMAN OR ENTRY clerk in a wholesale stove, metal, and house-furnishing hardware store; has had experience, and is eager for something to do; would do writing in an office; is a fine, rapid penman, and quick at figures. N 98, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—MAN HAVING SOME trade wishes to engage with some wholesale grocery-house. Address Room 73, 156 West Lake-st., City.

SITUATION WANTED—BOOKKEEPER OF LARGE experience desires an engagement by Jan. 1, 1874. Reference from present employer. Address Q 80, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN OF five years experience, who is willing to work, in a wholesale grocery. Salary not so much an object as a permanent situation. Would commence at the bottom of the ladder with a promise of advancement if proved capable. Excellent city reference. Address R 88, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—AS COLLECTOR OR OUT-side salesman; well experienced; references first-class. Address U 31, Tribune office.

SITUATIONS WANTED--MALE.

Bookkeepers, Clerks, &c.--Continued

SITUATION WANTED—AS TRAVELER, HOUSE salesman, or city agent for Eastern firm, gents' furnishing goods, notions, etc. Experience and highest testimonials. Large connection in Michigan and Indiana. Address ONWARD, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A THOROUGHLY competent bookkeeper; first-class references as to ability and integrity. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address N 47, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A BOY 16 YEARS OF age, in an office or any place where he can make himself useful. Is a good penman and can furnish best city references. Address E 68, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG MARRIED man, well acquainted with the grocery business, and a rapid penman. Salary not so much an object as a permanent situation. Address R, 541 Wabash-av.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN, IN AN office. Speaks English and German, writes a fair hand, and is good at figures. Best of city references given. Address, for 3 days, R 33, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—COPYING, LEGAL OR business papers will be copied by an expert, either at employer's office or at home, and at fair rates. Address J H, 514 North LaSalle-st.

SITUATION WANTED—AS HOSIER, OR ANY department in dry goods, in city or country. Ten years' experience. R 43, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN, 18 years old, in a store. Is a rapid penman, and quick at figures. N 34, Tribune.

SITUATION WANTED—TO GRAIN AND COMMISSION men—A competent bookkeeper, thoroughly acquainted with the details of the business, desires a situation. Address P 40, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—YOUNG MAN OF FIRST-class references and ability desires a situation as bookkeeper, or in any other capacity, where close application will be appreciated. Address P 8, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A LIVE YOUNG MAN of good address and business ability; not afraid of work; is also a good penman, accountant, or salesman. For references, &c., address P 50, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY THE ADVERTISER, who is an expert accountant; competent to take charge of the office affairs of any large house, commission or otherwise; has had over twelve years' experience in large houses in this city, and refers to present employers. Address U 74, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN IN some good business house; is quick, writes a good hand, and is willing to make himself generally useful. Address O 76, Tribune office.

Trades.

SITUATION WANTED—AS FOREMAN MOULDER in an iron-foundry. Have had 16 years' experience as foreman in first-class shops, and am qualified to take charge of a foundry of any size or class of work; from the East; give him a trial. Address F 3, Tribune office.

Coachmen, Teamsters, &c.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A SWEDE AS COACHMAN or watchman; well used to horses, and wants to make himself useful. Address S 8, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN, TO take care of horses and work around the house. Wages $6 per week and board himself, or $8 per month and board for the winter. Address T 14, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—AS TEAMSTER, PORTER, watchman, or similar work, by a reliable man; references if required. Address N 71, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN (Swede) as coachman; has had several years' experience; of sober and steady habits; is not afraid to work. Best of city reference. Please address O 74, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A SOBER GERMAN to drive for private family; ten years' experience in this city. References No. 1. Address P. RUNGGER, 207 East Chicago-av.

Miscellaneous.

SITUATIONS WANTED—BY MAN AND WIFE (English). No objection to short distance in the country. Man used to horses, milking, etc., wife willing to make herself generally useful. Apply at 730 Canal-st., second side door.

SITUATION WANTED—CAN LOAN EMPLOYER $300. Call at 183 South LaSalle-st. S. W. M.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A 1ST E FLAT SOprano player; pay no object. Address R 91, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—SOMETHING TO DO BY A good square man willing to make himself useful in any capacity. Address T 37, Tribune office.

SITUATIONS WANTED--FEMALE.

Domestics.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A GOOD DANISH girl, to do general housework in a private family. Apply for two days at 248 West Chicago-av., down-stairs.

SITUATIONS WANTED—BY TWO GIRLS; ONE AS cook, and the other general housework, in private family. Call Sunday and Monday at 325 South Halsted-st.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A SCOTCH WOMAN as cook in a private family. 234 West Adams-st., Monday.

SITUATIONS WANTED—BY TWO GIRLS, ONE AS cook, the other as second girl. Good references. Address S 15, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY AN INTELLIGENT American, in any capacity; salary not an object, but a home for the winter. Address MRS. GREY, 77 Canal-st.

SITUATION WANTED—BY GERMAN WOMAN AS cook in private family, boarding-house, or housework in small family; with references. Apply at 297 State-st.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A COMPETENT GIRL to do general housework in a small family. Call or address 542 Butterfield-st.

SITUATION WANTED—IN A PRIVATE FAMILY, as second girl, to do chamber and dining-room work. Inquire at 1128 Prairie-av., Monday, from 10 to 12. Can give good references.

SITUATION WANTED—AS FIRST-CLASS COOK IN a private family or private boarding-house; thoroughly understands the business. Call, or address 861 South Clark-st.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A COMPETENT GIRL, to do general housework in small family or second-work. Will come well recommended by present employer. Inquire at 1029 Wabash-av.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A FRENCH GIRL AS children's nurse and to do second-work. Can give the best references. Call at 12 O'Brien-st., up stairs. A Jewish family preferred.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A GOOD GIRL TO DO general housework, or cooking, washing, and ironing in a private boarding-house. Reference given if required. Please call at 116 North Sangamon-st.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A RESPECTABLE girl as cook or to do general housework in a small family; references given. Address Q 70, Tribune office.

SITUATIONS WANTED—BY TWO COMPETENT women, one to cook, wash, and iron, the other to do general housework, in the city or short distance in the country. Apply at 234 State-st.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A FIRST-CLASS French and American pastry cook. Address 127 East Adams-st.

SITUATION WANTED—A RESPECTABLE YOUNG American Protestant girl wishes a situation as nurse-girl or to do light second work. Apply at 950 Archer-av.

SITUATION WANTED—A GIRL TO DO GENERAL housework in a private family. Apply at 86 Merrick-av.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A GOOD GIRL TO DO cooking or general housework. Good references. Call at 244 Twenty-second-st.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A FIRST-CLASS NORwegian girl to do general housework or cooking in private family. Call Monday. 46 South Union-st.

SITUATION WANTED—IN A HOTEL OR BOARDING-house dining-room, by a young woman who thoroughly understands the business; hotel preferred; is capable of taking full charge. Address N 80, Tribune office.

Seamstresses.

SITUATION WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS DRESSmaker, located on the South Side, would like a few more customers who wish their fitting done at their residences. Address N 60, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—A RESPECTABLE AND reliable lady wants a position in a respectable private family to sew or assist in housekeeping, or the care of children, and make herself generally useful, where services will compensate for board; can give good references. Please address U 84, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A LADY CAPABLE OF doing all kinds of sewing, who understands cutting and fitting; will go out by the day or week, or take work home. Apply at 205 Clinton-st.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A COMPETENT DRESS-maker, work by the day or week. Charges moderate. Call, or address 179 Walnut-st.

SITUATION WANTED—A LADY WHO IS A FIRST-class cutter and maker wants a situation in a family by the week. Address MISS A D, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY AN EXPERIENCED dressfitter and trimmer. Will go out by the day. Address J H, 265 Fulton-st.

Housekeepers.

SITUATION WANTED—BY AN AMERICAN LADY, as housekeeper; small wages, and a pleasant home. Best of references given. Address U 44, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—AS HOUSEKEEPER BY A young German lady. Remuneration not so much an object as a pleasant home. P 63, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY AN EXPERIENCED hotel housekeeper. Have had good experience in linen-room, seamstresses' department. Can give satisfaction in either place, and will furnish first-class references. Address Q 78, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A WIDOW LADY AS housekeeper. Take care of invalid, sewing, and up-stairs work. Call at 647 State-st.

Nurses.

SITUATION WANTED—AS NURSE, IS FULLY COMpetent, can give best city references. Address S 22, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG WIDOW OF refinement as wet or dry nurse; a motherless child preferred; references. Address R 74, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—AS LADY'S NURSE; GOOD references given; will go in the country. Call or address NURSE, 1234 West Adams-st.

SITUATION WANTED—BY AN EXPERIENCED nurse; references from the best city physicians. Call or address NURSE, 253 South Halsted-st., Room 9, third floor.

Laundresses.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A MIDDLE-AGED girl, in a private family as seamstress, or will help take care of children. Home more an object than wages. Address X 10, Tribune office.

Employment Agencies.

SITUATIONS WANTED—SOME GOOD GIRLS ARE waiting for places at the North Side Scandinavian Employment Room, No. 50 Superior-st.

SITUATIONS WANTED—FAMILIES IN WANT OF good Scandinavian and German help can be supplied at Mrs. DUSKE'S office, 80 Milwaukee-av.

SITUATION WANTED—FOR COOK IN HOTEL OR large boarding-house, city or country, at Mrs. BATES', 10 Peck-court; Protestant. Best of references.

SITUATIONS WANTED—FOR GOOD GIRLS OF all nationalities. Working Girls' Home, 237 West Randolph-st. Good board for girls at $3 per week.

Miscellaneous.

SITUATION WANTED—AS GOVERNESS, BY AN experienced young lady. Would be generally useful for a pleasant home for the winter and small remuneration. Highest references exchanged. Address U, 61 State-st.

SITUATIONS WANTED—FAMILIES IN WANT OF good help of every nationality can be supplied at MRS. THOMPSON'S office, 291 State-st.

SITUATION WANTED—A YOUNG LADY WISHES a situation in a photograph gallery or in a fancy store. Address Q 50, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—A YOUNG LADY OF REfinement and culture wishes a situation in a family where she could make herself useful either as sewing, light work, or the care of children or an invalid. Address P 24, Tribune office.

THE VILLE DU HAVRE.

Account of the Collision Given by Capt. Robertson, of the Loch Earn.

The Responsibility for the Disaster Attributed to the Officers of the Sunken Steamer.

Heroic Efforts of a Mother to Save the Life of Her Child.

Subscriptions in Aid of the Victims in Havre and Paris.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—London papers of the 8th, received to-day, contain the official report of Capt. Robertson, of the Loch Earn, which sunk the steamer Ville du Havre. It is as follows, so far as relates to the collision:

Nov. 22—2 a. m.—Latitude, 46 deg. 54 min. north; longitude, 35 deg. 6 min. west. Wind, south-southwest true. Ship braced up on the port tack, heading by standard compass north-west by west, or west half-north true. A steamer's mast-head was seen from one to two points on the port-bow; our side lights out, and burning brightly. Shortly after we saw the steamer's three lights. She was coming straight for us. Almost immediately she showed only her port and mast-head lights, and was steering apparently to pass under our stern. After a short time we rang our bell and ported the helm, as we thought she was coming too near, the steamer still showing only her port light. When close to our bow, the steamer's helm was starboarded, and she was across our bow. A collision was inevitable. The order was given to back our after-yards, but before the braces could be let go the two vessels

CAME IN COLLISION,

the Loch Earn striking the steamer amidships. The ships immediately separated. We threw our after-yards aback. Half the crew then shortened sail, and the remainder cleared away the port life-boat. The carpenter, being at the pumps, reported that the ship was making no water, and then went forward and found the bowsprit gone, and the bow smashed completely in, but the collision bulkhead was apparently uninjured. A boat from the Ville du Havre then came alongside, containing an officer and four men. I asked if the steamer was much injured. He said she was injured, but did not say she wanted assistance. As no signals of distress were made by the steamer, I thought at the time the boat was sent to render us assistance, but while talking to the officer I saw the steamer

APPARENTLY SETTLING DOWN,

and lowered the port life-boat at once in charge of the Second Officer and four men, who made towards the sinking ship. Our cutter and starboard life-boat were then cleared away, and in a few minutes dispatched to the scene of the catastrophe, their only guide being the cries of the drowning people, the steamer having disappeared. We kept our boats out till daylight until every one floating among the wreck was picked up. We succeeded in

SAVING EIGHTY-FOUR PERSONS

out of the 306, a large proportion having gone down with the steamer. The Ville du Havre only floated about fifteen minutes after being struck.

Capt. Robertson then proceeds to give an account of his

FALLING IN WITH THE TRIMOUNTAIN,

and transferring the steamer's passengers and crew to her, with the exception of Messrs. Cook and Weiss, and one of the steamer's firemen, who was injured. He then gave an account of his struggle to save his vessel.

The following incident of the disaster is told by the Captain of the Loch Earn:

A LADY SWAM ALONGSIDE

with a child in her arms. A rope was thrown to her, which she seized, but, in attempting to be pulled up, holding on by one arm, with the other round the child, her strength failed her, and the child was lost, but the poor mother was hauled on board.

AN IMPOSING REQUIEM MASS

was solemnized at Havre on the 8th inst., in honor of the victims. The Cathedral was draped in black from the roof to the floor, and was thronged by a congregation of 5,000 persons. The catafalque was surrounded by sailors of the Republican navy, and all the civic, naval, and military dignitaries of the place were present. The Cure's sermon was interrupted by bursts of grief from the worshipers. All the ships in the harbor dressed their flags half-mast high, and business was at a stand-still.

THE PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION

amounts to 40,000 francs, including contributions of the company. The singers of the Paris opera are to give a performance of "La Favorita" at Havre for the benefit of the families of the victims.

Prof. Bufet, of the Geneva Theological Seminary, in which Cesar Pronier, lost by the Ville du Havre disaster, was a Professor, writes to this country asking if the American Christians could do something for Pronier's numerous family. He leaves a wife sick for many years, and six children, the oldest only 13 years and 6 months.

CRIME.

In Chicago.

John McArthur does not believe in the authority vested in policemen, and so when one of them undertook to arrest him for disorderly conduct he resisted, and would not go until he was severely clubbed and the officer badly pounded. The result was, that Justice Boyden fined John $50.

John McHenry and George Gilbert broke into the store of William Archdeacon, No. 211 East Randolph-street, and were entering when arrested. They were up before Justice Boyden yesterday, but he continued their case in bail of $250 until the 23d inst.

Charles Frank is a youth who does not fill his head with useful knowledge, but does fill his pockets with the property of others. The result was, that Friday Charles was arrested with sundry stolen articles in his possession and locked up. Yesterday he was sent by Justice Scully to the Reform School for three months.

Henry Billings, as a boy, could not keep his hands off the property of other people, and as he developed into vigorous manhood the same desire to embezzle grew even faster than his body, and, with a height of six feet four inches, he can steal with any one for the championship. Being found with Mr. J. B. Garterman's whip, Henry was arrested, and yesterday sent to the Bridewell for a month.

While the Temperance Club was holding a meeting in Karle's Hall, on North Clark street, near Michigan, Friday night, a dispute arose between two young men about a young girl, resulting in one of them, name unknown, drawing a revolver and firing two shots, one of which took effect in the leg of his rival, James Castello, while the other cut off a finger from the hand of a man who was trying to separate them. No arrests were made.

The Coroner was engaged yesterday in holding an inquest upon the body of Maurice Ohern, at No. 1 Myrick avenue. It will be remembered that, on the 28th day of November last, deceased, while in the saloon of one John Downs, at the corner of Twenty-sixth street and Cottage Grove avenue, got in a fight with the latter, and while being ejected from the place struck Downs with a loaded whip-handle. Downs retaliated, striking Ohern with a billet in the head. The latter then jumped into his buggy and drove away. It seems that Ohern then, instead of going home and having his head attended to, went on a spree which did not have an ending until the following morning. He was sick the next day. Dr. Ward was called in, who found that the blow with the billet had fractured Ohern's skull. Downs, hearing of the state of affairs, delivered himself up into the hands of justice, but was released on bail. Ohern never recovered after he took to his bed, but sank into a comatose state, and died Friday evening. Dr. Ward made a post-mortem examination of the body of deceased, and found a wound in the left parietal eminence of the skull, under which was an abscess. The other organs of the man's body were in a very unhealthy condition, the lungs being completely gone. The doctor considered that the wound was not necessarily a fatal one, but that death was superinduced by the bad condition of the deceased. The inquest on the body is not yet concluded.

There is some excitement in Burlington, Vt., over the discovery of a deficiency of $17,000 in the accounts of the Internal Revenue office of the Burlington District. The defalcation is charged by the Collector (Crane) to Col. Edward A. Jewett, who is now Assistant Superintendent of the Chicago Division of the Pullman Car Company, and is said to have been committed two years and a half ago, when Mr. Jewett was Deputy Collector for the District. It was stated in an evening paper Friday that the United States Marshal of Vermont was on his way to arrest Col. Jewett. A reporter of this paper called at Mr. Jewett's office yesterday, and found that that gentleman was already in Burlington, Vt., having gone there of his own free will, soon after the first of the month, when he heard through friends that he was charged with the defalcation. He asserts that the charge is absolutely without foundation, and was made by the Collector, Crane, to cover up his own crime. Upon arriving at Burlington, Mr. Jewett secured able counsel, and by their advice will remain there until the difficulty is settled. He wrote, in a letter to a friend, that there was no doubt that the deficiency existed, but that he had no knowledge of it until he returned to Burlington. He will prosecute Crane for defamation of character if an investigation of the charge against him is not made. The Pullman officials have perfect confidence in Mr. Jewett's integrity, and are confident that it will be shown that he did not commit the crime with which he is charged.

A New Phase of the Case of Pettis, the Convicted Boston Forger—His Double Turns Up Under the Name of Woodwell.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

BOSTON, Dec. 20.—The now famous case of Spence Pettis, the notorious forger, who swindled Mathew Bolles & Co. out of several thousand dollars' worth of railroad bonds, by forged checks, took a new turn to-day, when the District Attorney moved for sentence. Pettis, who has long been known as a most successful forger, was convicted some months ago, but the case was taken to the Supreme Court on exceptions, which have since been overruled. To-day his counsel moved for a new trial, on the ground of newly-discovered evidence, and submitted an affidavit from William A. Pinkerton, a detective, setting forth that, in an interview with Austin Byron Bidwell, who was in jail in Cuba, the latter acknowledged that he and George MacDonald, who are now serving a life-sentence for the Bank of England forgeries, committed the forgery for which Spence Pettis is now held, and that the reason for not helping Pettis in the matter was that he was a dangerous man to them in the prosecution of their business. Letters were also submitted in the handwriting of Bidwell, which it was claimed bore no resemblance to the handwriting of Pettis, but which was identified with the handwriting of one Woodwell, who committed forgeries in Taunton, this Woodwell having always been taken for Pettis. In this connection an affidavit was produced from Mr. Fuller, the Postmaster at Taunton, in which he says that the photograph of Bidwell bears a striking resemblance to Woodwell, and he went to the Suffolk County Jail in the summer of 1873, and saw Spence Pettis, who was not the person who took out letters at Taunton in the name of Woodwell. Further written testimony was offered to show that Bidwell was in Boston about the time of the forgery, and went by the name of Hallin. The Judge took the matter under advisement, and will render a decision next Saturday.

Ecclesiastical Sentences.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

LANSING, Mich., Dec. 20.—The trial of the Rev. William Rice was concluded to-day. He was found guilty, and suspended from the ministry.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

FOND DU LAC, Wis., Dec. 20.—Lawyer Eli Hooker, of Waupun, a member of the Methodist Church of that place, was tried this week by an ecclesiastical court of that church for adultery and immoral conduct with a lady of his town. The trial lasted four days, and was the cause of no little excitement and talk during the progress. The Rev. R. M. Walker, of Green Bay, acted as counsel for the prosecution, and Capt. J. H. Hauser, of this city, was attorney for the defense. Mr. Hooker was found not guilty of adultery, but he was found guilty of immoral conduct, and expelled from the church.

Washington Criminal Items.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 20.—The man Christian, who was arrested, tried, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment, and to pay a fine of $1,000 a short time since, for the resurrection of dead bodies from the city cemeteries, and selling them to medical colleges, was a hospital steward in the army, and was discharged the service on the 18th inst. The Prosecuting-Attorney has refused to bring Bliss, the man who so brutally whipped his daughter, a few days ago, to trial, alleging as an excuse that a father has a legal right to dictate to his daughter where she may or may not visit, and to punish her when she disobeys him.

Five Executions in Canada During the Holidays.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

TORONTO, Can., Dec. 20.—The Christmas holidays in Canada are to be varied with no less than five executions of criminals convicted of murder. On the 22d, a man named Nesbitt is to be hanged at Lindsay; On the 26th, Brinton, at Peterborough; on the 27th, Osier, at Pembroke; on the 30th, Tryon, at Barrie, all in this Province, and the mail man at Lunenburg, N. S. All of the murderers are men of years, and the deeds for which they were convicted were outrageous in the extreme. Executions are now conducted privately here.

Ballot-Box Stuffing in Philadelphia.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 20.—Last night William Porter, a Judge of Election, was held in $1,000 bail by Ald. McColgan, to answer the charge of placing fraudulent ballots in the box. Benjamin Intur, Democratic Inspector, deponed that, after the first vote had been polled on Tuesday morning, he saw Porter, without authority, place a large number of tickets in the box. During the day 103 non-voted tickets had been inserted, all of them against the Constitution. Intur's evidence was supported by John C. Fredericks, a clerk, and Adolphus Lex, keeper of the window book, who testified that a large number of tickets were in the box when but one ballot had been cast.

New York Criminal Matters.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—It is reported that frauds have been discovered in the Coroner's office in Brooklyn, and that a large number of fictitious inquests have been made, the inquisition papers being made out on physicians' certificates and charged for as if the inquests had been held on bodies; and, furthermore, that within three years 623 bogus cases of small-pox have been charged for.

The Committee of the Supervisors who are now overhauling matters, find that moneys appropriated by the Brooklyn Commissioners of Charities have been squandered in the most outrageous manner, double prices being paid in nearly every instance for purchases made, and no vouchers have been returned.

It is understood that the "ring" prosecutors, after the trial of the leaders, will commence suits against some well-known law firms, to recover a portion of the enormous fees received by them from the city.

Louisvillians Swindled.

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 20.—During the past two weeks this city has been visited by a number of professional swindlers who have, in a small way, had various successes. The last swindle was by two parties styling themselves Raymond & Co., who went among merchants for advertisements to be placed on tin to hang in stations along the entire Louisville & Nashville Railroad, and after presenting to the patrons a copy, they left after the usual fashion with the money collected. They exhibited a forged certificate of the Superintendent of the railroad and other documents. Raymond & Co. succeeded in getting several advertisements. The detectives have the case in hand.

Tammany Hall Applauds the Conviction of the Ring Thieves.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—The Tammany Hall General Committee, in session to-night, adopted a resolution congratulating the people on the conviction of the members of the late ring, and saying the Justices, juries, and attorneys who have been thus faithful to society are entitled to the gratitude of all good, honest citizens.

Gambling Dens Broken Up.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 20.—A large number of gamblers who were forced to discontinue faro in this city by police regulations, and took their tools to Jeffersonville, Ind., where they have had full swing for a month, within the past two days have been driven from the town by the pressure brought to bear on them by the Jeffersonville reporter for the *Courier-Journal*. Three large, well patronized banks have been broken up without the aid of the police by popular indignation resulting from the exposure of the gambling localities. It is supposed that the gamblers will now generally leave the cities about the Falls.

THE ERIE CANAL.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—The experiment of getting the ice-bound boats of the Erie Canal through to tide-water, is likely to prove a decided success.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 20.—Dispatches received by Auditor Dayton to-day show that if the weather is favorable, a number of boats that left Schenectady yesterday will be got to tide-water.

WASHINGTON.

Little Prospect of the Confirmation of Williams for the Chief-Justiceship.

Numerous Protests Against the Repeal of the Bankrupt Law.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

THE CHIEF-JUSTICESHIP.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.—A prominent Administration Senator stated to a friend in conversation to-day, that he intends to vote for the confirmation of Mr. Williams to the Chief-Justiceship, because of his (the Senator's) friendship for Gen. Grant, but he is satisfied that the nomination will be rejected by the Senate if a vote is taken. He added that he hopes, and has reason to expect, that the President will withdraw the nomination of Williams immediately upon the reconvening of the Senate after the holiday recess.

THE JUDGE DURELL CASE.

Messrs. Wilson, of Indiana, and Eldridge, of Wisconsin, of the House Judiciary Committee, having been directed to go to New Orleans during the holiday recess to take testimony upon which the Committee may present articles of impeachment against Judge Durell, will leave here to-morrow night.

GOING HOME.

The railroad trains from this city last night and to-day were crowded with members of the lobby, or "third house," and other visitors who intend to spend the holidays at their homes. It is remarked, however, that a larger number of Congressmen and residents of other cities propose remaining in Washington during the approaching holidays than on former similar occasions. This is accounted for by the fact that the hotels and boarding places are better, and many more outsiders now rent residences here and settle down in them with their families to spend the winter than heretofore.

OCEAN MAILS.

A decision in regard to the carriage of the ocean mails between New York and Europe will probably be arrived at by the Postmaster General on Tuesday next, in order to secure the quickest and most reliable transportation of these mails. Mr. Creswell is inclined towards no permanent or lengthy contracts, but to so arrange the service as to enable him to revise, and if necessary change the schedule of vessels every three months for the purpose of giving the trans-Atlantic mails to the best and fastest steamers leaving New York on each of the days on which mails are sent. There is great competition among the various lines of steamers that run to and from New York and Europe for these ocean mails, not so much on account of the compensation involved as to obtain the prestige of carrying them.

THE TRANSPORTATION QUESTION.

Several members of Congress from the sections of the country immediately interested are opposed to the proposition contained in the circular which has been handed around for signatures by which a union of the members from the West, Northwest, and South is intended to be effected, the object being to secure combined action on measures for the cheapening of transportation to the seaboard. A meeting of the members favorable to the several projects of the above character is to be held in the hall of the House of Representatives on the Tuesday following the reassembling of Congress.

INVESTIGATION WANTED.

It is suggested that, under the resolution of the House, the Committee on the District of Columbia would do well to secure the services of Warren, the expert who ferreted out the Tammany frauds in New York, to examine the accounts of the District of Columbia, the Board of Public Works, and the former municipal governments of the cities of Washington and Georgetown, and of this District so far as regards the expenditures for improvement.

THE BANKRUPT LAW.

Protests are coming in from different parts of the country, signed by business men quite generally, against the repeal of the Bankrupt law. They urge, that while a modification is necessary under the circumstances, a sweeping repeal of the entire law would be productive of great injury to the business interest of the country.

[To the Associated Press.]

TREASURY STATEMENT.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 20.—Receipts of internal revenue for the month, $5,306,076, and for the fiscal year, $45,119,567. Outstanding legal-tenders, $375,903,218.

FOREIGN MAILS.

The Postmaster-General announces that he will arrange a system by which European mails shall be dispatched from New York four times a week, on steamers sailing on any given Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, or Saturday, which, according to past record, have best fulfilled their conditions of speed, security, and certainty.

SPRINGFIELD.

The Governor's Message to the Legislature—State Charitable Institutions.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill. Dec. 20.—Gov. Beveridge is engaged upon his message, to be laid before the Legislature at its adjourned session in January. He has not given out the topics which he will discuss, but it is understood that the condition of the Reform School at Pontiac is such as to demand prompt attention, occasioned partly by a failure in the appropriation made to the institution to meet the increasing demands upon it; and, again, a class of boys are being sent to the institution never contemplated in the act creating it.

The State Board of Charities have completed their inspection of the charitable institutions in the southern and central portions of the State, and have fixed upon the first week in January to visit the institution in Chicago and the Northern Insane Asylum at Elgin.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

A Case Involving the Legality of Verbal Contracts.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

OSHKOSH, Wis., Dec. 20.—The suit of Chapman & Chaney, lumber manufacturers, of this city, against Spafford & Scovill, of Rockford, Ill., to recover for 200,000 feet of lumber sold defendant, and burned Oct. 24, 1872, has just been decided for defendant by the Circuit Court. Plaintiff proved the sale of the lumber to defendant before the fire, but under the statute of frauds the jury found for defendant on the ground that the bargain was not in writing, and no part payment was made. The lumber was cut by plaintiffs, piled in the yard, and afterwards destroyed by fire before any payment was made. The case involved the legality of verbal contracts, and attracted considerable attention.

FIRES.

At Paris, Canada.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

TORONTO, Can., Dec. 20.—Yesterday, a little after noon, the Grand River Knitting Mills, at Paris, were destroyed by fire, causing a loss of $26,000. Seventy hands are thrown out of employment.

In Detroit.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 20.—This afternoon A. B. Hinman's oil store took fire and was entirely destroyed. The loss is over $10,000; partly insured. The Champion Mills stock in the same block was more or less damaged by water.

Circus Horses and Wagons Burned.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 20.—A fire in Forepaugh's managerie at Germantown to-night burned the stable and five valuable horses; also all the wagons belonging to the show.

MORTALITY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 20.—There were 101 deaths in this city during the week, the greatest mortality for the same time this year. Twenty deaths occurred from scarletina, which is epidemic among the children of the city.

MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., Dec. 20.—The Webster Society of the Law Department have chosen the following officers for the ensuing term: President, George P. Voorheis; Vice-President, E. N. Pendleton; Secretary, Miss Strickland; Treasurer, D. Rowen; Marshal, D. D. Farrell; Senior Critic, H. B. Fallass; Junior Critic, Wayne Hayman. The senior class of the Literary Department has appointed a committee consisting of W. H. Wells, J. D. Warner, E. H. Withey, L. Maxwell, Jr., Jas. N. Potter, M. Brennan, J. E. Woodruff and J. S. Hall, to co-operate with the Committee appointed by the Alumni last June to devise means for increasing the attendance of the class day and commencement exercises. The exercises in all departments of the University closed yesterday, and will be resumed on Monday, Jan. 4. Jacob Hangsterfer, the students' old friend and favorite restaurateur, died last Thursday evening of the dropsy.

CASUALTIES.

Collision On an Eastern Railroad Caused by Criminal Carelessness—Three Persons Killed and Two Dangerously Injured.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

BOSTON, Dec. 20.—The accident on the Eastern Railroad, just below Kennebunk, to-day, was the result of the grossest carelessness and negligence on the part of the watchman and telegraph-operator at that station. On arriving at that station, Bisbee, the conductor of the up freight of forty-four cars, drawn by two engines, missed the saloon-car on his train, and notified the telegraph-operator to stop all eastward-bound trains, as he was going back after his car. He also had a signal-light hung to stop trains. The operator at Kennebunk telegraphed to the train-dispatcher at Portsmouth: "Shall I stop the train?" Back came the answer, "No." The watchman then pulled down the signal, and in a few moments the down freight train of twenty cars, drawn by Engine 78, whizzed by at no moderate speed, and when about two miles out, running at a fearful speed down grade, collided with Bisbee's train, which had just started back. Bisbee, the conductor, was on the first engine, and was instantly killed, his body horribly mangled, and his brains scattered about on the track. Gowen, the engineer, saw the approaching train in time to reverse his engine and jump. He struck in a brook, some 20 feet from the track. Frank Day, of Kennebunkport, was also on the engine and escaped. The three engines are a total wreck. Six cars are piled up with them. Three men are killed and two dangerously injured. This accident will probably cost the road something like $200,000. The stock, which went from 105 to 101 after the Seabrook accident, was at 88 yesterday, and fell off only 1 per cent at the news of the accident.

[To the Associated Press.]

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Dec. 20.—Two freight trains on the Eastern Railroad came in collision at Kennebunk last night, and a conductor, a brakeman, and a fireman were killed, and two others were injured. The trains were badly wrecked.

Drowned in a Cistern—Mysterious Circumstances.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

YPSILANTI, Mich., Dec. 20.—Mrs. Robinson, residing in this city, left her house to draw water from a cistern. Not returning, after a reasonable time, search was instituted, and the apparently lifeless body was found in the water. Although not dead, no efforts of the physician, immediately summoned, could restore consciousness, and she shortly expired. A Coroner's inquest is bringing to light facts which make it doubtful whether she committed suicide, was murdered, or was accidentally drowned. Her life was insured for $15,000, so that every effort will be made to elicit evidence as to the manner of her death. The affair creates unusual excitement.

Wreck of a Freight Train.

LASALLE, Ill., Dec. 20.—Seven cars of a way-freight train, bound south, on the Illinois Central Railroad, were thrown from the track this forenoon by a bad rail, at the zinc works, half a mile north of the depot, and smashed into kindling-wood. One of the wrecked cars was loaded with wheat in bulk, and two with pork. Nobody was hurt. The wreck was cleared away about 4 o'clock this afternoon.

THE TURF.

Last Day of the Louisiana Jockey Club Races.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 20.—The fall meeting of the Louisiana Jockey Club closed to-day with a fair attendance and good track. Weather clear and cool.

First race, Haffin stake, for 2-year olds, one mile, $25 entrance, play or pay; $700 added; twenty-six nominations, ten starters. Won by Ballankeel; Bay Rum second, Parylee third, beating Col. Neligan Stone's b. c. Sweet Bay, Tom Alexander's Larry, Hart's Stampede, and Bonaventure. Time, 1:46½. Ballankeel took the lead and kept it throughout, winning by a length. Colbrill's Planter ran away, going three and a half miles, and was withdrawn. Bay Rum was the favorite.

Second race, consolation purse, $400. Falmouth took the lead, keeping it, winning by two lengths; Western Star second, I. O. U. third, beating Tidal, Tom Leathers, Quartermaster, Alovile, Mary L., and Capt. Hutchinson. Time, 1:44¾. Western Star was the favorite, selling in the pool first, for 50; I. O. U., 45; Tom Leathers, 45; Falmouth, 30; the field, 55.

Third Race—Four mile heats, Club purse, $1,200.

Silent Friend	1	1
Carrington	3	2
Bonnabel	2	3
Tom Aiken	4	dis

Time—7:44; 8:16½.

Silent Friend was the favorite, two to one against the field, and won easily.

THE LATE PROF. AGASSIZ'S SUCCESSOR.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 20.—By the deed of endowment of the school at Penikese, given by Mr. Anderson, the tobacconist, Prof. Agassiz had the right to select his successor as President, and he chose his son, Alexander Agassiz.

[By Mail.]

Mr. Alexander Agassiz, the only son of the late distinguished naturalist, according to the Boston *Transcript*, inherited in a marked degree the ability and the taste for patient, thorough investigation possessed by his father. In proof of this it refers to the mark of distinguished merit recently conferred upon him by the Boston Society of Natural History, in recognition of the value of his investigations upon the Echinoderm, for which he received the grand honorary prize known as the Walker prize—it being the first occasion of its award. The terms upon which the prize is given are that the investigations shall extend over a period of five years, the results of the investigation to be published at least one year previous to the decision of the judges, thus leaving it open to the searching analysis and criticism of all competitors. The fact that his work successfully passed this ordeal is in itself an unquestionable proof of the exhaustive research and scientific accuracy of his conclusions, and places him in the front rank of American naturalists.

PERSONAL.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., Dec. 20.—Richard Edwards, President of the State Normal School, has decided to enter the ministry, and accordingly will be ordained in the Congregational Church on next Tuesday, in the Baptist Church building, at Normal. His entering the ministry will not interfere with his duties in the Normal School. Dr. Post, of St. Louis, will preach the ordination sermon.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—Gen. Julius White, United States Minister to the Argentine Republic, arrived in this city to-day, in the steamer Rio de Janeiro, on his way to Chicago. Rear-Admiral Taylor is a passenger by the same steamer; also Commodore Zamberling, of the Brazilian Navy, who comes by the order of his Government to examine into the naval organization of the United States.

WORKINGMEN'S MEETING IN LOUISVILLE.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 20.—A large meeting of workingmen of this city was held to-night at the Court-House, to consider the needy situation of the thousands out of employment. The burden of the speeches made was that the workingmen want either paid labor or money to enable them to get through the winter. A petition was framed, addressed to the General Council, asking for immediate action in the way of assistance in labor on public works or an appropriation of money. A committee of five was appointed to organize a Manufacturing and Laborers' Exchange, to report on Monday.

DECLARED BANKRUPT.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—Howes & Macey, who suspended during the recent panic, were declared bankrupts by default to-day, they failing to put in an answer to the Court to the petition that they be so declared.

DETROIT'S PARK BONDS.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 20.—In reply to an inquiry of the City Comptroller, the City Attorney to-day declared the park bonds ordered by the Council on Tuesday legal.

OCEAN STEAMSHIP NEWS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—Arrived—Steamship Rhein from Bremen.

LONDON, Dec. 20.—Steamships Algeria and Egypt have arrived out.

FOREIGN.

Rapid Progress Made in the Siege of Cartagena.

Additional Dutch Victories Reported in Acheen.

SPAIN.

MADRID, Dec. 20.—The troops besieging Cartagena advanced to within 800 metres of that city yesterday, and took some prisoners. The insurgents made several sorties, but were repulsed. The Minister of War has complimented the commander of the Government forces.

ACHEEN.

PENANG, Dec. 19.—The Dutch troops in Acheen are in possession of all the country on the left bank of the Acheen River.

GREAT BRITAIN.

LONDON, Dec. 20—6 a. m.—Special dispatches from Madrid say that there is great rejoicing there over the rumor that the United States has decided that the Virginius was not entitled to carry the American flag. The London *Times*, commenting on the report, says: "Such a decision would be consistent with truth and justice."

FRANCE.

LONDON, Dec. 20.—The report that Barthold, of the French Legation at St. Petersburgh, has been appointed Minister to Washington, is confirmed.

EAST INDIES.

CALCUTTA, Dec. 19.—One-half of the supply of food in Bengal is exhausted, and it is believed that a famine cannot be averted.

THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

The Semi-Civilized Tribes Decline to Mix with the Wild Savages of the Plains—The Former Desire to Be Recognized as Citizens of the United States—The Negroes Also Claim Citizenship.

UINITA, I. T., Dec. 20.—Considerable excitement exists in the Indian Territory over the recommendation of the President in his message to Congress to organize the Indian Territory for the purpose of locating the wild Indians among those people. At the recent meeting of the Okmulgee Convention, they declined to take any action in regard to modifying the Constitution until Congress changed its policy in regard to the Indian, of the plains. They say for sixty years they have been trying to civilize themselves and their children, and now to place the Modocs, Kickapoos, Arrapahoes, Kiowas, and Comanches alongside of them as neighbors would demoralize their children and destroy the labor of years. A large number of them told Supt. Henage that if the Government would limit the boundary to the ninety-eighth meridian, adopt them as citizens of the United States, and confine the wild Indians to the territory west of them, there would be no opposition among the people to a Territorial Government and allotment of the land.

A delegation of prominent colored people will visit Washington in January, to urge Congress to give them their property right in the Territory, and citizenship in the United States. All the people seem anxious that Congress should at this session give them courts and a form of government that will protect them in all their rights. They are now satisfied that citizenship and restriction of limits of the Territory so as to exclude the settlement of wild Indians in their midst will alone save them from degradation, and advance the civilization of the people.

RAILROAD NEWS.

Reduction of Passenger Rates on the Baltimore & Ohio Road—Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad Election.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 20.—The officers of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad here are advised that, on and after next Monday, passenger rates from Baltimore to Cincinnatti and other Western cities will be reduced 20 to 33 per cent below the present rates.

The stockholders of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad re-elected its old Board of Directors to-day, and the Board organized the same as last year.

Not Absconded.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 20.—The report that M. S. Hall, contractor of the Poole & Fall River Railroad, had absconded is proved untrue. It seems that he had been disappointed in money matters, and had gone East to negotiate bonds as a means of paying. The road will go on.

FINANCIAL.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—Money closed up easy at 4@5 after lending as high as 7 per cent gold.

Foreign exchange closed dull at 108⅛@108⅝ for prime bankers' 60-days'sterling, and 109⅛ for demand.

Gold closed at 110⅜@110⅛, after selling at 110⅜ and 110⅛. Market weak to-day, with very few traces of the late bull feeling. The rates paid for carrying were 7, 1-16, 6, 5, and 7 per cent gold. Treasury operations for the week at the New York office included the disbursement of $835,000 and the receipt of $1,589,310 for customs. Specie shipments the same time $416,000, principally silver bars. Imports of dry goods, $878,152. Merchandise, $4,130,799.

Governments dull and lower.

State bonds quiet.

Railway and miscellaneous speculation firm and higher, the advance in prices ranging from ⅛ to 2⅝ per cent. The principal dealings were in Western Union, Union Pacific, Pacific Mail, Wabash, Lake Shore, and Northwestern common. Late in the day Harlem rose from 120 to 121, ex-dividend, but the general list weakened, and closed at a reaction of ¼ to ⅝ per cent from the highest point.

Sterling, 108⅛.

GOVERNMENT BONDS.

Coupons, '81	118⅛	Coupons, '67	117
Coupons, '62	112⅛	Coupons, '68	117¼
Coupons, '64	113	10-40s	110⅜
Coupons, '65	113⅛	Currency 6s	112⅜
Coupons, '65 (new)	116⅛	New 5s	111

STATE BONDS.

Missouris	92¼	Virginias, old	36
Tennessees, old	80	North Carolinas, old	24
Tennessees, new	80	North Carolinas, new	14
Virginias, new	40		

STOCKS.

Canton	62½	St. Paul pfd	69⅜
Western Union	73	Wabash	50¾
Quicksilver	24	Wabash pfd	60
Adams Express	90	Ft. Wayne	89
Wells Fargo	70	Terre Haute	14
American Express	56	Terre Haute pfd	30
United States Ex.	67	Chicago & Alton	101
Pacific Mail	37⅛	Chicago & Alton pfd	103
New York Central	95⅛	Ohio & Mississippi	42
Erie	44⅞	C., C. & C.	72⅛
Erie pfd	69⅛	C., B. & Q.	94
Harlem, ex. div	120	Lake Shore	75⅝
Harlem pfd	120	Indiana Central	27
Michigan Central	75⅛	Illinois Central	100
Pittsburgh & Ft. W.	84	Union Pacific stock	30⅛
Northwestern	55⅜	Union Pacific bonds	84⅝
Northwestern pfd	68⅜	Central Pacific	96
Rock Island	98⅛	Del. & Lack & W.	101
N. J. Central	100	Hartford & Erie	2⅝
St. Paul	40⅛		

ORIENTAL EXPEDITION.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—The first section of the Oriental expedition of the Topographical Corps sailed to-day for Egypt, with Prof. James Strong in charge. He will be joined by George May, Powell, and assistants, at the mouth of the Nile, in March, and proceed through Sinai, Moab, Bashal, Central and Western Palestine, Asia Minor, and Greece, and the same month the third section will leave from this country.

DRIED FRUIT FOR CHICAGO.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

BOSTON, Dec. 20.—The American brig Alice M. Putnam has just arrived in this port, containing 30,000 boxes of raisins for J. W. Doane & Co., of Chicago.

THE WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 20.—From the New England, Middle States, and Lower Lake region the pressure will increase with decidedly lower temperature, and possibly areas of light snow, followed by less cloudiness and clearing weather during the day. For the Southern States generally clear and cold weather, with northerly winds, except in the lower Mississippi Valley, where the winds will veer to easterly, with increasing cloudiness. For the Ohio Valley and northward over the Upper-Lake region, clear or clearing weather, with northerly to westerly winds, and lower temperature. For the Northwest, continued cold and generally clear weather, with winds gradually shifting to easterly and southerly. Decidedly cold and clear weather in the canal regions of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. The Ohio River will continue to fall at stations below Cincinnati; and the Mississippi River will fall at stations below Cairo, except at New Orleans.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

CHICAGO, Dec. 21—1 a. m.

Station.	Bar.	Thr	Wind.	Rain	Weather.
Cairo	30.43	29	N. E., gentle.	0	Clear.
Chicago	30.39	23	W., gentle	0	Cloudy.
Cheyenne	29.81	22	Calm	0	Clear.
Cleveland	30.28	30	N. W., gentle	0	Cloudy.
Davenport	30.4[illegible]	15	S. W., gentle	0	Threat'ning
Denver	29.88	20	Calm	0	Fair.
Detroit	30.34	24	N. W., fresh.	0	Cloudy.
Duluth	30.31	0	S. W., fresh.	0	Clear.
Escanaba	30.31	8	N. W., fresh.	0	Clear.
Ft. Gibson	30.30	32	Calm	0	Cloudy.
Keokuk	30.44	12	E., fresh	0	Clear.
LaCrosse	30.49	10	S. W., light	0	Clear.
Leavenw'th	30.36	20	East	0	Clear.
Marquette	30.30	10	W., gentle	0	Clear.
Milwaukee	30.45	12	N. W., gentle	0	Clear.
Omaha	30.27	8	Calm	0	Clear.
Toledo	30.36	30	N., fresh	0	Cloudy.

THE DEVIL-FISH.

Something More About Him—A Little Devil Captured.

Correspondence of the Toronto Globe.

A piece of rare good fortune has fallen in my way, in connection with this extraordinary fish. In my last letter, I gave your readers an account of an interview which two of our fishermen had with a monstrous specimen of the race, in Conception Bay, and of the amputation of two of its arms. Yesterday a fisherman from Logic Bay called on me and informed me that he had captured a devil-fish in a net. On examination I found that his statement was correct, and that though the dimensions of this specimen are small, compared with the monster of Conception Bay, it is by no means "to be sneezed at," and is much larger than Victor Hugo's celebrated devil-fish. I am now the possessor of a complete specimen of this remarkable cuttle-fish; and, judging from the articles which have recently appeared on the subject, in the *Scientific American*, there is no other specimen on this side of the Atlantic. It took four stout fishermen to kill it; and they were at length compelled to cut off its head, in order to accomplish their object. Had it not been entangled in a herring net, so that its huge arms were not available, as it could get no hold by its suckers, the men would have had no chance of capturing it. I have just been examining and measuring my prize, and certainly it is one of the most extraordinary and horrible creatures ever drawn from the great deep. The entire length of the body is about nine feet, and about five feet in girth at the thickest part. The beak is small—not much bigger than a man's fist—and shaped exactly like that of a parrot. Round the head eight arms extend, two of them being long tentacles, twenty-two feet in length, ribbon-like strips, not more than two inches in circumference, and armed at the extremities with rows of suckers having teethed edges. The remaining six are powerful arms, each six feet in length, and at the junction with the body almost as thick as a man's thigh. They taper to a fine point, and are entirely covered with large suckers, having denticulated edges, diminishing in size towards the extremities, where they are not larger than a split pea. Clasped in those six clammy arms, with some 300 suckers acting at one moment, and their sharp edges sinking into the flesh, and seeming to drink the blood, how powerless and hapless a victim would at once become! The suckers stand out prominently from the surface of the arm, to which each is attached by a stout ligature. How the creature can work these long tentacles, which are but a strip of cartilage, darting them with almost lightning speed, is inconceivable. It seems to me that they must be used as cables to anchor itself to the rocks, or to the bottom of the sea, where the water is shallow, and thus give it "purchase" in grasping its prey. Possibly, too, they may be used as organs of locomotion in moving forward along the bottom of the sea, or for the purpose of grasping more distant objects, and drawing them within the reach of the shorter and stouter arms. The long arms of this specimen are very much thinner, and not within ten feet of being as long as the arm brought in by the fishermen of Portugal Cove, which must have belonged to a very much larger cuttle. Altogether, my specimen is a wonderful sight—a huge cartilaginous tube surmounted with a beak and eyes, but no face, around which the immense arms radiate like the spokes of a wheel. The glutinous mass has a lived corpse-like appearance. If Barnum had it in his show-room, what a rush there would be to see it! At present it occupies an ignoble position on the floor of an out-house, but I am taking measures to have it preserved.

Napoleon the First.

From Temple Bar.

History has not represented the First Napoleon as he was in reality. Poets, private secretaries, courtiers, enthusiasts, enemies, and clamorers have drawn the portrait. We propose to examine his character from the point of view of physiologist and positivist. Napoleon was neither dark nor fair. He had dark chestnut hair, eyes gray, complexion of a pale brown, without any red in it, and a smooth skin. The brain was large; the skull belonged to the largest development ever known; his circulation was slow, the pulse counting forty beats a minute; he perspired little, and was insensible alike to heat and cold, hunger and thirst; his chest was prominent, and his limbs well proportioned; his height was five feet two inches. Of a lymphatic temperament, he could support alike excess of physical and intellectual exertion. It was a constitution of granite. Warm baths, coffee, and strong wines restored his circulation. His intellect was vast and many-sided, applying itself to details and generalizations; made up of a prodigious memory that rapidly took account of place, number, and cause, and the bearings of things; a genius, in fine, eminently practical and positivist. Dissimulation, an extraordinary power of generalization, and a sluggish temperament, make up this wonderful man; these qualities are the sources of his greatness. He was a fatalist. Events are brought about by a power superior to human will, he said. There is neither good nor bad in the world. The morality of an action is to be judged by its expediency. Religions are human institutions, serving as a sort of vaccine to protect us against lower superstitions, to be defended, not in the interests of society, but in the interests of the priests. Such was his creed, and he naturally hated those who possessed a higher one. Consul, Emperor, prisoner, and exile, he hated philosophy and philosophers from the first to last, and accused them of the misfortunes he had himself brought upon France—the failure of the Russian expedition, the sore discontent of the nation, and so on. "They believe neither in myself nor in my priests," he said, these metaphysicians, speaking of B. Constant, L. Chenier, Guignene, and others, who showed hostility to the Concordat, "and are good for nothing but to be thrown into a pond. Je les ai comme une vermine sur mes habits." It was natural that being, as he eminently was, a mystifier of the people, dazzling them with charlatanry and words, he should fear and hate the spirit of inquiry and independence. Thus, Tacitus was a mere writer of romance, Gibbon a brawler, because these two writers exposed the crimes of the Roman Emperors. Voltaire, Rousseau, Necker, de Stael, J. B. Say, Gall, Montlosier, Raynouard, Lemercier, were equally hateful to him, as were all writers ancient and modern, who dared to think for themselves. For the exaltation of Cæsarism, he wanted the Roman history to be written over again, and maintained a host of litterateurs for that purpose—Barbre, Mme. de Genlis, Fieree, Montgaillard, Foulanes, Lacepedes, &c. Authors who ventured upon criticism were either exiled or thrown into prison. Foreign books and journals were prohibited—and quite logically. Free thought treads down the structure of falsehood and mystification called Bonapartism. He loved noise, movement, martial life, drums, trumpets, and the destruction of life upon a large scale. Though circumspect in no small degree, he revealed this by one of his dispatches: "Sur une espace de lieue carree, 9,000 a 10,000 cadavres, et 4,000 a 5,000 chevaux tues; tout cela avait plus de relief sur un fonds de neige." The East was the land of his dreams. There life is nothing; there, to use his own language, "on peut travailler au grand." To sum up the characteristics of Napoleon, he possessed one of the vastest intellects ever known, owing such superiority to his utter insensibility to impressions, his sluggish temperament, his wonderful faculty of combination and reasoning; war was to him a pastime; politics a personal affair only; he possessed neither religious, moral, nor political beliefs; he held the human race in profound contempt, and was the greatest egotist ever known; a man of prodigious aptitude for knavery and mystification, and for administrative power; an intellectual giant, who caused the retrogression of France and of all Europe, and who possessed one of the worst hearts that the history of the human race has disclosed. All lovers of progress ought to make a pilgrimage to Waterloo once in their lives: not to exult over the destruction of a French army, but to contemplate the spot where this great enemy of the human race fell a victim to his own excesses.

Kansas City Live-Stock Market.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 20.—CATTLE—Good inquiry from dealers, and ready sale, though offerings are meagre; sales of good native steers at $4.00; Colorado and Texas steers, $2.37½; through Texas steers, $2.25.

HOGS—Receipts, 1,022; brisk inquiry from packers; good grades steady, and firm at $4.25@4.70. Total slaughtered to date, 90,000. There is a small supply of hogs, lighter than at the same time last year.

AN ECCENTRIC KING.

His Occupations and Amusements.

From Appletons' Journal.

When King George of Greece ascended the throne of the Hellenes, it was generally believed that his reign would be short-lived, and that the young gentleman from Denmark would speedily fling away his crown, and return to his delightful home on the shores of the sound.

The contrary has been the case; the Basileus from Denmark is not only a very happy man, but an exceedingly popular ruler. Nothing can be less pretentious than the manner in which he lives. I brought him a letter of introduction from his father, and, it being a fine September day, strolled down between 7 and 8 o'clock in the morning to inquire of the palace guards what hour would be most convenient for the King to receive me. To my astonishment, the Greek soldier at the gate, in his picturesque uniform, replied to me:

"You can see His Majesty now. He is always up before 6 o'clock."

This was singular but welcome news to me.

"Where may I see the Master of Ceremonies?" I asked.

The soldier stared at me.

"Send in your card by one of those boys," pointing to two or three pages loitering about the portico, "and you will probably be admitted at once."

Such proved to be the case. Two or three minutes afterward I was in the presence of the King. Imagine a slender young man of 28, with thin, light-colored hair, a very expressive, handsome face, ruddy cheeks, dressed in a checkered plaid, with steel-framed eye-glasses, small hands, and small feet, encased in red morocco slippers, and you have the Basileus before your eyes.

He glanced over my letter of introduction, and then asked me to be seated.

"You have come here all the way from Copenhagen?" he asked.

"Yes, sire; seven days ago I was yet at the Tivoli, and took leave of your royal father."

"Oh, yes, he likes to go there and mingle with the people," said the young King, smiling, "and to laugh over the farces in the open air theatre."

"Your Majesty has no theatre here," I remarked, "it must be a great privation?"

"Not at all," he said, "I believe I would have no time to go, if there was a good one in Athens. I am very busy. Look at this," he added, showing me a pile of manuscript; "I am writing."

"Writing!" I exclaimed, in surprise.

The King laughed.

"Yes," he said "writing a book."

I took the liberty to ask on what subject.

"On the 'Bees of Hymettus.' Times must have changed greatly, or the ancient Hellenes must have been poor judges of honey. Wait!"

He jumped up, and brought a tumbler filled with honey, and a teaspoon. "Taste this."

I did so, while he looked at me expectantly.

"Is it good?" he asked.

"Not very," I said. "Not near so good as Danish honey."

"That is just what I am going to prove in my book."

He asked me to accompany him to his cabinet. It was a small room full of chemical crucibles and glasses covered with waxed paper.

"Here," said the King, "are ninety different sorts of honey—even from Australia and New Zealand. Hymettus honey ranks far below most of them."

His Majesty made me taste a half dozen different kinds.

I asked him if he thought that in olden times the busy bees of Hymettus had done better.

"I am inclined to that opinion," he answered, "and I am sure I have found out the true reason. The climate of Greece is no longer what it was 2,000 years ago. That is my discovery," he added, almost triumphantly; "and, if I can prove the assertion, am I not entitled to some philosophical honors?"

I ventured to ask for the reasons of this belief.

"Ah!" he said, laughing, "that is my secret; but, believe me, I am well fortified with arguments. I have my classics at my fingers' ends, and I have waded through an enormous quantity of learned literature."

I asked the King whether he devoted his leisure hours entirely to this branch of study.

"No, no," he said, eagerly; "to my birds. Will you see my aviary?"

There was no refusing, of course. And so I followed His Majesty into the court-yard, where he showed me a truly superb aviary.

I expressed my surprise, and he said, with genuine pride gleaming from his eyes:

"Is it not beautiful? It cost me a great deal of money—almost more than I was able to afford."

And now he showed me his pets—the famous five trained magpies. He took off his hat, and placed five bright brass rings on his head. The magpies took them from him, one after another, and then he whistled, and they brought them back to where they had got them. They also placed themselves, at his command, upon his head, forming a sort of crown; and when he shouted "Oikon!" (go home), they flew back to their cote. Another curiosity was a tame vulture, of gigantic size, captured near the site of ancient Delphi. At the King's call the terrible creature placed itself with both legs on his shoulders. I instinctively shrank back from the vulture; but the King said:

"Never mind, old Miltiades is very good-natured. He will now shake hands with you."

Sure enough, Miltiades grasped my shrinking hand with an antique grip worthy of his namesake, and with an exceedingly ludicrous air of gravity.

The King then ordered him to retire, but the bird was evidently reluctant. The King ordered a piece of meat to be brought to Miltiades, who thereupon withdrew, with an unmistakable air of satisfaction, while His Majesty proudly told that he alone had trained the bird to all this.

We ventured into the palace, and the King kindly showed me the most remarkable apartments, chatting all the while about his parents and his brothers and sisters. He expressed his regret that naughty little Thyra, as he called his younger sister, was also to be married to horrible, foggy England, which he seemed to hold in special abhorrence.

"I suppose," I said, "your Majesty will be present at the wedding?"

"Not if it comes off in England. I was there once, six months, and hardly ever saw a sunny day. Now, I have become so accustomed to the glorious sun that I cannot live without it."

I was over an hour with this eccentric young King. He was the soul of simplicity and kindness. His subjects like him, and he is happy. How few Kings are there like him.

LAID AT LAST.

Shortly after 12 o'clock last night a gang of about seventy men, acting under orders from the Chicago North Division Railway Company, began laying the track along that part of Clark street about which there has been so much trouble between the railroad lines and the property-holders. It is understood that the arrangements between the North and South Side Companies are not perfected, but on Friday the former Company decided that immediate action should be taken to secure the track before any adverse circumstances intervened. It is expected that the track will be completed by 7 o'clock this evening.

FATALLY STABBED.

A man, named Patrick McGoffin, was fatally stabbed last night, at about 12 o'clock, at the corner of Twelfth street and Newberry avenue.

The Winter Decimation of Cattle in California.

From the San Francisco Bulletin, Dec. 16.

The recent storm, as was anticipated, has been very destructive to cattle in this State. Wherever the cattle had fallen into a low condition from want of abundant pastures, there was little strength left to resist the cold and pitiless storm. Snow fell where it had not fallen before in twenty years, as for instance at Santa Cruz, where the oldest white settler had not seen snow before. All the high mountains are covered with snow. The dry grass of last year is spoiled by the rains, and over a large extent of country the new grass is not far enough advanced to sustain weak cattle which have no shelter. The Monterey *Democrat* enumerates the following losses in that county: "We hear of a number of cases of loss among stock, as caused by the extreme cold with which the late storm began. As reported to us, Brad. Sargent lost twenty-five or thirty head of cattle he had on stubble; Carr Abbot lost some fifty head; Brandenstein & Co. about thirty, and John Abbott twenty-three. The cattle were in fair condition, but being in exposed positions, succumbed to the cold and wet. The weather was very much such as characterizes a Texan 'Norther,' and the actual casualties among all our stock men will, when summed up, prove to be a long list."

If cattle in fair condition succumb to the storm, those which have been reduced to skin and bones would stand a poor chance without shelter during such weather as we have had for the last ten days.

ART MATTERS.

A New Collection of Works from the Munich School.

Personal Gossip at Home.

Mr. C. Highwood, the artist, who, prior to the fire, had a studio in the Crosby Opera-House, and who was well known here as a portrait-painter, has just returned from a long visit to Europe, and opened art rooms at 181 South Clark street, rooms 10, 11, 12, and 13. During the larger part of his stay in Europe, Mr. Highwood was in Munich, and while there conceived the idea of forming a gallery of paintings in this city illustrative of the Munich school of art—a school which, by the way, has never been represented here except in an inadequate manner by such fugitive works as might happen to come here by chance. Mr. Highwood set about the work in a systematic fashion, and has made a large and beautiful collection, representing both the eminent professors and the more promising pupils of that city, and to them has added some choice specimens from the Dusseldorf school, and has them now on free exhibition at the elegant rooms named above, which he has fitted up with special reference to these works. It is the first time that German pictures have had a distinctive and ample representation here, and this fact will give connoisseurs a special pleasure. We have not the space to catalogue the whole list, but select sufficient to give a general idea of the character and excellence of the collection, as well as to indicate those which are most worthy of study. In this list we should include "Unfathomable," by Prof. Phiersch, a work which is very rich in color and exquisitely poetical in sentiment; "Spring," a landscape by Schleich, which received a gold medal at Vienna; "The Monks," a superb piece of figure-drawing and character-work, by Nonnenkamp; "The Convalescent," a touching little story told in color, by Ortlieb; "The Love-Rose," a figure-piece, finely finished, by Koerle; "Coming Home," another figure-piece, by Braun, which received a premium at Vienna; "A Delicate Question," by Sidorowicz, formerly of Paris, and a pupil of Dupont; "The Double Breakfast," and "Musical Treat," by Van der Venn, who has a wide reputation for his skillful combinations of animals with figures; "The Gulf of Genoa," a beautiful marine, remarkable for softness and richness of color, by M. Hauptmann; "Fog and Sunshine," by Schletzold, which is wonderfully treated in perspective, sky, and water; "On the River Amber," by Roeth, an artist whose handling of trees is very celebrated; "Moonshine," by Mayer, who has attained celebrity for his effects of moonlight; "The Art Connoisseurs," by Menzler, formerly a pupil of Makart of Vienna; "Lake Starnberg," by Gebhardt; "The Broken Milkpot," a characteristic picture by Spakter; and "Monte la Margna," by Niorgensern, who excels in effects of light and shade. In addition to these, which are all by Munich artists, Mr. Highwod also has two pictures by Otto Sommer, formerly of this city, and now in Munich, one of which, "Storm in the Mountains," is a very strong picture. Those who knew Mr. Sommer here will be glad to see his work, as well as to recognize the great advance he has made. Among the Dusseldorf pictures in the collection are "Chickens" and "Ducks," two small paintings by Lange; "Castle Elkeroth," by Schneider, a pupil of Achenbach; "Sunset," by Irma, a well-known artist; "Going Through the Woods," by Fahrbach; and "Preparing for Guests," by Toussaint. There are many other paintings in the collection, but the above are sufficient to give a general idea of its character, and, as the exhibition is a free one, undoubtedly all lovers of art will avail themselves of the opportunity to give them an inspection.

Walter Shirlaw, the artist, formerly connected with the Western Bank-Note Edgraving Company, and well known as one of the best and most artistic draughtsmen Chicago has ever had, has returned from Munich, and is now on a short visit here. In a few weeks he will return to Munich to resume his studies in color. He brings an excellent report of the progress of Gookins, who is also in Munich studying with Piloty, and will probably remain there two years longer.

Gollmann, the well-known portrait artist, whose crayon heads are so popular, is now engaged upon several commissions in half-size crayons, or crayonettes, as they might be called, which are not only such excellent likenesses, but so fine and delicate in treatment that they are getting to be all the rage. Mr. Gollmann's studio is in The Tribune Building.

THE COUNTY CLERK.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

Sir: An article entitled "Tweedism in the County Board," which appeared on the 19th inst. in the Chicago *Times*, is calculated to mislead the public in regard to the true state of the case in the administration of the county affairs. It is there stated that no such office as the "County Clerk's" office exists, and, therefore, that there can be no official functionary lawfully styled the "County Clerk." It seems unnecessary to state that on Nov. 4 a County Clerk was elected, and that that officer was duly commissioned by the Governor as County Clerk.

But the question in point is not whether the present incumbent of the office is the Clerk of the County Court or County Clerk, or both; but whether "Tweedism" is being attempted by the County Clerk, in collusion with the County Board. Let us see. The sum total of the schedule of salaries of employes in the County Clerk's office, as recommended by the Committee on Public Service of the County Board, is $27,000; the same service the *Times* affirms was performed by the former Clerk at a cost of but $24,500, and that the work of extending the taxes was done for $8,000, while the Committee of the "new dynasty" propose to allow $10,000 for the same service. Now then, the *Times* would have the people understand that the sum of $12,500 more will be taken from the County Treasury for running the office of County Clerk under the rule of the People's Party than was taken last year under the fee system.

The following figures must answer that statement:

Income of County Clerk from Dec. 1, 1872, to Dec. 1, 1873:

Paid to Joseph Pollak by orders on County Treasurer	$12,698.92
Bills of Joseph Pollak not yet audited by Board	14,462.31
Paid Joseph Pollak by County Collector direct	7,591.96
Paid Joseph Pollak by South Park Commissioners	2,231.00
Paid Joseph Pollak by West Park Commissioners	1,800.00
Received by Joseph Pollak from Probate matters to Court	18,000.00
Received by Joseph Pollak tax deeds certificates, tax sales, &c.	5,000.00
Received by Joseph Pollak from marriage license certificates	14,669.03
Total	$76,453.22

It therefore, will be seen that, under the "previous dynasty," the County Clerk received from the County of Cook for extending taxes, &c., for one year, the sum of $34,753.19. If that work was done, as the *Times* states, for $8,000 extra clerk hire, then the county has paid the County Clerk a bonus of $26,753.19.

The present Clerk proposes to have the work for which his predecessor received nearly $35,000 from the County Treasurer, done for $10,000, to be paid out of moneys received for marriage certificates, deeds, and probate fees.

The above figures further show that the grand total of fees collected by Mr. Pollak during the last year was $76,453.22, while his disbursements according to the *Times*, in payment for the service of a large number of employes, were but $24,500; leaving, as will be readily seen, a net profit of $51,000 to that County Clerk. The *Times* having insinuated that a "steal" is contemplated, through the schedule of employes—in other words, that on the sworn monthly pay-rolls of the employes, some straw-men will be substituted by the Clerk, who will pocket the salary. Such insinuation is simply ridiculous. It might have appeared to the *Times* that the salaries of employes, as proposed by the Committee on Public Service, are large when compared with those paid by the former Clerk, who, as a private individual, collecting all the fees, naturally made all the money possible out of the office; but, to the present Clerk and Committee, it seemed that for important services thoroughly performed, the people of Cook County should pay as liberally as banks or other business-firms.

HERMAN LIEB,
County Clerk.

WHO OWNS THE ABSTRACT-RECORDS?

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

Sir: Will the County Commissioners inform the public by what authority they deny access to the abstract-copies in the Recorder's office? On Friday, two gentlemen called at the Recorder's office for the purpose of examining the record of an abstract, and were taking pencil memoranda, when they were informed by several of the employes that it would not be allowed, as the books were gotten up for the purpose of furnishing certified copies when called for. The Chief Clerk informed the parties that the Commissioners had sent the Recorder a written copy of resolutions adopted by them concerning abstract-records, under which the use of said records was denied the public. Now, as the books, copying, &c., are all paid for by the public,—besides Mr. Stewart's compensation having been increased $1,000 per annum for the purpose of allowing him to replace abstracts that may be lost while in his charge,—it would appear that private enterprise is not carrying on the work; therefore, it seems strange that the people cannot derive some advantage from work done with their money. If parties furnish abstracts (for which high prices have been paid) to the Recorder free of charge, for him to copy, it is unjust that the people, who have to bear the expense of paying an enormous rent for wholly inadequate office-room and high salaries, should be prohibited from the exercise of their rights; the mere fact of having to carry a heavy ten-foot ladder from one end of the vault to the other, and then climbing up into a region of over-heated and foul air, ought to be sufficient punishment for any person to suffer who searches for knowledge in the shape of an abstract-copy, without being confronted with illegal acts of those worthy candidates for cracker-medals, yclept the County Commissioners. A.

Englewood, Ill., Dec. 20, 1873.

CLIPPING HORSES.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

Sir: The subject of horse-clipping is one which materially interests the owners of very many valuable horses in this city, and, as I find a very lamentable ignorance displayed as to the advantages to be derived by the animal purporting to be benefited, may I trespass on your space to offer a few remarks and suggestions to owners of horseflesh? I speak from an experience acquired where the practice of horse-clipping has become almost universal, as well as from practical proof of its efficacy as witnessed by me here; and I broach the subject solely that,

THE UTILITY OF THE PRACTICE

being demonstrated, those desiring to try the experiment may understand how their horses should be cared for after the operation, and at what season clipping should be done, if done at all.

In the first place, I would be far from recommending the practice for universal adoption, though thoroughly convinced of its utility in many instances, and confident that those observing, as I have often done, the rapid improvement in condition evidenced by most horses after being clipped, will in time become advocates of the practice. All experienced men know that clipping must not be done either too early or too late in the season. If the operation be performed before the coat has become fully grown, or, as horsemen say, "set," the horse will "clip out" badly, and in six or eight weeks require a second trimming. If delayed until too late in the season, it is just as objectionable, as it will thereby interfere with the coating process in the spring. The proper time, or at least

BEST TIME,

for having horses clipped, will be from the 1st of November to the middle of January. Earlier or later will not be productive of such good results. The coats of all horses will be "set" within the time above specified, and, when clipped within that period, a very little trimming suffices to keep them in good shape for the remainder of the season.

As to the class of horses likely to be benefited by clipping, a satisfactory conclusion is not so easily arrived at. Some men treat their horses so inconsistent and injudiciously that it is extremely hazardous to say, "Your horse will be benefited immensely,—by all means have him clipped," and expect, your advice being taken, the result will prove such as you predicted. But, taking it for granted that horses will receive the ordinary care and attention requisite, I say emphatically that

ALL SOFT HORSES,

or those that sweat very freely whilst at work and after they come in, should be clipped, and the good result will be at once apparent in increase of appetite, growth of flesh and muscle, and consequent endurance and ability to undergo hard work. Such horses will do twice their ordinary amount of labor on less keep, from the simple fact that the removal of their long, weak coat puts a stop to the continued wasting process, which left them emaciated and so cut up as to be comparatively useless. Ten minutes' good grooming will do more for such horses when they come in from work than hours of hard labor wasted on them before, no matter how careful the man in charge may be, and anxious to do justice to his master's property. No man can keep a horse of the above-named kind in condition, should he be called on for duty every day; and, in soft and slushy weather, the falling off in condition is painful to witness. Even the most skeptical will admit that a dry, warm blanket must prove to the horse a most comfortable substitute for a constantly-wet coat of hair; although I have actually come in contact with ignorant men here, who affirm that, "As long as a horse is in his barn, it makes no matter as to his being wet." An argument admirably adapted to the purposes of men too lazy and too heartless to look to the interest of the poor beast who ministers so faithfully and continuously to the comfort and interest of his master.

HORSES CONSTANTLY ON THE ROAD,

and having 14 or 16 miles a day to get over, should always be clipped, if at all disposed to sweat much, as, with such constant work, they soon wear down; and, even should they have to be hitched up now and then for a while, a considerate driver will always have his good, warm rug, and see that his charge is carefully blanketed whilst he gets through his business. As to the fashion of driving horses with their blankets on, a moment's reflection will show that it is a most injudicious and absurd practice. Keep your rug until you pull up; *then* put it on, and your horse will appreciate and profit by the kindness.

CARRIAGE-HORSES

are almost always improved by clipping; it gives them a more stylish appearance; they do their work with more spirit; are more easily groomed; and as, when taken out, they are never left standing in the cold, that sole objection to clipping in their respect is removed. Such horses as I now allude to have generally very hard work when the weather permits of sleighing; and any one who will take the trouble to observe the difference as between the clipped and unclipped horses after three or four hours' "speeding" on the avenues will, I should say, agree with me that appearances are entirely in favor of the former. The one preserves his spirit and freshness; the other becomes jaded and overdone.

All horses kept exclusively for fast driving should be clipped, as, whilst out, they are kept in a perpetual glow, and have good, comfortable stabling, it is to be presumed, to return to when through their work.

TREATMENT AFTER CLIPPING.

All horses should be treated alike; what is judicious for one will prove so for all. Immediately after being clipped, the horse should, if possible, get a mild sweat, so that he will lather pretty freely; when he should be well scraped, which will clean his skin, and lessen the risk as well of his taking cold. He should next have a chilled drink; that is, the dead cold should be taken out of the water; and he should then have set before him a good, comfortable mash of scalded bran, with a couple of handsful of oats thrown in. The bran should have two hours' steeping before being given; a piece of old sack, or other covering, will keep it sufficiently warm if thrown over it while it is being steeped. Bandaging the legs, *if cold*, for the *first night*, is a practice often very judiciously availed of. Clipping should always be performed in a good, light, and warm place,—care being taken to keep the horse from chills during the operation. And gentlemen would do well to remember that horses clipped in mild weather look better and run less risks than those clipped when the thermometer gets away down in the 20s and a chance for sleighing offers; though my experience demonstrates that the latter time is the one generally preferred.

Let me combat

ANOTHER SENSELESS OBJECTION

to horse-clipping. Some men assert that it makes the new coat "coarse," entirely forgetful of the fact that Nature provides the horse, in the spring of the year, with an entirely new coat, *quite unaffected* by any process the old may have undergone before being shed. Who is there, that has handled or driven horses in the spring of the year, that can be ignorant of the fact that the old coat is not lengthened or the reverse, but completely shed, and replaced by a new one more glossy and silky in texture?

I WOULD NOT ADVISE

the clipping of horses whose owners are obliged to hitch them up here and there for an hour or more at a time, nor of horses whose owners do not care for the expense of providing them with good, warm clothing to substitute for that of which they had them deprived. Gentlemen who are fond of leaving their beasts hitched up hour after hour outside of saloons, should not only shun the practice of clipping, but supplement Nature's provision by investing in a couple of pairs of extra blankets, oftentimes useful for either animal.

I will conclude by saying that, where clipping is almost the universal practice, it is regarded as a

USEFUL AND HUMANE WORK;

whilst, on the other hand, it meets with most opposition from those who, as a rule, know as much about a horse as a horse does about them.

HARKAWAY.

Chicago, Dec. 18, 1873.

MONETARY.

SATURDAY EVENING, Dec. 20.

The week closes with a general reaction in speculation and a decline in prices during the past few days. The final disappearance of any chance of war on the Cuban question, the failure of several mercantile houses in New York, and the usual demand for money in the annual settlements at this season of the year, have all contributed to cause a decline of 2 per cent in the price of gold, 5 cents per bushel in the price of wheat, 2 to 3 per cent in the price of railroad stocks, and more or less decline or weakness in the prices of the majority of speculative securities and commodities. The decline in gold, however, was caused mainly by one firm in New York throwing a large amount upon the market, and as there is ample reason, in the inflation now being made in the currency, for gold to rise again, the present depression in the price will probably be only temporay. Grain, and particularly wheat, is comparatively low yet, and at present prices the majority of Western products will be in speculative demand again soon.

There is an active demand for money in this market; but the supply, both in the banks and in the open market is ample for all legitimate uses. If it were not for the large amounts now being used by the pork-packers, there would be more money than could find employment in loans on good commercial paper. The demand from the packers, however, will be over by the middle of January, and after that it seems reasonable to expect an excessive supply of loanable funds. Even now, prime commercial paper is in demand at 10 per cent, and demand loans are being made at 8 per cent.

The increasing supply of money seeking investment has caused considerable advance in local stocks. Chicago City Railway, for instance, sold this week at 150 against 145 a week or so ago, though it is still 10 to 15 per cent below the highest prices previous to the panic. An equal advance is notable in West Division Railway, and also considerable advance in other local stocks that pay good dividends.

The following quotations of local stocks are furnished by Messrs. Hammond & Gage:

	Bid.	Asked.
First National Bank	145	..
Third National Bank	..	125
Fifth National Bank	120	..
Commercial National Bank	145	..
Merchants' National Bank	200	..
Corn Exchange National Bank	110	115
National Bank of Illinois	105	..
National Bank of Commerce	..	105
Chicago City Railway	150	155
West Division Railway	..	160
Pullman Palace Car	..	105
Elgin Watch Company	90	..
Cook County 7s	93 & int.	95 & int.
Chamber of Commerce	..	90
Traders' Insurance Company	95	100

SALES.

$20,000 Union Stock Yards & Transit Co. at par.
9,000 Chicago City Railway at 150.
4,100 North Division Railway at 90.
5,000 National Bank of Illinois at 105.

COMMERCIAL.

SATURDAY EVENING, Dec. 20.

The following were the receipts and shipments of the leading articles of produce in Chicago during the past twenty-four hours, and for the corresponding date one year ago:

	RECEIPTS. 1873.	1872.	SHIPMENTS. 1873.	1872.
Flour, brls	11,830	6,789	12,250	7,460
Wheat, bu	184,919	36,540	104,559	13,632
Corn, bu	21,265	35,120	858	3,477
Oats, bu	39,540	51,710	11,023	10,653
Rye, bu	3,297	4,730	1,050	784
Barley, bu	11,320	9,295	13,995	11,760
Grass seed, lbs	115,190	27,949	12,758	27,735
Flax seed, lbs	44,940	....	....	....
Broom corn, lbs	....	38,000	20,000	46,064
Cured meats, lbs	1121,310	151,760	2576,242	1637,014
Beef, brls	135	....	....	155
Pork, brls	364	115	1,564	340
Lard, lbs	169,640	17,280	173,647	606,600
Tallow, lbs	22,000	15,240	81,021	....
Butter, lbs	87,325	81,915	42,870	35,180
Dressed hogs, No	4,011	1,612	1,452	834
Live hogs, No	22,560	18,235	6,246	2,836
Cattle, No	739	917	810	758
Sheep, No	621	1,044	354	1,276
Hides, lbs	146,765	101,495	213,710	149,057
Highwines, brls	549	50	149	253
Wool, lbs	126,764	54,834	75,289	164,390
Potatoes, bu	372	6,868	360	....
Lumber, m ft	152	224	455	385
Shingles, m	189	480	428	396
Lath, m	....	120	89	15
Salt, brls	150	740	1,665	970

Withdrawn from store on Friday for city consumption: 5,400 bu wheat; 2,611 bu corn; 1,772 bu oats; 341 bu rye; 4,086 bu barley. Withdrawn for do during the week: 26,049 bu wheat; 31,520 bu corn; 12,260 bu oats; 6,843 bu rye; 8,969 bu barley.

The following grain has been inspected into store this morning up to 10 o'clock: 357 cars wheat; 77 cars corn; 29 cars oats; 5 cars rye; 21 cars barley. Total, 489 cars, or 178,000 bu.

The following were the receipts and shipments of breadstuffs and live stock at this point during the past week and for the corresponding weeks ending as dated:

RECEIPTS.	Dec. 20, 1873.	Dec. 13, 1873.	Dec. 21, 1872.
Flour, brls	84,330	87,759	48,909
Wheat, bu	1048,640	847,350	303,890
Corn, bu	140,325	111,250	336,000
Oats, bu	194,429	197,670	247,390
Rye, bu	22,580	16,811	30,115
Barley, bu	89,960	116,000	93,395
Dressed hogs, No	14,339	4,603	7,062
Live hogs, No	152,013	191,263	150,470
Cattle, No	8,142	11,967	6,839
SHIPMENTS.			
Flour, brls	75,758	69,741	45,132
Wheat, bu	545,522	685,274	107,976
Corn, bu	17,600	26,069	21,343
Oats, bu	64,096	169,125	147,127
Rye, bu	7,510	5,050	6,584
Barley, bu	68,856	66,617	74,912
Dressed hogs, No	8,829	4,811	8,481
Live hogs, No	42,390	27,625	23,094
Cattle, No	5,545	5,776	3,822

The proprietors of the Hough Warehouse were engaged to-day in weighing the grain in their house, the process being watched, at their own request, by a State official delegated from the Inspector's Department.

For once we have what seems to be good reason to approve the conduct of a grain-warehouseman. Mr. Hiram Wheeler refused to take in as rejected wheat a car-load that had been thus graded by the Committee, on appeal from the decision of the Inspector that it was no grade. The grain was burnt and otherwise damaged, and it is possible that the Committee would have noticed that fact if they had visited the car as a Committee. It would seem to those who do not know any better that all decisions made by that Committee should be arrived at in presence of the grain, and that, if they cannot find time to attend to their business in that way, the public ought to be permitted to know it.

The reports from seaboard ports during the week ending with Thursday last, included 52,000 brls flour, 512,000 bu wheat, and 146,000 bu corn. For the previous week the exports of wheat were 697,000 bu, and of corn 284,000 bu.

THE MARKETS.

The leading produce markets were generally quiet to-day, with a tendency to lower prices, though there was no special weakness, as produce was generally held with considerable firmness. The grain movement towards our city is on the increase, and there is little desire manifested to ship, except in wheat, and the stock of that grain is increasing rather rapidly, while the Eastern markets generally lack strength.

Jobbers of dry goods reported a satisfactorily active movement, at generally firm prices. The tendency in sheetings, shirtings, ticks, cambrics, denims, and prints is still upward, as stocks are light, and, in addition to a good consumptive demand, there is now considerable speculative inquiry. While stocks are, perhaps, not as large as in former seasons at a corresponding period, they are complete in point of assortment, and our jobbers are prepared to meet any and all demands that are likely to be made upon them. Groceries were unchanged in price. The distribution of the staple articles was liberal, and side goods also sold to a fair aggregate at generally firm prices. Coffees were more quiet than on the earlier days of the week, but there was no softening of prices, the light stocks in store and the buoyant tone of the Eastern market imparting a confident feeling to holders. Teas continue active, and must soon advance. Sugars, sirups, molasses, rice, spices, soaps, and starch are also more firmly held than at the beginning of the week. In the butter and cheese market there was only moderate activity, but both of these staples were held with great firmness at the advanced prices recently established, the former selling at 15@34c, and the latter at 9@14½c. Canned goods remain inactive at former quotations. There was a liberal inquiry for foreign and domestic dried fruits at substantially the prices current earlier in the week, the general market exhibiting a firm tone. Fish ruled steady as previously quoted. No new features were noted in the leather, pig-iron, paint, tobacco, and wood markets. Oils were quiet at 15c for carbon, 78@80c for extra lard. $1.00@1.02 for boiled linseed, and at 50c for turpentine.

The lumber and building material markets remain quiet and unchanged in their general features. A few small orders for lumber, shingles, and lath are received each day, and the winter's business is perhaps up to anticipations, with prices comparatively steady. Metals, nails, and iron were in moderate demand at the prices previously quoted. Packers' cooperage was in large supply and lower. Salt was in fair request and steady. The improvement in the demand for broom-corn heretofore noted continues, and the market is quite firm, particularly for choice hurl. Wool was in light request and firm, under limited offerings. The hide market was unsettled, but stronger, owing, apparently, more to local influences than anything else, as the receipts continue liberal, and the Eastern markets are still relatively lower than ours. Hay was more active and firm. Prime and No. 1 timothy advanced 50c per ton, and were in light supply. Seeds were less active, but firm, and strictly prime timothy sold higher. Green fruits were in light request at former prices. Poultry and game were in fair demand and firm.

Highwines were inactive and nominally unchanged at 96c per gallon, there being no variation in the tone of New York advices. It was stated that there were none on sale here.

Dressed hogs were in active demand, and advanced 20c per 100 lbs on good shipping lots, opening at $5.70@5.75, and closing at $5.90@5.95, with all sold and more wanted. Soft sold at $5.50@5.65. Sales were reported of 182 at $5.95; 373 at $5.90; 79 at $5.85; 395 at $5.80; 276 at $5.75; 25 at $5.70; 13 at $5.65; and 71 at $5.50. Total, 1,414 head.

Provisions were rather more active than on Friday, with not much change in prices. There was little actual trading except in mess pork, which was in some speculative demand, and averaged lower, opening weak at $14.50 for February, declining to $14.30, and then becoming firmer under a few buyer orders which had been brought out by the weakness of yesterday. Lard was dull and easier, the business done being confined to changing over into February at a premium of ⅜c, and into March at a premium of 60@62½c per 100 lbs on cash prices; we note a decline of 15c per 100 lbs. Meats were very quiet, with some orders here, but limited to figures which holders will not accept. The movement of the week shows a decided falling off in activity. The receipts of hogs are less, owing to the stand taken by the packers early in the week against higher prices for the animal than they could secure for the product. Meats are going forward freely, but mostly on sales made more than two weeks ago. A good many meats are coming here from other points, owing to the reports that Chicago packers are principally attending to the manufacture of pork. The advices from the country do not indicate that the packing season is so nearly over as has been preached up. There are plenty of hogs yet, though they are held back to prevent a further decline. The market closed at the following range of prices: Mess pork, new, cash or seller December, $13.90@14.00; do seller January, $14.10@14.15; do seller February, $14.60@14.65; do seller March, $14.90@15.00; prime mess pork, $12.75@13.50; extra prime do, $10.75@11.00. Lard, cash or seller December, $8.20@8.25; do seller January, $8.30@8.35; do seller February, $8.60@8.62½; do seller March, $8.80@8.85. Green hams at 8¼@8½c; sweet pickled hams, 8¾@9¼c. Green shoulders at 4¾c; rough sides, 6¼c; do short ribs or long clear, 6⅛@6⅝c; do short clear, 6⅛@6⅝c; meats, 10@15 days in salt, 5½c for shoulders, 6⅝@6⅞c for short ribs and long clear, and 6⅞c for short clear; boxed shoulders, 5⅝c; do Cumberlands, 6⅛c; do short ribs or long clear, 6⅞@7c; do short clear, 7⅛c; do long cut hams, 9@9½c. Meats, seller January, about ½@¾c more than for December. Mess beef, $8.00@8.25; extra mess do, $9.00@9.25; beef hams, $22.50@23.00. City tallow, 6¼@6⅜c; grease quotable at 4½@6c. Sales were reported of 700 brls mess pork, cash or seller the month, at $14.00; 200 brls do, seller January, at $14.00; 600 brls do, seller February, at $14.62½; 250 brls do at $14.60; 750 brls do at $14.50; 500 brls do at $14.40; 500 brls do at $14.35; 400 brls do at $14.30; 1,000 brls do, seller March, at $15.00; 500 brls do at $11.87½; 250 tcs lard at $8.30; 250 tcs do at $8.25; 750 tcs do, seller January, at $8.37½; 250 tcs do at $8.30; 500 tcs do, seller February, at $8.70; 750 tcs do at $8.62½; 500 tcs do at $8.60; 250 tcs do, seller March, at $8.90; 250 tcs do at $8.87½; 250 tcs do at $8.80; 20,000 lbs green shoulders at 5c; 20,000 lbs do at 4¾c; 40,000 lbs salted do at 5⅛c; 140,000 lbs do at 5c; 15,000 lbs green short ribs at 6⅛c; 40 boxes do at 6⅝c; 50,000 lbs salted short ribs on private terms; 40 boxes do at 6⅞c; 100,000 lbs do, seller February, at 7⅛c, loose; 20,000 lbs long clear at 6⅝c; 50 boxes light do at 7⅛c; 100,000 lbs short clear, seller February, at 7⅜c; 27,500 pcs green hams (16 lbs) at 8¼c; 60,000 lbs do (18 lbs) at 7⅝c; 50 pkgs yellow grease at 5½c.

The *Daily Commercial Bulletin* gives the following returns of the packing at the principal points, as compared with the same time last season, as far as returned, and the aggregate packing of the season of 1872-'3:

	To date, 1873.	To date, 1872.	Aggregate, 1872-'3.
Chicago, Ill.	893,865	533,153	1,425,079
Milwaukee, Wis.	168,756	120,000	303,500
Cincinnati, O.	*400,000	300,000	626,305
Louisville, Ky.	*220,000	230,000	302,246
St. Louis, Mo.	*250,000	310,000	538,000
Indianapolis, Ind	171,191	90,000	196,317
Davenport, Iowa	6,000	....	5,000
Detroit, Mich	31,000	....	43,949
Franklin, Ind	†24,200	....	31,113
Des Moines, Iowa	32,000	14,500	53,507
Delphi, Ind	17,000	12,000	16,300
Cedar Rapids, Iowa	32,750	13,283	36,204
Sioux City, Iowa	10,300	....	7,000
Sabula, Iowa	17,000	....	25,600
Council Bluffs, Iowa	10,000	....	12,000

*Estimated.
†Closed. Hogs 25 lbs lighter than last year.

The *Bulletin* adds: "The information in regard to the packing throughout the week is rather indefinite. Most of the large packing points are doing a fair business, and the aggregate is largely in excess of that of last season at this time. At some of the country points, packers have closed their houses for the season, though in most cases have packed about their usual number of hogs, while in few instances the packing is short. Nearly all the reports received, point to a decrease in weight and yield of lard, and it is supposed that, as the packing season wears away, the quality of the hogs will exhibit a further decrease, as farmers will probably send quite a number of half-fattened hogs to market should present prices be sustained."

The *Daily Commercial Report* gives the following as the shipments of provisions from this point for the week ending Dec. 18, and since Nov. 1, as compared with the corresponding figures for the year previous:

	Pork brls.	Lard tcs.	*Hams tcs.	Should's lbs.	†Middles, lbs.
W'k end'g Dec. 18, 1873	4,129	2,108	3,659	743,389	9,788,962
Same week 1872	14,397	12,519	2,281	1,218,802	6,810,416
Since Nov. 1, '73	57,913	55,504	14,184	8,813,077	55,228,749
Same time 1872	122,001	38,863	9,850	4,195,641	18,968,577

†Includes all cut meats except shoulders and S. P. hams.

*Green hams shipped during the week, 105,778 pcs, against 70,589 pcs the corresponding period last year; since Nov. 1, 1873, 456,847 pcs, against 316,457 pcs the same time 1872.

Total number of boxes of meats shipped during the week, 13,266 against 19,503 boxes the preceding week. Total pieces shipped during the week, including green hams, 135,235, against 125,410 pieces the preceding week.

The Chicago *Live-Stock Reporter* figures up that the stock of product on hand, Oct. 1, was 9,693,772 lbs. That, and the receipts of product, with the packing since that date, amount to 209,354,527 lbs, and the shipments since that date to 101,265,281 lbs. This leaves a total of 108,089,246 lbs of cured and uncured product on hand.

Still another comparison: A gentleman has figured up the receipts of hogs, since Nov. 1, to be 1,117,767 live, and 26,597 dressed; total, 1,144,364 head. The shipments in same time were 280,454. The difference is 863,783 head, against a reported packing to date of 893,865. He asks: Whence this incompatibility of 30,082 hogs?

Flour was quiet, though the aggregate of sales was slightly larger than on Friday, and there was no perceptible change in prices, notwithstanding the decline in wheat. Most of the trading seemed to be done on local account, though one or two lots were taken for export. Buckwheat flour was dull and lower. Bran was steady. Sales were reported of 100 brls white winter extras at $8.25; 50 brls do on private terms; 1,500 brls spring extras (Friday afternoon) at $5.50; 600 brls do on private terms; 25 brls buckwheat at $7.75; 10 brls do at $7.50; 75 brls do at $7.62½; 25 brls do at $7.50. Total, 2,385 brls. Also 10 tons bran (to arrive) at $12.50; 10 tons do at $12.00, on track. The following were the closing prices:

Fair to good white winters	$ 6.75	@ 7.50
Choice do	8.00	@ 9.25
Red winters	5.75	@ 7.00
Choice to fancy spring extras	5.75	@ 6.25
Medium to good do	4.75	@ 5.50
Good to choice Minnesota	6.00	@ 7.25
Patent do	8.00	@12.00
Fair to choice spring, superfine	3.00	@ 4.00
Common do	2.50	@ 3.00
Rye flour	4.50	@ 4.75
Buckwheat do	7.50	@ 8.50
Bran	12.00	@12.50

Wheat was quiet and weak, though it should be quoted as radically strong, seeing that it moved downward so slowly under very adverse influences. The average of prices was 1c lower than on Friday. Liverpool was quoted easier, and New York weak, while the receipts here and at Milwaukee were on the increase, and the exports from the seaboard for the week ending on the 18th inst. were only 512,000 bu, against 697,000 bu the week preceding. Added to this, is the feeling that the Iowa wheat crop is just beginning to assume the role of Birnam Wood, and is "moving" towards us as rapidly as the railroads can supply the facilities required to bring it here. Yet there was no little confidence in the article. It was stated that a good many orders are here from the South, and from the States to the East of us, while Great Britain will certainly want all we have to spare before the next harvest, though she may "take it easy" on the higher rates of freight in winter, and all the more wheat will be wanted if the corn crop should turn out to be as short as is now thought. Hence there are a good many speculators who are not afraid to take hold of round lots, and salt them down for use in the summer. The volume of wheat thus taken, may prove to be fully equal to the excess of our receipts over the shipments. To-day there was a fair inquiry for cash wheat, and little for options till towards the end of the season, when a better demand sprung up. Seller January opened at $1.13½, declined to $1.12½, rose to $1.13, fell back to $1.12⅝, and advanced to $1.14¼ at the close. Seller February sold at $1.15½@1.17½, closing at the outside. Seller the month sold at $1.11½@1.13½, closing at $1.13½, with cash No. 2 spring salable at the same price, though all the offerings were taken up previous to the last advance. No. 1 spring sold at $1.13@1.14 for straight, and $1.14½ for Northwestern receipts, but closed nominally stronger at $1.15 and $1.15½. No. 3 spring closed with buyers at $1.05, and rejected with $1.00 bid. Cash sales were reported of 1,200 bu No. 1 spring at $1.13⅝; 1,200 bu do at $1.13⅛; 800 bu do at $1.13¼; 4,000 bu do at $1.13; 1,600 bu No. 1 Northwestern at $1.14½; 3,200 bu do at $1.14; 2,400 bu do at $1.13¾; 2,400 bu do at $1.13½; 11,600 bu No. 2 spring at $1.12½; 28,800 bu do at $1.12⅜; 11,200 bu do at $1.12¼; 23,800 bu do at $1.12; 1,600 bu do at $1.11⅝; 2,000 bu do at $1.11½; 13,600 bu No. 3 spring at $1.05; 2,400 bu rejected at $1.00. Total, 111,800 bu.

Corn was dull and relatively firm at a decline of ½c from Friday till near the close of the session. The market sympathised to some extent, with wheat, and in consequence of a falling off in the exports from the seabord; but was held up by a report of firmness in Liverpool, and no material increase in the volume of our receipts. There was not much disposition to trade on either side, though sellers were rather more numerous than buyers. Towards the close the latest New York advices quoted that market as strong, and then an active demand sprung up for options, under which prices advanced nearly 1c per bu. Reports from the country do not indicate any desire to sell at present prices, and our supply will probably be light, therefore, for some time to come, though it may exceed the shipping demand. Seller January opened at 51⅛c, advanced to 51⅝c, fell back to 51⅛c rose to 52⅛c, receded to 51⅝, and then jumped up to 53c at the close. Seller February ranged 1c above January, closing at 54c. Seller May was very quiet, at 57¼@58c, but closed higher. Cash corn closed nominally at 52½c for old No. 2, 50⅛c for new do, 51⅛c for old rejected, and 46c for new do. Cash sales were reported of 1,600 bu high mixed at 51⅜c; 15,600 bu No. 2 at 52c; 9,400 bu do at 51⅝c; 8,600 bu do at 51⅛c; 5,000 bu do at 51⅝c; 800 bu do new at 50c; 400 bu do at 49c; 400 bu do at 48c; 2,800 bu rejected at 51c; 1,200 bu do at 50½c; 1,600 bu do at 49c; 2,400 bu do new at 45½c; 2,000 bu do at 45c; 400 bu do at 44c; 2,000 bu ear by sample at 50c; 2,800 bu shelled at 44c, on track. Total, 55,000 bu.

Oats were quiet in cash lots, and more active in options, at a shade below the average prices of Friday, but were quite strong, the market improving in the latter part of the session in sympathy with a firmer New York. Seller the month, or cash No. 2, opened at 37c, and advanced to 37⅛c at the close. Seller January opened at 37⅛c, and closed at 37¾@37⅞c. Seller February sold at 38⅛@39c. Rejected was nominal at 35c asked. Cash sales were reported of 3,600 bu No. 2 at 37⅛c; 9,800 bu do at 37⅛c; 1,200 bu do at 37½c; 7,200 bu do at 37c. Total, 21,800 bu.

Rye was very quiet at the reduction attained two days previously, with very little either wanted or offered. Sales were limited to 400 bu No. 2 at 76c; and 800 bu regular do at 75c.

Barley was more active and firmer. The market opened very dull, but after 12 o'clock a better demand sprang up, and prices advanced. No. 2 was scarce and strong at $1.34. No. 3 sold at $1.01@1.04, closing at the outside for receipts in ordinary houses. Rejected closed firm at 88@90c. Cash sales were reported of 400 bu No. 2 at $1.34; 2,000 bu No. 3 at $1.04; 400 bu do at $1.03½; 10,000 bu do at $1.03; 10,000 bu do at $1.02; 5,000 bu do at $1.01; 800 bu rejected at 90c; 800 bu do at 88½c; 5,200 bu do at 88c; 400 bu do at 87c; 3,600 bu do at 86c; 800 bu do at 85c; 400 bu by sample at $1.40; 400 bu do at $1.30; 800 bu do at $1.10; 400 bu do at $1.05 on track. Total, 41,400 bu.

EUROPEAN MARKETS.

The following dispatches were received by the Board of Trade to-day:

LONDON, Dec. 20.—Cargoes off coast—Wheat downward tendency. Corn a shade dearer. Cargoes of No. 2 spring wheat off coast, 58s 6d. Liverpool—Wheat quiet; spring 12s 2d@12s 8d. Corn a shade dearer, 36s 3d.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 20.—11:00 a. m.—Flour 28s@29s 6d. Winter wheat, 12s 3d@12s 9d; spring, 12s 1d@12s 9d; white, 13s 5d@13s 8d; club, 13s 9d@14s 3d. Corn, 36s@36 3d. Pork, 64s. Lard 40s 9d.

LATER—2:00 p. m.—Breadstuffs quiet. Pork, 62s 6d. Lard, 40s 6d.

LATER—5:30 p. m.—Markets unchanged.

LATEST.

Wheat was in moderate demand in the afternoon, and stronger, selling at $1.14⅛@1.14⅜ for January, and closing at $1.14⅜. Corn was strong, selling for January at 53@53⅛c, and closing easy at the inside. Also sold at 54c seller February. Other grain was quiet.

CHICAGO LIVE-STOCK MARKET.

Review for the Week Ending Saturday, Dec. 20.

SATURDAY EVENING, Dec. 20.

The receipts of live stock during the week have been as follows:

	Cattle.	Hogs.	Sheep.
Monday	1,569	38,206	508
Tuesday	2,315	34,670	618
Wednesday	1,512	18,599	1,284
Thursday	1,347	19,159	887
Friday	739	22,560	621
Saturday	300	16,500	31
Total	7,782	149,694	3,949
Last week	12,113	187,591	2,234
Week before last	9,439	180,681	2,756
Week ending Nov. 30	8,500	205,615	3,838
Total, 4 weeks	37,834	723,581	12,777
Same time last year	39,559	543,523	25,757

Shipments were as follows:

	Cattle.	Hogs.	Sheep.
Monday	255	4,607	157
Tuesday	1,605	7,811	....
Wednesday	595	9,676	1,119
Thursday	1,508	7,434	363
Friday	810	6,246	354
Total	4,773	35,774	1,993
Last week	5,478	28,774	624

CATTLE—Without any material improvement in the situation of the seaboard markets, or any noticeable increase in the demand, a firmer tone has pervaded the market for the different descriptions of stock, and in certain grades there has been some slight appreciation in values. The firmer feeling prevalent during the past few days is mainly attributable to the small supply (only 7,782 head arrived) and the more desirable quality of the stock offered for sale. A greatly dimished supply of thin Texas and Cherokee cattle, and an increase in the number of first and second-class shipping steers, gave us a better *average* quality than for any of the half-dozen preceding weeks. The falling off in the receipts of poultry, and the consequent higher prices prevailing, have witnessed an increased consumption of beef, and the inquiry for butchers' stuff has been more active than during last week or the previous one. Only a few Christmas beeves have arrived, and those few were not salable at any fair price. The drove of 18 fancy steers belonging to Jacob Funk, of McLean County, which arrived at the yards Nov. 11, and for which $8.00 was demanded, were on Thursday last sold to Morris & Waixel $5.62½. Shippers have operated principally at $4.00@4.50 for prime to choice Texan steers and common to medium natives, and at $4.75@5.50 for good to strictly choice native steers. In a few instances, for something extra, $6.00@6.25 was paid, but such transactions, of course, do not fairly reflect the market. Butchers paid $1.50@2.25 for inferior; $2.50@3.00 for medium cows and poor steers, and $3.50@4.25 for good to extra cows and common to fairish steers. There was only a light demand for stockers, but there were buyers for all suitable lots, and at full last weeks' prices, or at $2.50@3.25 for common to prime. Calves are in moderate request at $2.75@5.00, as to quality. The supply of new milch cows has been small, and prices may be quoted firm at $20.00@46.00 per head.

To-day only a limited amount of trading was done, as there was very little stale stock, while the fresh receipts did not exceed 300 head. This small supply was divided between local and outside buyers at substantially the prices current yesterday, and the market closed steady and firm.

QUOTATIONS.

Extra Beeves—Graded steers, averaging 1,400 to 1,550 lbs	$5.65@5.90
Choice Beeves—Fine, fat, well formed 3 year to 5 year old steers, averaging 1,300 to 1,450 lbs	5.00@5.40
Good Beeves—Well-fattened, finely formed steers, averaging 1,200 to 1,350 lbs	4.50@4.75
Medium Grades—Steers in fair flesh, averaging 1,150 to 1,250 lbs	4.00@4.25
Butchers' Stock—Common to fair steers, and good to extra cows, for city slaughter, averaging 850 to 1,100 lbs	3.00@4.00
Stock Cattle—Common cattle, in decent flesh, averaging 750 to 1,050 lbs	2.50@3.25
Inferior—Light and thin cows, heifers, stags, bulls, and scalawag steers	1.50@2.25
Cattle—Texas, choice corn-fed	4.00@4.50
Cattle—Texas, summered North	2.75@3.50
Cattle—Texas, through droves	1.75@2.50

HOGS—The week under review has been the most unprofitable and unsatisfactory one that drovers have encountered since the opening of the present packing season. During the first two days of the week packers were virtually out of the market, they refusing to name *any* price at which they would take the animal. The receipts in the meantime were heavy, aggregating 72,876, which number was augmented by some 20,000 stale hogs, left over from the previous week. Shippers continued in the market and operated with something more than their usual liberality, but their purchases did not go far toward relieving the market of the enormous pressure of the 90,000 hogs on sale, and a rapid shrinkage of values was the inevitable result. From $4.75@5.15, the quotations of Saturday last, prices receded to $4.50@4.90, and, but for the active presence of shippers, must have gone much lower, as there was a verbal agreement among packers (and to which they firmly adhered) that $4.70 should be the maximum price paid by them. Their object in running up prices at the close of last week, it is now apparent, was to induce heavy receipts and then take advantage of the over-supply to force prices below their legitimate level. The scheme was not as successful as they had hoped it would be, the prompt action of commission men in acquainting country shippers with the situation of affairs causing a marked diminution in the arrivals, and at once checking the downward course of prices. Since Tuesday the daily receipts have been light, and prices have ruled comparatively steady at $4.50@4.70 for packers' hogs, and at $4.65@4.85 for shipping grades, with a few of the latter selling at $4.90.

To-day there was a quiet feeling, and the market was without important change in any of its features. Sales were effected at $4.50@4.85—chiefly at $4.65@4.75.

HOG SALES.

No.	Av.	Price.	No.	Av.	Price.	No.	Av.	Price.
123	200	$4.70	123	271	$4.70	105	290	$4.70
89	326	4.70	254	185	4.70	109	259	4.70
77	275	4.70	199	274	4.70	47	306	4.70
46	298	4.70	31	245	4.60	27	306	4.70
34	216	4.70	60	278	4.70	122	310	4.70
33	350	4.70	31	260	4.70	78	270	4.70
25	279	4.70	54	172	4.75	169	299	4.70
660	270	4.70	142	272	4.60	72	367	4.90
42	393	4.70	239	303	4.70	58	274	4.70
104	294	4.75	149	299	4.70	26	264	4.70
112	350	4.70	50	306	4.80	26	187	4.80
116	271	4.70	29	116	4.45	24	301	4.70
32	263	4.70	49	329	4.80	35	411	4.80
58	298	4.80	48	169	4.75	83	366	4.80
500	270	4.70	106	279	4.70	41	367	4.80
81	282	4.70	53	284	4.70	40	419	4.80
27	210	4.80	27	332	4.80	80	365	4.80
290	259	4.70	37	264	4.70	112	279	4.70
48	298	4.70	119	270	4.70	56	280	4.65
170	264	4.70	91	310	4.80	49	229	4.80

SHEEP—Prices have ruled firm and higher. A much better demand has existed throughout, and although the supply—in comparison with the preceding two weeks—has been considerably increased, we note an advance of 25@50c per 100 lbs; closing quotations being $3.00@3.75 for poor to medium, and $4.00@4.75 for good to choice. Sales of extra were reported at $5.00@5.62½, while a few Christmas sheep fetched $6.00@6.50. The market closed firm.

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RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The Week of Prayer and the Alliance Programme of Subjects.

Prof. Taylor Reviewed by One of His Hearers.

The Religious Press on the New Reformed Episcopal Church, Etc., Etc.

Y. M. C. A. Matters---Personals ---Notes--Services in the Churches.

THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

Several years ago, it was agreed by most of the religious denominations, that the first week of the new year should be a "week of prayer." The plan was remarkably successful, and soon the observance became as wide as Christendom. It has proven a great blessing, and has now come to be regarded as the harvest-season in the churches. The influence of such observances leads to a greater Christian unity, and, in this respect, as well as in others, the week of prayer has done much good. The present custom is to begin the service on the first Sunday of the new year, and hold evening meetings until the following Sunday. A programme of subjects is always assigned by the World's Evangelical Alliance, but this is frequently departed from by the churches, owing to local interests which suggest subjects of more importance. We observe the editors of the *Alliance* have made out a schedule of topics, which is adopting by a number of the churches. It is as follows:

THE ALLIANCE PROGRAMME.

Sunday, Jan 4.—A Review of the Past.
Monday, Jan. 5.—The Church.
Tuesday, Jan. 6.—The Holy Spirit.
Wednesday, Jan. 7.—Sunday-Schools and all Educational Institutions.
Thursday, Jan. 8.—Our Homes, and Woman's Relations to Church Work.
Friday, Jan. 9.—The Impenitent.
Saturday, Jan. 10.—The Ministry of the Word.

PROF. TAYLOR REVIEWED.

To the Editor of the Chicago Tribune:

SIR: The sermon of Prof. Taylor, from Isaiah, "Come now, let us reason together," was brought to my notice a few days ago; and, although no man can object to the discussion of the many different manifestations of religious feeling, or even to the urging of objections to any manifestation of religious feeling, or, further, to the existence of religious feeling, provided, that those objections are truthful; yet positions at variance with facts being very mischievous in their effects, should never be allowed to pass unchallenged. The Professor makes the following statement: "Instinct belongs to man in the very lowest stage of his postnatal existence." "The new-born babe is moved by this element to draw nourishment from the breast of its mother." "In man this element exists to such a feeble extent that it is hardly worth mention." This statement is altogether too important in its effect to pass unnoticed. The human "instincts exist to a feeble extent," Indeed! Does the Professor laugh, "from reason or instinct? Does he cry, because a process of reasoning convinces him that he should be sad and shed tears? Or does he laugh or weep from the impulse of his nature, instinctively, because he cannot help it? We think both the babe and the Professor laugh and cry from the same cause; that there is as much reasoning in one case as in the other, and none in either. Is the desperation with which a mother clings to her infant the effect of reasoning or instinct? Is it reasoning that prompts a man to risk and lose his life in a hopeless attempt to save his wife or child from impending death? Was it a chain of reasoning that prompted the world-wide response to the cry of distress that arose from Chicago amid her ruins? Or was it the sympathetic impulse of one of the noblest instincts of our nature? We admit that conscience, "the moral instinct," has become far too "feeble" and unfrequent in its manifestations, from the fashion it has made many men weary of life, and the fact of a "conscience fund" in the Treasury Department, the last place on earth a man would look for a thing of that kind, proves incontrovertibly the existence of a "moral instinct." We do wonder if the Professor was ever in love, and, if so, by what process of reasoning it was brought about; for, of course, the Professor will deny that it was instinctive. But the prudent papas and mammas of the present generation agree with the past in declaring the "great passion" the most unreasoning and unreasonable of all human experiences. Will the Professor give us a sample of the chain of reasoning that inured Christendom to his Fair murderess, Fiek and Stokes to their terrible fate? Is it reason induces the miser to starve himself to save his gold? Or has the "feeble" instinct to hoard obtained the mastery over his reason? By what process of reason does the Professor detect anger, or falsehood, or sorrow, or gladness in the countenance of another? and how happens it that the babe of a few months old can read as truly as the Professor the lines of love and kindness or of anger and ill-feeling in the face that it beholds? Is the social instinct "feeble;" the people the slaves of fashion, from reason? Or does an instinctive fear of public opinion force them into observances they frequently detest?

Did the Professor ever make use of the words so frequently heard, "I could scarce control my feelings"? If so, what did he mean by them? a process of reasoning? or a natural impulse, the process of instinct? In truth, man is a bundle of instincts, and on their due development and their education depends most of the happiness of life. Take from the Professor his instincts, and little would be left of any value to himself or others. The Professor's philosophy is a disgrace to the name, and his reasoning what might be expected from such a basis. Whether religion is a natural instinct remains to be proved; but, if proved, its necessity to humanity, and therefore its truth, is at once testibly established.

J. W.

Y. M. C. A. MATTERS.

The Young Men's Christian Association gave the two first of their series of entertainments for young men this past week, and it will be followed by others, to all of which members are admitted free. As it only costs $1 a year to become an associate member, and $2 a year to be an active member, young men should join at once and avail themselves of these privileges. Thirty new members joined during the past month. The Young Men's Christian Association has opened a very interesting meeting, under the charge of the Yoke Fellows, in the sitting-room of a lodging-house, on a third floor on the West Side, where, every Sabbath evening, are gathered together about fifty of the lodgers, who seem to enjoy the singing and speeches. They requested such hymns as "Come to Jesus" and "There is rest for the weary" to be sung, showing that they had a period in their lives been accustomed to attend church; in fact, several admitted they had become so-reduced in this world's goods as to be ashamed to be seen in our churches. This is truly carrying the Gospel into the highways and hedges. No bar is connected with the place; they pay 25 cents for a bed; meals on European plan. It is said to the credit of the proprietor, although not a professor, he gives the free use of his sitting-room, and does so willingly. The men, on being asked if they wanted the meetings continued, made the room resound with shouts "Yes" that ought to encourage others to go and do likewise in the many neglected spots in the city where they do not go to church. Mrs. S. G. Cleveland, who has been a missionary in the city for the last twelve years, and lately City Missionary for the Young Men's Christian Association, by the legacy of James L. Reynolds, is lying dangerously sick at Aurora, Ill., which will be sad news to her many friends in the city, as well as to many hundreds of poor and unfortunate ones whom she has visited, relieved, and assisted.

If she recovers it will be slowly, she being entirely worn out with the labors which she performed, being work enough to keep several persons busy. Her place will be supplied temporarily by Miss E. Dyer, of the Woman's Aid Association.

THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

The city religious press presents the usual varied amount of interesting reading matter. The Reformed Episcopal Church movement is for the present the topic on which all editorial eyes are resting. We welcome to our list of home journals the new local religious paper, the *Alliance*. The current number contains a large amount of city and suburban news, Prof. Swing's last sermon and several columns of editorials. The topics treated in the latter are: "Making Heroes of Criminals," "Father Phelan and His Ashes," "The Great Decline," "Long Sermons," and a brief biography of Dr. H. N. Powers, Rector of St. John's Church. The following extract is taken from the last one:

New York, America, the Hudson, work on a farm, seven other children, Dutch-English ancestry, common school, smart boy, Union College, class of 1850, teacher, theological student, President of a college, are the antecedents of that large-minded and large-souled man whom we call Doctor Powers. In his day, which has not yet reached its noon, he has written much in prose and poetry for leading publications, such as the *Literary World*, *Putnam's Magazine*, the *Independent*, *Old and New*, and for two years contributed editorials for the *Round Table*. There is an enthusiasm about Dr. Powers that keeps in the region of perpetual youth, and makes him as fresh and strong in the pulpit as in the studio of art, or in the poet's corner. The breadth of his soul keeps him from being a High Churchman, and his devotion to peaceful work and thought makes it impossible for him to organize a new sect, or hasten into one near at hand. Respectful and obedient to his Bishop, he does love to help along the sects that are not consecrated in the one true way. He is nobody's slave and nobody's master, but desires to see all the denominations happy and useful and free, each the servant of the other, something after the fashion of Him who girt Himself with a towel and declared the grandeur of service among men, as a preacher Dr. Powers is strong, his poetic soul always hanging its decorations upon great leading truths. When it comes to overturning the old do not look to this man, for he would prefer to bear the ills we suffer than fly to others we know not of; when it comes to a descent from spirituality to candles and "real presence," count him out of this fall, for his spirit tends upward; when a Methodist meets this pastor, offer the hand, for he is a Methodist; when a disciple of Bishop Whitehouse comes up before this Powers, offer the hand, for he is faithful; and when a vestryman in the new departure of Bishop Cheney happens into this same presence, extend the hand, for H. N. Powers belongs to all, not by having the elasticity of a hypocrite, but by being such a great heart that all the honorable children of earth are welcome to its smile and friendship.

The *Interior* takes a square look at the "Reformed Episcopal Church," asserting that the whole movement illustrates the value of "Apostolic Successions;" that the propriety of the movement must not be judged by our individual preferences, nor by the present outlook; asking "Why was the new church formed;" stating the difficulties which prevent the Low Churchmen from leaving the Episcopal Church, and showing that by holding on to Apostolic Succession they retain a doctrine which, by natural if not necessary consequence, involves the Sacerdotalism and Ritualism against which they protest. Says the editor:

Imagine a long line of surpliced clergymen, each with his hands on the head of his brother before him, and reaching back through the ages till we come to the twelve apostles. That is Apostolic Succession. Each bishop by tactual relation confers the apostolic gift on the brother upon whose head his fingers rest. And the validity of the ordination of every parish priest depends upon the supposition that the Bishop by whom he was ordained was empowered in the above-mentioned imaginary line. If our Low Church brethren are prepared to believe nonsense like this, they may spare themselves the trouble of ridiculing or denouncing those who, with a consistency truly admirable, insist that the minister who is episcopally ordained is invested with peculiar and exclusive privileges. Apostolic Succession, sacerdotalism, sacramentism, ritualism, confession, these all belong to the same triad, and the main difference between the "High" and the "Low" is, that the former have gone to the journey's end and the others have found a resting-place half way.

The *Advance* looks into the "Benevolent Societies," taking a general survey of them all, and noting well where the funds come in, and declaring the present a good time to make practical application of the truth in consideration. A timely article appears on "The Epidemic of Suspicion," which opens as follows:

It is not valid evidence that this day is exceptionally corrupt because the public mind is so alert to punish official delinquency, or that the last revival of national conscience concerning corruption, there have been many exposures and many convictions. Just now there is no one thing about which the public is more sensitive than official infidelity. Is not there danger of overweening and universal suspicion? Are we not encouraging a wholesale method of denunciation? The higher the position the fiercer the assault. Usually the more defenseless the victim. Is a man always to stand ready to make an explanation of his private or official acts on demand? It was once considered unsightly and damaging, for a worthy officer or minister on charges which are inspired by jealousy or any other of that fiendish troop which lurk on the trail of eminence, and though he publicly disprove them, he is invariably compromised.

The same paper summons the Episcopal Low-Churchmen to "come forth."

Have you desired to exchange pulpits with your Evangelical brethren? This is your opportunity. Have you longed to sit at a common communion-table with them? Bring the Bishop along and come over. Have you wearied of obsolete words in ancient prayers? They shall be revised. Have you suspicions about the efficacy of the seductive fable of Apostolic succession? Apostolic succession will have the same succession carefully preserved, although abjured by the preservers. All there is distinctive in the mother church (which was created, so say our most responsible historians, in the Thirteenth day as a result of the mine between Romanism and Presbyterianism) you will find preserved intact; surplices, Bishops, prayer-book, and communion consecration, even to compelling the priest to drink all the blessed wine that no drop go astray.

Our Congregationalism is elastic—we can tolerate the gown and the liturgy. We freely exchange. But we are unable to fraternize with and plenty of them. In as the new sect shall serve the common faith and salvation, we shall aid and bless it. Meanwhile we will muse while the fire burns.

The *Advocate* undertakes to solve the riddle at Evanston about the "Self-report" in which the leading students of that place have become much interested of late:

The young ladies who conduct themselves worthily are rewarded by special trust, and the entire plan, in our opinion, conduces to poise of character and genuine self-respect. The faculty, the parents of the students, and the students themselves like the plan, and we do not see who should remain to grumble. Some student reporter for a Chicago daily, however, complained recently that by this plan of self-reports the young ladies were placed under discriminating restrictions which do not apply also to the boys in the University. Then came the long debate, which will serve better as a desirable advertisement for the college than as an illustration of the will of conscientia. The young reporter evidently has tried to visit during school hours with some bright girl who is too truthful to falsify her self-report, or is unwilling to mar her report-record, especially since perhaps the boy was not worth the sacrifice—hence all these tears from editors, Mrs. Swisshelm, Mrs. E. Cady pro-divorce Stanton, and the troop of itching writers who rushed into print, and afterward read up the case at their leisure, in sympathies with all real issues in the Women's Rights question, but we demur when we are asked to send our young girls away from home to school, and then consent that they shall be there governed as though home and all school-substitutes for home were abolished. We doubt exceedingly the safety question when even older boys are thus turned adrift, and in the Evanston case we prefer to retain the Ladies' College system of government to the boys, rather than abolish its application to the girls. We do not care to now discuss the philosophy involved, but propose rather to reassure all parents who may have been puzzled or alarmed by the debate.

The *Standard* has a few remarks in its closing editorial, respecting the "New Church." It says:

It is, probably, too much to expect of the "Reformed Episcopal Church" that it should make at once a clean sweep of the abuses that have crept into the English and American Episcopacy within the last two hundred and fifty years, or so; yet it does seem as if, since Bishop Cummins, the leader of the new movement, signalized his own recognition of the ministerial standing of men not episcopally ordained by sharing with them in the administrations of the communion at Dr. Adams' church during the Alliance, he and his present associates can scarcely with much consistency reaffirm now their adherence to the doctrine of the apostolic succession. If the Reformed Episcopacy insists on "preserving" this "historical succession" as essential to a true church order and a duly ordained ministry, its first ecclesiastical act should be to examine into the antecedents and the present soundness of its own senior Bishop.

PERSONAL.

The newly-elected officers of the Chicago Baptist Union are: President, the Rev. J. A. Frost; Vice-Presidents, Edward Goodman, L. D. Boone, R. A. Loveland; Treasurer, A. W. Kingsland; Secretary, H. R. Chissold.

The Rev. Florence McCarthy has been so greatly encouraged in his revival meetings, that he has determined to hold services in his church every evening this week, except Saturday.

The New York revivalist, the Rev. A. P. Graves, has been devoting his time and energies this week in the Twenty-fifth Street Baptist Church, where there is just now much religious interest.

The Rev. M. J. Savage will preach this evening on "Defalcation and Money." This morning he gives a "Christmas Sermon."

The Rev. Mr. Frisby, of Iowa, officiates in the Second Presbyterian Church this evening.

The Rev. Robert Collyer is somewhat "like a troubled sea" of late, owing to the many calls he receives from the country to "come out and lecture." He has responded to as many of these as was possible during the last two weeks.

NOTES.

A festival will be held in the Hyde Park Presbyterian Church Christmas evening, at which there will be good music and refreshments.

The third lecture in the Home Lectures Course will be delivered to-morrow evening by the Rev. M. J. Savage, in his church, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. The subject is "Laughing in Earnest."

The time set for the dedication of the new Michigan Avenue Methodist Church is four weeks from to-day.

The ladies of St. John's Episcopal Church gave a fair and festival in their church parlors Wednesday and Thursday evenings, the proceeds of which are to be applied to the musical fund of that Society. It was a success in every respect.

The annual business meeting of the Union Park Congregational Church was held on last Tuesday evening. The Treasurer's report showed a reduction of $10,000 in the debt of the church, besides meeting the running expenses and the interest due on the remaining debt.

The following persons were elected Trustees: J. W. Butler, John Warder, Arthur Farrar, J. C. Tolley, and J. S. Hall. C. H. Case was chosen Treasurer, and A. C. Thomas clerk.

SERVICES TO-DAY.

EPISCOPAL.

The Rev. Henry G. Perry will preach morning and evening at All Saints' Church.

—The Rev. Dr. Stocking will preach morning and evening at the Church of the Epiphany. Evening subject: "The Invisible Church; or, an Inside View of the New Schism."

—The Rev. Francis Mansfield will preach morning and evening at the Church of the Atonement.

—The Rev. Dr. Locke will preach morning and evening at Grace Church.

—The Rev. J. F. Walker will preach morning and evening at Calvary Church.

—The Rev. S. F. Tustin will preach morning and evening at the Church of the Holy Communion.

—The Rev. Edward Sullivan, D. D., will preach morning and evening at Trinity Church.

—The Rev. Dr. Powers will preach morning and evening at St. John's Church. The evening discourse, "In Memory of Agassiz."

—The Chicago Church Guild are now holding services every Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, in the lecture-room of the Methodist Church Block. The Rev. Clinton Locke, D. D., will officiate to-day.

—The Rev. Dr. Warren will preach this morning and evening at St. Mark's Church.

—The Rev. Arthur Brooks will preach morning and evening at St. James Church.

—The Rev. G. C. Street will morning and evening at St. Peter's Hall, No. 200 State street.

—There will be morning, afternoon, and evening services as usual at the Church of the Ascension.

—There will be full services at the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul morning and evening. Bishop Whitehouse will officiate.

REFORMED EPISCOPAL.

The Rt. Rev. Charles Edward Cheney will preach morning and evening at Christ Church. Morning subject: "A Gathering for the Hour."

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

The Rev. J. T. Peck will preach this morning and the Rev. J. O. Peck, this evening at the Centenary Church.

—The Rev. Dr. McKeown will preach morning and evening at the Wabash Avenue Church. Evening subject: "Signs of the Times."

—The Rev. S. McChesney will preach morning and evening at Trinity Church.

—The Rev. Dr. Thomas will preach morning and evening at the First Church. Evening subject: "The Origin and Destiny of Man."

—The Rev. A. Yonker will preach morning and evening at the Western Avenue Church. Evening subject: "Solomon."

—The Rev. Dr. Felton will preach this morning and Bishop Peck this evening, at Grace Church.

—The Rev. James Hill will preach this morning at Smith's Hall in Englewood.

CONGREGATIONAL.

The Rev. E. P. Goodwin will preach morning and evening at the First Church. Evening subject: "The Resurrection of Christ."

—The Rev. Albert Bushnell will preach morning and evening at the Leavitt Street Church.

—The Rev. Wm. E. Holyoke will preach morning and evening at Wicker Park Church.

—The Rev. D. H. Muzzy will preach morning and evening at the Union Park Church. Evening subject: "Why does not the World become Christian?"

—The Rev. J. T. Hyde will preach morning and evening at the Oakland Church.

—The Rev. L. T. Chamberlain will preach morning and evening at the New England Church.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Prof. Swing will preach this morning at McVicker's.

—The Rev. Edward Schofield will preach morning and evening at Grace Church.

—The Rev. James Harrison will preach morning and evening at the Fourth Church.

—The Rev. B. Kittredge will preach morning and evening at the Third Church. Evening subject: "The Birth of Christ."

—The Rev. James Maclaughlan will preach morning and evening at the First Scotch Church. Evening subject: "The Epistle to the Church at Smyrna."

—There will be services as usual this evening at the Campbell Park Chapel.

—The Rev. N. Gulick will preach morning and evening at the American Reformed and Jefferson Park Church.

—The Rev. Dr. McKaig will preach morning and evening at the Ninth Church.

—The Rev. L. H. Reid will preach this morning, and the Rev. C. L. Thompson this evening, at the Fifth Church.

—The pastor, the Rev. W. C. Young, will preach in the Fullerton Avenue Church, morning and evening.

BAPTIST.

The Rev. J. B. Thomas, D. D., will preach morning and evening at the Michigan Avenue Church.

—The Rev. T. W. Goodspeed will preach morning and evening at the Second Church.

—The Rev. A. P. Graves will preach morning and evening at the Twenty-fifth Church.

—The Rev. Florence McCarthy will preach morning and evening at the Union Park Church.

—The Rev. A. J. Frost will preach morning and evening at the Tabernacle Church. Evening subject: "The Dying Words of Christ."

—The Rev. N. F. Ravlin will preach morning and evening at Temple Church.

—The Rev. E. Bainbridge will preach, morning and evening, at the South Church. Evening subject: "A More Excellent Way."

—The Rev. C. H. DeWolfe will preach morning and evening at Immanuel Church.

—The Rev. J. W. Northrup, D. D., will preach this evening at the Ashland Avenue Church.

—The Rev. Dr. Stowell will preach this morning at the Mission Room, corner of Halsted and Fulton streets.

—The Rev. J. Malvey will preach morning and evening at the Free Baptist Church, corner of Jackson and Loomis streets.

UNITARIAN.

The Rev. Robert Collyer will preach this morning at Unity Church. Subject: "Agassiz." The Rev. C. W. Wendte will preach this evening. Subject: "Simplicity."

—The Rev. C. W. Wendte will preach this morning, and the Rev. Robert Collyer this evening at the Fourth Church. Children's Christmas Festival, Friday, Dec. 26, at 5 o'clock p. m.

—The Rev. Robert Collier will preach morning and evening at the Church of the Messiah. Evening subject: "Evolution in Matter and Mind."

—The Rev. Minot J. Savage will preach morning and evening at the Third Church. Evening subject: "Defalcations and Money."

UNIVERSALIST.

The Rev. Dr. Ryder will preach this morning at St. Paul's Church. Subject: "The Life and Services of Prof. Agassiz."

—The Rev. J. E. Forrester, D. D., will preach morning and evening at the Church of the Redeemer. Evening subject: "Woman in Literature and Professional Life."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Rev. H. Beck will preach this morning at the English Evangelical Lutheran Church.

—Prof. Taylor will lecture this morning on "Human Thought," and Col. Robert J. Ingersoll this evening on "Individuality," before the Free Religious Society, at the West Side Opera-House.

—Mr. Edwin A. Wilson will speak this afternoon at 4:30 o'clock in the Y. M. C. A. reading-room, at the Michigan Southern Railroad Depot.

—There will be a "Parish" Meeting this evening in the Methodist Church Block.

—The First Society of Spiritualists will meet morning and evening at Grow's Opera House. Samuel Maxwell, the Quaker medium, will answer questions and describe spirit friends.

—Elder George S. Mullins will preach this morning, and the Rev. B. G. Stover this evening, at the Central Christian Church. Elder George Stover is also announced to preach morning and evening at the Indiana avenue Christian Church; also, in the evening at No. 401 West Adams street.

—The Progressive Lyceum will meet this morning in the upper hall of Dyrenfurth's Business College.

—Mr. Thos. Wilson, editor of the *Restitution*, will lecture this evening in the hall on the corner of Lake and Seymour streets, subject: "The Good Time Coming."

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

EPISCOPAL.

Dec. 21—Fourth Sunday in Advent; St. Thomas.
Dec. 25—Christmas.
Dec. 26—St. Stephen.
Dec. 27—St. John the Evangelist.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

Dec. 21—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Dec. 22—St. Thomas, Apostle (from Nov. 21).
Dec. 24—Vigil of Christmas.
Dec. 25—Nativity of Our Lord.
Dec. 26—St. Stephen, Protomartyr.
Dec. 27—St. John, Apostle and Evangelist.

AGASSIZ.

[The death of Prof. Agassiz will make interesting anew the poem written by Longfellow, and read at a banquet given in the great naturalist's honor on his 50th birthday, May 28, 1857.]

It was fifty years ago,
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.

"Come wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away,
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvelous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

Though at times he hears in his dreams
The Ranz des Vaches of old,
And the rush of mountain-streams
From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says, "Hark,
For his voice I listen and yearn;
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return!"

—The bridge to be constructed over the Frith of Forth will be by far the largest in the world. According to the London *Builder* its height will be 150 feet, and the number of spans nearly 100. The smaller spans will be 150 feet wide, which is beyond the average width of the largest spans in ordinary bridges; but the marvel in the whole structure is the great span in the centre, which is to be 1,500 feet, or nearly one-third of a mile in width—an extent unparalleled in any existing structure of the kind. The cost of the bridge will be at least $10,000,000.

REVIEW OF AMUSEMENTS.

THE DRAMA.

The opera has been the engrossing feature of the past week, and has left very little to be said of the drama. The latter has been the same, or nearly the same thing over again, and will therefore need very little to be said about it. The holidays dropping in casually will aid in keeping up public patronage, and if the theatres do as well this week in proportion as they did last week, there will be little or nothing to complain of on the part of the managers of the different theatres. The departure of opera will contribute something to the drama. From another point of view this week promises to be an excellent season for lovers of the drama, inasmuch as Hooley's company opens with a new piece which has been praised greatly in the East, and the famous Sothern opens his first season in Chicago on Monday night.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Mr. Sothern's season so far has been a series of ovations in every city, the genial comedian appearing to be more popular before the public than ever he was. There is no need to speak at length of "Our American Cousin," or of Mr. Sothern's part of *Lord Dundreary*. He has played it on two continents more than 4,000 times, and his name is familiar to nearly every one. The piece has been remodeled by him, and is now played in four acts of one scene each. During his engagement at the Academy he will be supported by Mr. Vining Bowers as *Asa Trenchard*, Mr. Lytton Sothern as *Buddicombe*, and Miss Minnie Walton as *Florence Trenchard*, and the principal members of the Academy Company. The sale of seats has been enormous, and the Academy will certainly be crowded with an audience than which none more fashionable has ever met in this city. Miss Thompson's season of four weeks was very successful in every way. Chicago, it is stated, will never again see her in burlesque, nor her blonde beauties either.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.

Mr. Hooley's company have, since the conclusion of their tour through the provinces, been concentrating their energies upon the preparation of Mr. George Fawcette Rowe's drama, "The Geneva Cross," which is an idea abroad that this drama is Mr. Wilkie Collins' abominable "New Magdalen" in disguise. This is most erroneous, as the following synopsis of the play will show: The play opens at *Le Brun's* factory at Auxerre, near Paris. *Riel*, one of *Le Brun's* workmen, is in reality a Prussian emissary, sent to France by Bismarck's war bureau to see what condition the country is in for war. There he encounters *Gabrielle*, the favorite daughter of the master, and a mutual love springs up between them. The overseer of the works, *Mathieu Moineau*, is also a suitor for her hand, and endeavors, through the influence of *Mademoiselle Cassandre*, an old maid of the "gushing" order, and *Le Brun's* sister, to obtain a partnership in the business. This leads to an open rupture between the rivals, *Riel* and *Moineau*, and the former is discharged from the works by his employer, but is immediately reinstated through the influence of *Gabrielle*. The second act occurs in a pavilion on *Le Brun's* grounds, where the friends, workmen, and their wives are assembled to celebrate the betrothal between *Riel* and *Moineau* grows hotter and hotter, but the former is fully protected by *Gabrielle*, and her foster-sister *Martagon*, who are both in love with him. In the midst of the festivities, *Cornichet* arrives with the news that the "Prussian King has hit the French Ambassador in the nose, and the two countries are going to war on this the best man." The crowd seize the trophies of arms, etc., that are hung about the tent, and *Gabrielle* crowns the bayonets of France with the fleur de-lis; the characters sing "Partant pour la Syrie," and the curtain falls on an animated tableau. The third act takes place in an apartment in Paris, during its siege by the Prussian army. *Le Brun* and family have moved into the city, and are enduring all the horrors of the siege. *Riel*, whom love for *Gabrielle* has detained in France against his better judgment and affection for his country, finds it impossible to fight against his countrymen, and has therefore joined the Ambulance corps, under the protection of the "Red cross of Geneva." There he is found by *Moineau*, who has joined the French army, and has been promoted to a Captaincy for bravery. *Mathieu* insists upon *Riel* joining his company, which is included in a brigade ordered out for a sortie upon the Prussian works. *Moineau's* purpose is to put *Riel* in the front and get him killed if possible. *Gabrielle* fathoms his design, and with *Martagon* and *Cornichet* persuades her husband to escape to the Prussian lines. The scene of the fourth act is laid in a casemate of the Fort of Montrouge, near Paris. *Moineau* has arrested *Gabrielle* for assisting in the escape of a Prussian spy; has had her tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be shot. The fort is being incessantly bombarded by the German guns. She is approached by a drunken Sergeant, named *Spadassin*. This scene is very powerful and dramatic. After some ineffectual attempts to release her on the part of *Martagon* and *Cornichet*, she is just being led to execution when a shell strikes the wall and makes a breach; *Moineau* is killed; and the head of a column of German troops, led by *Riel*, enters, and the piece closes with the pair locked in each other's arms, amid the din and smoke of battle. The piece will be superbly mounted, and no doubt will be acted with all the vim and spirit that has characterized the best performances at Hooley's Theatre.

MCVICKER'S THEATRE.

The bill for the present week at McVicker's greets the public with a hope of a "Merry Christmas," and promises a week of mirth. Lotta is to furnish the mirth, and the public are to enjoy it. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights, and the Christmas matinee, she will play in her new piece, entitled "Zip." On Christmas night and Saturday night she will appear in six different characters in her best piece, "The Little Detective," and on Friday night and the Saturday matinee in "The Pet of the Petticoats" and "Good for Nothing." Next week Mr. Shiel Barry commences a short engagement.

MYERS' OPERA-HOUSE.

"A Carnival of Fun" is the announcement for the week. The first part consists of the usual selection of songs and ballads: "Beautiful Days, Long Ago," by Surridge; "Tit-Tat-Too," by Ben Cotton; "Bring Back the Old Folks," by C. S. Fredericks; "Dolly Varden," by Billy Arlington; and "Killarney," by Dwyer, Newcomb, Mackin, and Wilson, follow in their especially prepared for this farce, "The Cuban Volunteers," with Kemble, Surridge, Arlington, Cotton, White, and Marten in the cast. The whole performance concludes with a spectacular, comical trick-pantomime, entitled "Simple Simon," with several aliases. The argument is given in the touching lines descriptive of the adventures of one Simon, told in a dialogue between him and a vender of pastry. The pantomime has been very carefully prepared, and will be a very enjoyable affair. There is to be a roaring Christmas matinee, which will keep an enormous audience in a condition of laughter befitting the occasion.

GLOBE THEATRE.

Mr. Marius Turck has done his "Lightning Bob" at the Globe, and been better appreciated than was his predecessor, the tragedian, Mr. T. C. King. During the present week the well-finown San Francisco Minstrels take possession of the theatre. The names of Birch, Wambold, and Bush guarantee an excellent performance. The programme is excellent and will give more than satisfaction to the patrons.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

"Wedded Bliss" is the title of Mr. Frank Marshall's new comedy.

Mme. Bistori is announced to play in Rome during the early days of next month.

Mr. J. E. Murdock is to give readings in Boston in the course of the season.

M. Alexandre Dumas, Fils has brought out at the Gymnase a new comedy, called "Monsieur Alphonse."

A new comedy, asserted to be the joint work of the late Mr. T. W. Robertson and Mr. Alberry, is coming out at the Royalty.

New York policemen in future must buy their own theatre-tickets. An order has been issued from headquarters prohibiting all dead-heading.

At Vienna the novelty of the season is Shakspeare's "Henry VI," at the Hofburg Theatre. The piece is produced in fine style, and is likely to have a long run.

The Paris *Figaro* complains that fifteen theatres in London are playing dramas and operas by French authors and composers without paying them a shilling. And Boucicault is still to hear from.

Theatrical property in Baltimore seems specially insecure. John T. Ford (who had previously had a disastrous theatrical experience in Washington) lately had the Holliday Street Theatre burnt. Now the Theatre Comique is completely destroyed.

Mr. Wilkie Collins will next week put upon the stage of the Broadway Theatre, his own dramatic version of "The Woman in White," in which the role of *Count Fosco* will be filled by Mr. Wybert Reene, who has played it for 600 nights.

A funny incident occurred at Wallack's the other evening as the audience was dispersing. The parquet was already empty, except that one man remained asleep in his stall. This being discovered, part of the audience returned and gave him three hearty cheers.

An exchange says: "It is said that there is a movement on foot in New York to suppress the practice of going out between the acts at the theatre. The movement is a good one, but it will never succeed until every theatre-goer is handed a bottle of Bourbon with his ticket."

Mr. Augustin Daly revived "Alixe" Wednesday evening, with Miss Sarah Jewett in the title role. The New York *Times* says: "Miss Jewett must be conceded warm acknowledgments for her very satisfactory personation of a character which has come to her in the shape of a somewhat perilous inheritance."

The "Mere de Famille" is the name of a drama by Mlle. Alfred Dupres, which has been produced at the Beaumarchais Theatre, Paris. It introduces an actress of 12 years of age, who performs the part of the heroine, a character that assumes toward her little brother, her elder sister and her grandfather the place of the absent mother.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* says something which we take pleasure in impressing upon Chicago audiences: "A good deal has been said about reforming the drama. It is time now to say something about reforming the patrons of this drama, many of whom, just as the curtain is ready to fall at the close of the last act, seize their hats and rush for the door as frantically as if they had just received the startling intelligence that the only saloon in the city would be closed for the night in two minutes and a half."

An exchange gives an account of a little girl who arrayed herself in her mother's fine cashmere-shawl, last Friday, and amused her playmate by dragging it through the muddy street for at least half an hour before she was detected. An almost similar anecdote is told of Mrs. Siddons when she was a little 'un. The incident must be accepted as a proof of undoubted histrionic genius, and the parents of this child will see the propriety of educating her for the stage.

The New York *Tribune* says: "John E. Owens, the comedian, was seriously injured during the performances of 'Toodles' at the Opera-House in Newark on Tuesday evening. He was playing the part of the drunkard, and, making a miscalculation, fell upon the stage with great force. He was taken to the Continental Hotel, where he remained all day yesterday. He was unable to go to Easton with the company, and, it is said, will be compelled to cancel other engagements.

The English system of organizing dramatic companies to play the works of some one dramatist must become as great a nuisance as the "star" system. There are already Craven Robertson's "Caste" Company, specially organized to play the works of the late T. W. Robertson; Richard Younge's Comedy Company, equally the pieces of Mr. H. J. Byron; J. C. Sefton's London Comedy Company, performing Mr. W. S. Gilbert's mythological and fairy comedies, and a company will start in February with Mr. Albery's plays.

"I happen to be the only dramatist living," writes the modest Bouccicault to the New York journals, "whom the English-speaking world have been pleased to accept as capable of writing legitimate comedies that have been ranked among the standard drams of the past. I am alone. It is not a merit to be alone. It is an accident. Three hundred people speaking our language have not furnished me, during the last thirty years, with a companion. When I set myself the task to furnish a succession of five-act comedies and plays, to constitute a modern drama of this day, it was clear one man could not supply the whole world single-handed. In such a task some assistance is necessary. I brought to it two of the most distinguished dramatists of France to help me. Thus I produce three five-act plays during this month. Among the score of legitimate plays to be thus furnished some will be from my unaided resources; some in collaboration with fellow-laborers, not furtively, but openly."

A foreign writer asserts that "the perfect theatrical manager should be one of executive talent, diplomatic tact, great patience, quick decision, firmness in resolve, autocratic in his professional relations, and willing to receive and sift suggestions, although he may not use them. His executive talent is needed to govern his subordinates; his diplomacy for critics, authors, and the public; his patience for his perplexities; his decision, firmness, and autocracy to operate on events, changes, and complaints. The willingness for hints is needful, because his own brain may grow weary of fertility in invention and adaptation."

A London correspondent writes: "The action brought by Mr. W. S. Gilbert against the *Pall Mall Gazette* (of which the particulars have long been known to you) has ended in as satisfactory a manner as was possible under the circumstances, the verdict being than both parties were in the right. The 'Wicked World' is not on 'indecent' play, and the letter in the *Pall Mall Gazette* to the effect was, in the opinion of the writer, certain passages in the work are indecent, is not libelous. The *Times*, the *Daily News*, and the *Saturday Review* have all published articles in approval of the verdict, which gives a critic full liberty to say all he pleases against a literary production, provided he says nothing against its author personally."

MUSIC.

The seventeenth season of English opera in Chicago closed on Saturday night with a sort of operatic potpourri of a very pleasant nature. The closing performance was the 223d representation in English which has been given in this city during the past fifteen years. We are accustomed to speak of English opera as something of late birth, when in reality it had established itself here before the Italian, and in its earlier day was was much more popular than the Italian. As a matter for reference it will be pleasant to recall the various seasons. We have, therefore, prepared the following statement, giving the localities, dates, and names of the prominent artists in each of the English troupes which have been here:

First season—McVicker's Theatre; Sept. 27-Oct. 3, 1855: Rosalie Durand, Georgie Hodson, Fred Lyster, and F. Trevor.

Second Season—North's Amphitheatre; April 13-23, 1859: Aynesley Cooke, Brookhouse Bowler, Annie Milner, J. F. Rudolphsen.

Third Season—Metropolitan Hall; July 16-23, 1859; same troupe.

Fourth Season—McVicker's Theatre; Dec. 5-17, 1859: Lucy Escott, Anna Kemp-Bowler, Miss Duckworth (Morosini), Miranda, and Swan.

Fifth Season—Crosby's Museum; Nov. 26-Dec. 8, 1863: Holman Troupe.

Sixth Season—Washington Street Academy of Music; Sept. 25-Oct. 2, 1865: Rose Cooke, Zelda Harrison-Smith, Castle, Rowe, Campbell, Sagette.

Seventh Season—Crosby's Opera-House; March 9-22, 1868: Caroline Richings, Mrs.

FURNITURE.

Aubusson, Turkish, Moquette, Wilton, Brussels, and Other Carpets,

Articles for Dining-Room, Library, Drawing-Room, Bed-Room, and Hall.

To those who can furnish anew, this is the season which usually is selected for such a purpose, or if one is not inclined, or has not the means entirely to replace those things that are worn out or passe, still, many like to freshen their houses with something new in the way of carpets, or some new article of furniture. To those who have abundant money, and the perfect taste which should always accompany it, but which does not, unfortunately, now certainly is a time when they can gratify their taste in that way. Moquette carpets, that are like a vision of fairy-land or an Arcadian dream, are within the range of a purse which need not be so over-full. The only question is what to choose among so many beautiful designs. They are almost indescribable; but, to those of our readers who are interested in such matters, we will try and give an idea of what we have seen:

THE AUBUSSON CARPET,

of course, is, unless you except the Turkish, the carpet of carpets. The latter are scarcely in keeping with the present style of furnishings or decorations, and are preferable for coverings in the shape of large rugs or mats on a salon-floor of inlaid or polished wood, than for an entire covering. The former are simply exquisite, being woven in one piece, with a border to match, for the room they are intended to fill. This makes them an expensive luxury; but they are closely imitated in

THE MOQUETTES,

which, in many patterns, are now moderately low. In large designs, taking from three to four breadths to show the entire pattern, they come at $3.50 a yard. These, with the border around them, would cost about $3 for medium-sized drawing-rooms. There is, perhaps, nothing that one needs to be more careful about than the selection of carpets. The eye so soon wearies of either too monotonous or too striking a design; but, of the two, the former is preferable. This can hardly apply to the Moquette, however, for all the lovely shades of sea and sky have been blended in the ground; while Nature seems to have been rifled of her store of beautiful blossoms, that only lack perfume to make them perfect in their illusive effect. Private patterns, which are new, always range higher, for to many people a new thing is preferred, no matter whether it be an improvement upon the old or not. For the special pleasure of saying to Mrs. Shoddy, "Oh! old carpets, I see, bought last year; mine are quite new, the last sweet thing out," you may pay $5 or $6 a yard; but it is quite probable that, if you own a bit of old Turkish carpet belonging to your mother or grandmother, you may not feel any peculiar ambition in that way. A curious carpet combined ocean- and sky shades, green and blue medallions, with bouquets of roses. The border to match had a wide edge of the blue with the softness of velvet. A smaller design on a light ground had the bouquets half surrounded with a curious scroll in black and gold. This was $4. One at $4.75 was a white ground with rich wreaths and bouquets. These are but few among many, and the Axminsters are somewhat similar in design, with, perhaps, a greater tendency toward set figures and in much darker, brighter shades.

Next come

THE WILTONS,

which are very unlike the preceding, having a very short, close nap, but of a firmness and texture that make them most desirable goods to buy, if one wishes a durable article. They are made after Moquette patterns, and copy the delicate shadings. Pale-green grounds were conspicuous. One, with wreaths of Marguerites and bouquets of the same flowers, was particularly charming, and on an August day would be refreshingly cool in one's boudoir. This was $3.50 a yard. Another, at $3, had crimson medallions, with bouquets in shaded grays and whites, with doves nestling among them, and Hymen's torch half-hidden. Not, perhaps, a very perfect illustration, and decidedly objectionable from Sir Charles Eastlake's point of view. A small blue medallion on a gray ground, in a velvet carpet, would have been very pretty for a bed-room. A velvet in rich crimson and gold ground, with a white medallion, filled with colors that were like a paleidoscopic figure, would doubtless please some, but in our eyes had not much beauty. A curious combination of colors was like the curtains in which our grandmothers delighted when chintz or cretonne was worth more than silk. Another carpet, at $3.75, was a white ground, covered with brown and gold scrolls, and dragons swinging among them. The border matched in colors and designs. Velvet tapestries vary from $2.40 to $5. In the Moquette colors and double width these run up to $6 a yard. A very charming carpet for a library or dining-room had brown and green ferns strewn over a scarcely-visible black ground, tied with blue ribbon, and a spray of crimson roses among them. New velvet hall-carpets are in three colors,—scarlet, blue, and brown,—and in Turkish or Persian designs.

BODY BRUSSELS

range from $2.40 to $1.65. Those at $2.40 are very beautiful. One had pale rose color, and blue medallions, with shaded grays between, harmonizing and blending them. A pink ground, covered with gray arabesques, was pretty. Grays, brightened with a few flowers, are at $2.25 a yard; plain shades to be used with bright borders are at $2.25 a yard; while very handsome designs are offered at $1.65. One in shaded crimsons would make a sitting-room in winter glow with a genuine warmth. With cream-tinted walls it would harmonize exquisitely. One with lotos-leaves would have been charming for a bed-room. American and English tapestries range from $1.25 to $1.50, while ingrains may be bought as low as 65 cents, but a good quality is worth $1.25.

Passing from these floor-coverings to suitable furniture to be placed upon them, we will start with

THE DINING-ROOM.

For these we find buffets ranging from $58 to $250, or, when particularly ordered in fine paneling or carving, they may be advanced to any price the purchaser desires. A very handsome one, with mirrors and inlaid panels of French walnut, may be bought for $150. Dining-room tables in a suitable size—not the spindle-legged, narrow abominations, but broad, hospitable boards, 16 feet in length—are worth $125. Not an extravagant sum if one wishes furniture that will last. They come shorter and cheaper at a reduction pro rata. Large arm-chairs, covered with leather, at $25 each for the presiding ones, and $15 for the rank and file, fill up the necessary fittings, unless a butler's tray, a plate-warmer, and a sarcophagus for holding wines be considered requisite appendages.

Passing from this to

THE LIBRARY,

we find a large leather-covered reading-chair, with reading-desk attached, where mental application need not be distracted by physical torture. This is worth $75, but the student could hardly become a Machiavel from such a luxurious resting-place. Tables with all the necessary drawers, escritoires, and portefeuilles, attract one here. A very pretty desk for a lady may be bought for $25. A portefeuille with an easel attached, beautifully inlaid, picked out with fine lines of color, is $50. An inlaid ebony cabinet would no doubt be acceptable to any wife, and her husband can get it for $300.

Stereotyped sets of seven pieces for

DRAWING-ROOMS

are still made in all sorts of novel, angular, and ugly devices. You can cover them expensively, and be as luxuriously uncomfortable as you please, paying almost as much for them as for the Turkish sets, which are to the others as down to straw or rose-leaves to nettles. People are thinking for themselves a little now, however, and are learning that it is not absolute de rigeur to have the regulation set. You may take a Turkish sofa; a fauteuil with a square back; another with a round back; a third may even have rockers; a fourth be mounted on springs; while a fifth, sixth, and seventh may be some odd variety, each with its own particular curve to suit the special sinuosity of temper or body which may require catering to at the moment. Still, we are not sure about all this furniture. Are we good and pure enough for it? There is a doice in it that requires not only rare temper, but inward cleanliness, to make it advisable. It would be a luxury of luxuries to ladies, but to the loud-voiced woman it might be a temptation. A vulgar woman can hardly display her vulgarity seated uprightly on the straight-backed abominations of our Puritan ancestors, but they are torture to us, while a graceful woman could sink upon an Ottoman's pile of cushions, and seem like a lily just looking upward in virgin beauty from its bed of moss or leaves. But enough of crotchets. Curves and sinuosities are the order of the day, while angles and straight lines are relics of our grandfathers, who did not take advantage of the Bankrupt law, embezzle their employers' funds, or tamper with a bank-account. These delicious, Sleepy Hollows of furniture may be bought, variously covered, for prices ranging from $350 upward. Pretty fancy chairs range from $25 to $50 apiece. A beautiful set, in imitation of bamboo-work, could be fitted up in the same manner, and made luxuriously easy. A set of eight pieces with carved heads, and an inlaid table, was valued at $800. Very handsome inlaid tables range from $200 to $300. Music-racks are at from $50 to $75; handsomely inlaid, and ornamented with golden harps, they are worth $75. Folding chairs range from $20 to $45. Tapestry chairs, the centre strip worked by the hands of some lady, are beautifully mounted, for $45. A pretty little tete-a-tete with a carved partition costs about $80, very handsomely mounted.

IN BEDROOM-SETS,

the range in walnut comprises those which are as low as $50; while a set which would attract many was valued at $1,000. This had carved figures and inlayings of French porcelain. The dressing-bureau had tiny cabinets at each side of the glass, where one might lock up jewels or love-letters. Very pretty sets are sold ranging from $100 to $200, with French walnut panelings. Chiffoniers are made to order from $30 up to any sum you choose to pay. These comprise the principal articles. On a fine rosewood suite, consisting of bedstead, dressing-bureau, and armoire-a-glace, the sum of $1,000 may easily be expended.

Hall-stands are very handsome, at from $100 to $200. Pier and mantel mirrors in walnut frames are about the same price, while Psyche glasses are worth about $200.

Thanks for information are due to Messrs. Allen & Mackey and Thayer & Tobey.

THE ALLEGED "BRUTAL OUTRAGE" ON THE K. C., ST. J. & C. B. RAILROAD.

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Dec. 13.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: I have your issue of the 8th inst. in hand, and I observe, that, under the heading of "Brutal Outrage," copied from the *Mills County* (Ia.) *Journal*, you have published a statement which is very wide of truth, and I inclose to you a slip from the St. Joseph *Gazette*, in which has been reprinted a letter addressed to the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil*, in which Mr. Herdman's letter, with his statement of the case, first appeared.

We have several witnesses to prove that my statement is the correct one, as well as several to prove that nobody was on the outside of the car with Mr. Herdman at the time he left the train. He was observed by three parties inside the car to go and stand for some time on the platform, pull the bell-cord, and immediately jump from the train, without waiting for the air-brakes to be applied sufficiently to enable him to jump with safety. The *Nonpareil*, having published Mr. Herdman's statement, on receiving mine published it. I shall be glad if you will print a copy of my letter to the *Nonpareil* as an offset to the paragraphs referred to. Respectfully,

J. F. BARNARD,
General Superintendent.

THE OTHER SIDE—SUPERINTENDENT BARNARD CORRECTS A NEWSPAPER STATEMENT.

From the St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette.

A few days since, a paragraph appeared in the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil*, charging a conductor and brakeman on the Kansas City, St. Joseph & Council Bluffs Railroad with maltreating a passenger. Maj. Barnard at once addressed the following letter to the editor of that paper:

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Nov. 28.

To the Editor of the Nonpareil:

There is a letter over the signature of Will H. Herdman in your issue of the 29th instant. With regard to the matter therein, I would simply say that after the train left Traders' Point it came to a stop. Upon the conductor approaching me on passing through the train, I asked him what was the matter. He said a man had jumped off the train, and those who saw him jump off not seeing him move afterwards, he was thought to be badly hurt, and the train was backed up. We found the man sitting on the ground by the roadside. The train men and quite a number of the passengers got out of the train, as did I. The man was lifted to his feet, and we found that he could walk. I asked him why he jumped from the train, and in the presence of a considerable number of people he denied that he had jumped.

The Conductor's statement is that he simply informed the man that the train did not stop at Traders' Point, and that he would have to carry him by to Pacific Junction, for which he demanded no fare, and that he could come back on the next train which would stop there. This was some time previous to his leaving the train, and the Conductor had no idea that he was going to leave the train. Two or three persons who were passengers and not train men, saw him stand on the platform for a considerable time, and knowing anything of his intentions, were very much surprised to see him deliberately jump from the train.

The fact that the Superintendent was on board the train had nothing to do with the matter whatever, nor had he any knowledge of the transaction, except as before stated. I am rather surprised that you should publish such a letter as that, without making some inquiry as to facts. Yours truly,

J. F. BARNARD,
General Superintendent.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS AT EVANSTON.

MANKATO, Minn., Dec. 16, 1873.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: Having a daughter at the Woman's College of the Northwestern University, I have read with interest the communications in your paper on the above subject.

Judging from much that has been written, one would suppose that this college was founded expressly to assert the rights of woman. Its aims, I take it, are far higher,—the training up of disciplined, self-reliant, cultured women.

The question above all others which first concerns the patrons of the school is, whether the department of their daughters will be watched over with vigilant care. They will hold the proper authorities to a rigid account for any lack of fidelity. This they well understand; and this young and growing institution can a thousand times better afford to suffer it may be unjust criticisms than to have its patrons for a moment feel that their daughters are not safe in their hands.

Bearing in mind in this case that it is easier to find fault with existing rules than to propose others that would succeed better, I beg to suggest some reasons why Rule 9, as well as the others, are right and proper:

First—Many parents hesitate long about sending their daughters away from home to school, and finally decide adversely through fear of injury to their morals.

Second—These daughters, in the most susceptible period of life, go from homes where they have been watched over with anxious solicitude.

Third—They are sent to school for their moral as well as mental improvement.

Fourth—The institution that cannot build up a symmetrical moral character for its pupils, while teaching them the sciences, is a failure.

Fifth—In order to do this, there must be law, discipline, and confidence between teacher and pupil. Lack of discipline may wreck a school as well as a steamship. The school must have the unlimited confidence of its patrons in this regard. There must be no just fear of laxity in rules or administration.

Sixth—Society, whether justly or not, holds woman to a stricter account for her moral conduct than the other sex.

In this discussion you have done the Woman's College "a world of good." The patrons of the school will feel "easier in their minds" in regard to the welfare of their daughters. Your reward will be in the reflection that it is one of the numerous ways in which it is the mission of the press to bless the world. I am happy to say that my observations at Evanston led me to believe that there was the best of understanding between Miss Willard and her girls, as she calls them.

JOHN H. HALL.

FRAUDS ON IMMIGRANTS.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: I have read with deep interest, and with a sense of shame at being a member of a community where such acts are possible, the accounts in THE TRIBUNE of the cruel outrages perpetrated upon the immigrants who arrive daily in our city. In the same paper I read with pleasure the excellent editorial on the Rev. Mr. Hepworth's prescription of bombshells as a mild alterative to be administered to Spain. And, putting this and that together, the question came up in my mind, Which is worst,—the action of the Spaniards, who catch men who have notoriously been engaged in supplying their enemies with arms, try them by their own laws, and shoot them; or we, who invite emigrants to come to our shores, and then suffer them to be skinned alive by a set of land-sharks whom they are powerless to resist, but whose ways and habits are perfectly well known to us and are committed by our connivance? Can we not save a little of the sympathy we have given to the men who invaded Spanish territory as enemies, and bestow it upon the poor fellows who are so cruelly punished for coming to our shores as friends?

CONSISTENCY.

THE OTHER SIDE.

The Pennsylvania Company Against John B. Sherman.

The Latter Claims to Have Been Defrauded of a Profitable Business.

Private Interests of Railroad Officers in the East Liberty Stock-Yards.

On the 11th of this month a lawsuit of magnificent proportions was decided in this city in the United Circuit Court. It was the case of the Pennsylvania Company against Samuel W. Allerton, Joseph McPherson, A. M. Allerton, and John B. Sherman, damages to the amount of $500,000 being claimed. After a long and exhaustive hearing, in which eminent counsel on both sides put forth their best efforts in behalf of their respective clients, a verdict was given for the defendants. The case, besides being full of knotty law points, has a most interesting history, the outlines of which it is the purpose of this article to briefly sketch. The beginning of these transactions, which have since resulted in a vast amount of litigation, and the auxiliary issues of which still involve about $750,000, was nearly ten years ago. At that time, the business of shipping live stock from the West to the East had begun to assume large proportions, and formed no small part of the freight earnings of the railroads leading to the seaboard. For the sake of gaining increased business in stock shipments over its lines of railway, the Pennsylvania Company, on the 14th of April, 1864, leased the stock-yards at East Liberty, near Pittsburgh, to Samuel W. Allerton and Joseph McPherson for a term of ten years, the instrument being signed by these two parties, each of whom affixed his individual seal. It was, however, stipulated as part of the agreement with the Company, that Messrs. S. W. Allerton and McPherson were to form a copartnership in the management of the East Liberty yards with A. M. Allerton and John B. Sherman. In fact, it was mainly for the purpose of securing the influence of the two last-named gentlemen that the Pennsylvania Company executed the lease, as A. M. Allerton was then largely identified with live-stock shipments over the New York Central Road, while Mr. Sherman, then as now, was heavily interested in the same business in Chicago, and soon after became Superintendent of the Union Stock-Yards. The agreement was that the lessees of the East Liberty yards and their partners in the business should use their utmost endeavors and influence to secure for the Pennsylvania Railroad all of the live-stock freights to Philadelphia and Baltimore, and a "fair proportion" to the cities east of Philadelphia.

The new regime at East Liberty went into operation in April, 1864, under the management of Sam Allerton, Messrs. Sherman and McPherson residing in Chicago, and A. M. Allerton in New York. In August of the same year, Sam Allerton made a trip to Chicago, and gave to Sherman a most gloomy account of the success of the East Liberty enterprise, representing to him that it had proved to be a losing business, and was likely to drag the members of the firm still deeper into the mire of financial disaster. On the strength of these representations, Sherman gladly consented to a dissolution of the copartnership, which was made complete.

About two months later, he came into possession of facts which put an entirely different phase upon the matter. He learned that, so far from resulting in a loss, the East Liberty scheme was a decided financial success, with rapidly increasing business. He was convinced that he had been wholly misinformed by Sam Allerton, whom, in November, 1864, he found carrying on a thriving business at East Liberty. It had proved to be a good thing, and Allerton had it all to himself. Sherman at once began suit in New York to have the dissolution of partnership declared void, on the ground that it had been brought about by misrepresentation and fraud.

After lingering in the New York Courts for more than a year this suit was dismissed. Sherman, however, had no intention of giving up the fight, and in 1866 he brought suit in the Superior Court at Poughkeepsie for an order to compel Sam Allerton to render an account of the business, which he had continued to carry on in the meantime. Sherman gained his suit here, but an appeal was taken to the Supreme Court, and the judgment of the Superior Court was reversed. Then the suit was taken to the Court of Appeals, where the judgment of the Superior Court was affirmed, and an order to account was entered against Sam Allerton. This was in the fall of 1872.

Allerton's next step was to procure a temporary injunction against the enforcement of the order to account, but, upon full argument and hearing, the injunction was dissolved. An account of the business was then furnished, by Allerton, but it was believed not to be a true statement, and it was excepted to by Sherman in the Superior Court at Poughkeepsie, where the proceeding is now pending. Up to Dec. 31, 1866, the East Liberty yards showed a total profit of $122,000, and, at the rate of increase in business, it is believed that the profits have been at least $100,000 per annum from that time up to Feb. 8, 1870, when the lease was canceled and terminated by the Pennsylvania Company, against whose action both A. M. Allerton and Sherman entered protest.

In April, 1873, the Pennsylvania Company began the suit in Chicago, in the United States District Court, claiming $500,000 damages for non-performance of contract, alleging that neither A. M. Allerton nor John B. Sherman had used their influence toward securing for the railroad company its fair proportion of live-stock business. The plaintiff, in support of this plea, set up the fact that A. M. Allerton was instrumental in the transfer of the patronage of John T. Alexander, the heaviest live-stock shipper in America, from the Pennsylvania to the New York Central Company; and that John B. Sherman had bought an interest in the National Stock-Yard Company of New York, an institution connected with the New York & Erie Road. Whether these allegations were or were not proven, cut but a small figure in the case, as it was shown that Alexander went over to the New York Central in June, 1870, and that Sherman's purchase of stock in the National was made on the 31st of February, 1870, thirteen days after the termination of the East Liberty lease by vote of the Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Company.

It appears that the suit just decided in Chicago was directed only against Messrs. A. M. Allerton and Sherman, as the plaintiff admits full performance of contract by Samuel Allerton and McPherson, though both were made co-defendants as a matter of form. A plausible theory, or, at least, a reasonable inference, is that Samuel Allerton's interests are completely identified with those of the plaintiff, and that the name of the Pennsylvania Company is only used as a convenience. It is also hinted that in all probability some of the officers of the Company are privately interested with Allerton in the East Liberty business, and have taken this means to avoid the payment of the profits, with interest, to Messrs. Sherman and A. M. Allerton. The end is not yet, by any means. In case the motion for a new trial is denied by Judge Blodgett, an appeal will be taken by the plaintiff to the United States Supreme Court, involving the expenditure of yet more money, time, and legal talent. Collateral actions are likely to spring up, among them a suit by Messrs. Sherman and A. M. Allerton to set aside the resolution of the Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Company, passed on the 22d of December, 1869, and taking effect Feb. 8, 1870, by which the lease of the East Liberty Stock-Yards was terminated. The reason set forth in the resolution for the cancellation of the lease was not breach of covenant or non-performance of contract, but "mismanagement of the yards," of which Sam Allerton had been the sole manager. Messrs. Sherman and A. M. Allerton will claim that this action of the Directors was arbitrary and inequitable, and in support of their bill to set it aside upon this ground will offer in proof both the fact that the business was well and profitably managed, and that Sam Allerton continued to act as manager. They will claim their share in the profits up to April 14, 1874, which will swell to over $1,000,000 the total amount at issue.

A Very Remarkable Will.

Seldom does a will contain bequests to public institutions in such numbers and munificence as that of the late Seth Adams, of Newton, Mass. After giving various sums, varying from $5,000 to $75,000, to a large number of personal friends and members of his family, he bequeaths two lots of land, of twenty and forty acres, in Rochester, N. H., and $7,000 in money, to that town, which is to be known as the Adams fund, the income to be paid to poor widows, orphans, and maiden ladies of that town. He also bequeaths $1,000 to the Needle-woman's Friend Society, Boston, $30,000 to the Consumptives' Home, $20,000 to the Home for Aged Men, $20,000 to the Association for the Relief of Aged Females, $5,000 to the General Theological Library, $10,000 to the Baldwin Place Home for Little Wanderers, $5,000 to the Boston Provident Association, $1,000 to the Industrial Aid Society, $1,000 to the Boston Young Women's Christian Association, $1,000 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and from $500 to $1,000 to various other Boston institutions. The income of the rest of the estate he directs to be devoted to the establishment and support of an institution to be known as "The Adams Nervine Asylum," for the benefit of such indigent, debilitated, nervous people, citizens of Massachusetts, as may need such a curative institution, an act of incorporation to be applied for after death. He directs that it shall be located in the Roxbury district or within 15 miles of Boston, and the principal curative agency relied upon shall be "movement cure," hot and cold baths, pure air, gymnastics, genial associations and religious exercises. It shall comprise not less than ten acres of land, and special attention shall be devoted to the size of the rooms and yard. The whole estate is estimated at about $1,750,000, something more than one-third of which is devoted to the "nervine asylum." It is stated that that the relatives are to contest the will, arguing his mental unsoundness from the character of this last bequest.

—George M. Bowman, of Black River Falls, Wis., has killed seventeen deer the present season, within a limit of six miles about the city. J. B. Ellison, of the same place, came across a drove of six, and succeeded in killing five of the number with a repeating rifle.

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Return tickets at reduced rates. Passengers booked to or from German and Scandinavian points at low rates.
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For further information apply to Company's Western Office, 97 and 99 South Clark-st., near Washington, Chicago.
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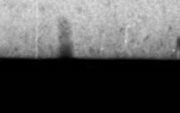
ALFRED LAGERGREN, Agent.

PIANOS



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PIANOS.

STEINWAY UPRIGHT PIANOS.

The decided superiority of this style of Piano, as manufactured by Messrs. Steinway & Sons, is now universally conceded. Its perfection is mainly the result of patented improvements, invented and controlled exclusively by its makers. These matchless UPRIGHTS have been sold by us for nine years, during which time they have, in no instance, failed to give the highest satisfaction. THEY ARE THE ONLY UPRIGHT PIANOS THAT HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF TIME IN OUR MOST EXACTING CLIMATE.

From among the thousands who have bought Steinway Uprights we append the names of a few of our prominent citizens, who have recently purchased, and to whom we cheerfully refer as to their merits:

Geo. M. Pullman,	J. N. Jewett,
R. H. McCormick,	Hon. B. C. Cook,
Dr. E. S. Fowler,	James E. Tyler,
C. B. Field,	Geo. L. Dunlap,
S. B. Cobb,	Hon. E. G. Asay,
J. A. Farwell,	Eli Bates,
Geo. Armour,	Perry H. Smith,
Thomas Lord,	Geo. F. Rumsey,
Henry M. Smith,	John A. Rice,
A. B. Pullman,	Gage, Rice & Co.,
D. Goodwin, Jr.,	L. Z. Leiter,
Ira P. Bowen,	John DeKoven,
Hon. J. Y. Scammon,	Dr. Walter Hay,
F. W. Peck,	Hon. J. D. Easter,
John M. Douglas,	Mrs. B. F. Hadduck,
Hon. Isaac R. Diller,	John Alston,
Col. W. S. Johnson,	S. B. Williams,
S. D. Ward,	G. S. Hubbard, Jr.,
Col. J. H. Howe,	Hon. B. H. Campbell,
Hon. L. P. Hilliard,	Robert T. Lincoln,
J. D. Harvey,	Hon. S. C. Judd,
John G. Shortall,	N. K. Fairbank,
F. B. Peabody,	J. J. Sands,
Franklin MacVeagh,	Shelton Sturges,

Lieut. General Philip H. Sheridan.

The following are selected from among the LATEST Testimonials from the great Artists of the world:

Dr. Franz Liszt,

The greatest living Pianist and Composer, writing to the celebrated Composer, Metzdorf, under date of Sept. 27, 1873, says: "Pray tell Mr. Steinway that his splendid UPRIGHT PIANO shone to brilliant advantage at the Festival Performances at Wartburg, where last Tuesday it served under my fingers as 'Vice Orchestra,' exciting general admiration."

The public will notice not only the recent date of Dr. Franz Liszt's letters (being the latest written by him regarding any piano), but observe the fact that HE IS HIMSELF THE POSSESSOR OF A STEINWAY, thus practically expressing his preference for that instrument. Under date of SEPT. 2, 1873, he wrote as follows:

"The magnificent Steinway Grand Piano now stands in my music room, and presents a HARMONIC TOTALITY OF ADMIRABLE QUALITIES, a detailed enumeration of which is the more superfluous, as this instrument fully justifies the world-wide reputation that for years you have everywhere enjoyed.

"After so much well-deserved praise, permit me also to add my homage, and the expression of my undisguised admiration."

Franz Abt,

The celebrated Composer, under date of July 6, 1872, writes: "Permit me to thank you for the magnificent UPRIGHT PIANO which you kindly placed at my disposal during my brief sojourn in New York, and I can only repeat what I have so often expressed verbally, that during my long career as artist and composer, I have met with many fine European and American Pianofortes, but none that combine grandeur and power of tone, elasticity of touch, in short, everything that renders a Piano perfect, to such a degree as your celebrated Piano-fortes."

Anton Rubinstein,

The greatest concert pianist of the age, has recently tendered to Messrs. Steinway & Sons, THE ONLY TESTIMONIAL EVER GIVEN BY HIM TO ANY PIANO MANUFACTURER, from which we extract the following: "I deem it my pleasant duty to express to you my most heartfelt thanks for all the kindness and courtesy you have shown me during my stay in the United States; but also, and above all, for your unrivaled Piano-fortes, which once more have done full justice to their world-wide reputation, both for excellence and capacity, for enduring the severest trials, for during all my long and difficult journeys all over America, in a very inclement season, I used and have been enabled to use your Pianos exclusively in my 215 concerts, and also in private, with the most eminent satisfaction and effect."

Vienna Exposition.

The Jury on Musical Instruments of the Vienna Universal Exposition, recognizing the pre-eminence of Steinway & Sons over all the piano manufacturers of the world, have honored them with the following EXTRAORDINARY COMPLIMENT, which we extract from the official report. Steinway & Sons are the only manufacturers thus mentioned.

"We regret that the celebrated inaugurators of the new system in Piano-making, MESSRS. STEINWAY & SONS, of New York, to whom the entire art of Piano-making is so greatly indebted, have not exhibited."

Jury on Musical Instruments, Vienna World's Fair, 1873.

Maestro Petrella, President	Italy.
Herr Dumba, 1st Vice President	Austria.
Prof. Dr. Lissajous, 2d do.	France.
Salvatore Marchesia	Italy.
Dr. Edward Hanslik	Austria.
F. Cerveny	Bohemia, Austria.
Johann Herzfeld	Hungary, Austria.
Julius Schiedmayer	Germany.
Luthier Galait	France.
De Soriano Fuertes	Spain.
Mons. Reinkins	Belgium.
Director Weber	Switzerland.
La Roche	Russia.
Dr. Oscar Paul, Prof. of the University of Leipzig, Official Reporter	Germany.

SMITH & NIXON,
General Northwestern Agents for the Steinway Pianos,
162 State-st., Chicago.

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

CHICAGO WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

THE LEADING NEWSPAPER IN THE NORTHWEST.

THE PAPER FOR THE
FARMER,
MECHANIC,
MANUFACTURER,
MERCHANT,
BANKER,
PROFESSIONAL MAN,
AND THE FIRESIDE.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1874.

The coming year promises to be the most eventful in a political sense that we have seen since the close of the war. The questions which have engrossed and divided the public mind during the past twenty years are rapidly passing away, and we find growing up in different parts of the country a party called by various names—in California the Independent party, in Iowa the Anti-Monopoly party, in Wisconsin the Reform party, in Illinois the Farmers' Movement—having a common purpose and inspiration, and exhibiting a strength which proves that it answers one of the chief demands of the hour. The CHICAGO TRIBUNE will give a large share of its attention to this NEW MANIFESTATION OF PUBLIC SENTIMENT. It holds:

1st. That the old party organizations are essentially corrupt and fraudulent. Having no longer any principles to carry into effect, they have become mere business enterprises, making a show of opposition to each other, but really sharing in the proceeds of profligate and dishonest legislation. To suppose that any healthful reform can flow from the pretended efforts of these worn-out and demoralized partnerships is altogether vain and illusory.

2d. That the tariff system now in vogue is a cunning device to rob the many for the benefit of the few, and that its effect is to cause farm products to exchange for about one-half the quantity of foreign or "protected" goods they would otherwise buy.

3d. That railroads cannot exact more than a fair rate of interest on the capital actually invested in them, and that when, in addition to this, they claim dividends on watered stock and fraudulent bonds, the State may rightfully interfere for the protection of the people; that unjust discriminations between different localities are in violation of law and should be prohibited.

4th. That subsidies or bounties of money, land, or public credit, to railway, steamship, or other corporations, are flagrant abuses of the powers of government, fraught with the gravest dangers to the people, and tending to promote corruption, extravagance, speculation, and financial disaster.

The general character of THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE is too well established to need recapitulation. It is always independent and fearless in the expression of its views. In its news department it is second to no paper in the United States. The Weekly Edition contains a carefully prepared summary of the news of the week, brought down to the hour of going to press.

Literary, political, financial, social, and agricultural topics will constitute, as heretofore, leading features of the Weekly Edition, and no pains will be spared to increase its attractiveness in these departments. Its market reports are unsurpassed, embracing all the information which farmers require for the intelligent transaction of business, both as sellers and buyers.

THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE is a large eight-page sheet, of the same size as the Daily Tribune, consisting of fifty-six columns of closely-printed matter, and, as a family newspaper and in its general make-up, is unsurpassed by any paper in the land.

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RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

EXPLANATION OF REFERENCE MARKS.—† Saturday excepted. * Sunday excepted. ‡ Monday excepted. § Arrive Sunday at 8:00 a. m. ‖ Daily.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL & GREAT WESTERN RAILROADS.
Depot, foot of Lake-st., and foot of Twenty-second-st. Ticket-office, 67 Clark-st., southeast corner of Randolph, and 75 Canal-st., corner of Madison.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail (via main and air line)	* 5:00 a. m.	* 8:30 p. m.
Day Express	* 8:30 a. m.	* 9:00 p. m.
Jackson Accommodation	* 3:35 p. m.	*11:30 a. m.
Atlantic Express	§ 5:15 p. m.	§ 8:30 a. m.
Night Express	† 9:00 p. m.	†*6:30 a. m.
GRAND RAPIDS AND PENTWATER.		
Morning Express	8:30 a. m.	9:00 p. m.
Night Express	†9:10 p. m.	*6:00 a. m.

HENRY C. WENTWORTH,
General Passenger Agent.

CHICAGO & ALTON RAILROAD.
Chicago, Kansas City and Denver Short Line, via Louisiana, Mo., and Chicago, Springfield, Alton and St. Louis Through Line. Union Depot, West Side, near Madison-st. bridge. Ticket Offices: At Depot, and 122 Randolph-st.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Kansas City Ex. via Jacksonville, Ill. and Louisiana, Mo.	* 9:30a. m.	* 8:10 p. m.
Kansas City Fast Ex. via Jacksonville, Ill. and Louisiana, Mo.	† 9:15 p. m.	‡ 7:20 a. m.
St. Louis Express, via Main Line	* 9:30 a. m.	* 8:10 p. m.
St. Louis Fast Ex. via Main Line	† 9:15 p. m.	‡ 7:20 a. m.
St. Louis Ex. via Jacksonville	† 9:15 p. m.	‡ 7:20 a. m.
Springfield Express	* 9:30 a. m.	* 8:10 p. m.
Springfield Fast Express	† 9:15 p. m.	‡ 7:20 a. m.
Jefferson City Express	† 9:15 p. m.	‡ 7:20 a. m.
Peoria, Keokuk & Burl'n Ex.	* 9:45 p. m.	* 8:10 p. m.
Chicago & Paducah Railroad Ex.	* 9:30 a. m.	* 8:10 p. m.
Wenona, Lacon, Washington Ex.	* 9:30 a. m.	* 8:10 p. m.
Joliet & Dwight Accommodation.	* 4:30 p. m.	* 9:40 a. m.

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY.
Union Depot, corner Madison and Canal-sts. Ticket Office 63 South Clark-st., opposite Sherman House, and at Depot.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Milwaukee, Prairie du Chien, & LaCrosse Day Express	* 9:30 a. m.	*11:00 a. m.
Milwaukee Mail and Express	* 5:00 p. m.	* 7:55 p. m.
Milwaukee, St. Paul & Minneapolis Night Express	†10:00 p. m.	* 4:15 p. m.

CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY RAILROAD.
Depots—Foot of Lake-st., Indiana-av., and Sixteenth-st., and Canal and Sixteenth-sts. Ticket offices, No. 59 Clark-st., Grand Pacific Hotel, and at depots.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail and Express	* 7:30 a. m.	* 8:00 p. m.
Ottawa and Streator Passenger	* 7:30 a. m.	* 8:00 p. m.
Dubuque & Sioux City Exp.	* 9:30 a. m.	* 3:55 p. m.
Pacific Fast Line, for Omaha	*10:00 a. m.	* 3:35 p. m.
Kansas City, Leavenworth, Atchison & St. Joseph Exp.	*10:00 a. m.	* 3:35 p. m.
Aurora Passenger	* 3:15 p. m.	* 8:15 a. m.
Mendota, Ottawa & Streator Pass	* 4:30 p. m.	* 9:55 a. m.
Aurora Passenger	* 5:30 p. m.	* 8:55 a. m.
Aurora Passenger (Sunday)	1:00 p. m.	10:00 a. m.
Dubuque & Sioux City Exp.	* 9:30 p. m.	* 7:00 a. m.
Pacific Night Exp. for Omaha	†10:00 p. m.	‡ 7:45 a. m.
Kansas City, Leavenworth, Atchison & St. Joseph Exp.	†10:00 p. m.	‡ 7:45 a. m.
Downer's Grove Accommodation	* 1:15 p. m.	* 3:30 p. m.
Downer's Grove Accommodation	* 6:15 p. m.	* 7:20 a. m.
Texas Express	10:00 p. m.	7:45 a. m.

*Ex. Sundays. †Ex. Saturday. ‡Ex. Monday.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD.
Depot foot of Lake-st. and foot of Twenty-second-st. Ticket office, 121 Randolph-st., near Clark.

	Leave.	Arrive.
St. Louis Express	* 8:15 a. m.	* 8:50 p. m.
St. Louis Fast Line	† 8:15 p. m.	§ 8:30 a. m.
Cairo Mail	* 8:15 a. m.	* 8:50 p. m.
Cairo Express	† 8:15 p. m.	§ 8:30 a. m.
Springfield Express	* 8:15 a. m.	* 8:50 p. m.
Dubuque & Sioux City Ex.	* 9:00 a. m.	* 3:55 p. m.
Dubuque & Sioux City Ex.	† 9:00 p. m.	§ 6:35 a. m.
(a) Gilman Passenger	* 4:30 p. m.	* 9:20 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	* 6:10 a. m.	* 7:55 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	* 7:10 a. m.	* 7:45 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	* 9:00 a. m.	* 8:45 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	*12:10 p. m.	* 9:20 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	* 3:00 p. m.	*10:00 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	* 4:30 p. m.	* 1:45 p. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	* 5:15 p. m.	* 4:45 p. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	* 6:10 p. m.	* 6:55 p. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	*11:10 p. m.	* 6:15 p. m.

(a) Runs to Champaign on Saturdays.

CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RAILROAD.
City offices, corner Randolph and LaSalle-sts., and 75 Canal-st., corner Madison-st.

	Leave.	Arrive.
a Pacific Fast Line	*10:15 a. m.	* 3:15 p. m.
a Dubuque Night Ex. via Clinton	†10:45 p. m.	‡ 6:30 a. m.
a Omaha Night Express	†10:45 p. m.	‡ 6:30 a. m.
a Freeport & Dubuque Express	* 9:15 a. m.	* 3:25 p. m.
a Freeport & Dubuque Express	* 9:15 p. m.	* 6:30 a. m.
b Milwaukee Mail	* 8:00 a. m.	*10:30 a. m.
b Milwaukee Express	* 9:30 a. m.	* 4:00 p. m.
b Milwaukee Passenger	* 5:00 p. m.	* 7:40 p. m.
b Milwaukee Passenger	†11:00 p. m.	‡ 5:00 a. m.
b Green Bay Express	* 9:40 a. m.	* 7:00 p. m.
b St. Paul Express	†10:00 a. m.	‡ 4:00 p. m.
b Marquette Express	* 9:00 p. m.	* 6:45 a. m.
Madison & Winona Passenger	* 9:40 p. m.	* 7.00 p. m.

a—Depot corner of Wells and Kinzie-sts.
b—Depot corner of Canal and Kinzie-sts.
W. H. STENNETT, Gen. Pass. Agent.

COLORADO, KANSAS & NEW MEXICO.
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W. E. WEBB, Gen'l Ag't.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILROAD.
Depot, corner of Van Buren and Sherman-sts. Ticket office, Grand Pacific Hotel.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Omaha, Leavenw'th & Atchison Ex	*10:15 a. m.	* 4:00 p. m.
Peru Accommodation	* 5:00 p. m.	* 9:30 a. m.
Night Express	†10:00 p. m.	‡ 6:30 a. m.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILROAD.
Depot, Van Buren-st., foot of LaSalle-st. Ticket offices, northwest corner Clark and Randolph-sts., and southeast corner Canal and Madison-sts.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail	6:10 a. m.	10:00 p. m.
Special New York Express	8:30 a. m.	9:00 p. m.
Atlantic Express	§ 5:15 p. m.	§ 8:30 a. m.
Night Express	†9:00 p. m.	‡6:55 a. m.
South Chicago Accommodation	12:00 m.	1:50 p. m.

CHICAGO, INDIANAPOLIS & CINCINNATI THROUGH LINE, VIA KANKAKEE ROUTE.
From the Great Central Railroad Depot, foot of Lake-st. Ticket office, 121 Randolph-st., near corner Clark; 94 LaSalle-st., corner Washington, and at Illinois Central Depot.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Day Express	* 7:30 a. m.	* 8:30 a. m.
Night Express	§ 8:00 p. m.	* 8:00 p. m.

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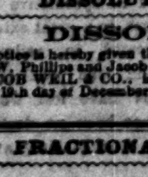
SCALES.



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111 AND 113 LAKE-ST.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

DISSOLUTION.

Notice is hereby given that the copartnership between B. W. Phillips and Jacob Weil, under the firm name of JACOB WEIL & CO., is dissolved by mutual consent this 19th day of December, 1873.
B. W. PHILLIPS,
JACOB WEIL.

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GLOBE THEATRE—Desplaines street, between Madison and Washington. Engagement of Birch, Wambold, and Backus' San Francisco Minstrels.

MYERS' OPERA-HOUSE Monroe street, between Dearborn and State. Arlington, Cotton, and Kemble's Minstrels. "Simple Simon." Minstrelsy and comicalities.

HALSTED STREET OPERA-HOUSE—Corner Halsted and Harrison streets. MacEvoy's "New Hibernicon."

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH—Corner Monroe and Laflin streets. Lecture by the Rev. Minor J. Savage. Subject: "Laughter in Earnest."

DR. KAHN'S MUSEUM OF ANATOMY—Clark street, between Madison and Monroe.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

HEADQUARTERS FOR BOYS' CLOTHING. C. C. COLLINS, 184 and 186 Clark-st.

The Chicago Tribune.

Sunday Morning, December 21, 1873.

A POPULAR LOAN.

We understand that the Mayor will shortly recommend to the Common Council a plan which has been suggested to him for raising money to meet the deficiency in the city revenues. This plan consists of issuing certificates of indebtedness of various sums, down as low as $100, to be taken by popular subscription, payable at the end of six months, and receivable in the meantime in payment of city taxes. The plan is worthy of serious consideration, and it has certain advantages which are likely to make it successful if it is adopted.

In the first place, it is imperative that the city should have $800,000 or $1,000,000 between this and the time for the payment of the next city taxes. Bonds amounting to $60,000 fall due on Jan. 1. At the same time, $468,000 interest becomes due and must be met. In addition to these items, there is a floating indebtedness of $1,200,000 falling due within the next three months. This is a total indebtedness of over $1,700,000, part of which must be paid and all of which should be paid before March, while the new taxes do not begin to come in before that time. The available cash in the Treasury is less than $600,000, and the indebtedness of the city already exceeds the limit fixed by the Constitution for the issue of bonds. The city is perfectly solvent, since it has tax-certificates enough to more than counterbalance the deficiency; but these cannot be converted into cash at the present time. The scheme of a popular loan is the only one which suggests itself as the way out of the present embarrassment. Such a loan would appeal to the people in various ways. Firstly, it would enable all those who desire to save the city from an act of bankruptcy, which a default would be, to contribute according to their individual means. Secondly, it would afford absolute security to all who have small sums of money lying idle, to invest it for a short time. Thirdly, all tax-payers to the amount of $100 would simply be anticipating by a few months the money they would have to pay the city in the end, and they would be enabled to turn over their certificates when their taxes should become due.

This plan, though novel in its application here, has been found to be the quickest and surest way of raising money for public uses in other countries. It is the plan adopted in France even for great national loans, and the people of that country have always responded promptly, and even enthusiastically, under the most depressing circumstances. It will not be forgotten that the bulk of the indemnity which France paid to Germany, after the Franco-Prussian war, was contributed in this way, in spite of the impoverished condition of the country. The popular loans have always been subscribed there within a few days, and the people of the middle and poorer classes have been the first to come forward with their savings. We see no reason why a similar plan should not be equally successful in Chicago at the present time. It is, of course, the duty of the Common Council, before approving such a plan, to satisfy themselves and the people by legal counsel that such a loan is lawful and constitutional, and that the securities are unquestionably valid. In this case, we believe that the money would be forthcoming.

THE PANIC IN CHICAGO.

Three months ago the failure of Jay Cooke & Co. initiated a financial panic, the effects of which have been felt in every part of the land. It not only arrested and destroyed nearly every speculative scheme that was in progress, but for a time paralyzed all business. It so deranged financial affairs that all trade was suspended, and even our grocery men served notice that they would sell only for cash on the nail. In the three months that have followed there has been a general posting of accounts. The banks have had a difficult job in keeping above water. All that had engaged in fancy operations, by lending money to stock-gamblers and brokers, and dealers in moonshine, have paid severely. Nevertheless, the banks generally have come out of the trouble. A few have closed their doors, to open them no more, but, as a whole, they have passed through the ordeal safely. Large sums of money had been invested in speculative enterprises, and this money has, to a great extent, been lost. Capital invested in railroads through the desert and the wilderness has been sunk. Persons have lost wealth and credit, but still there has been no destruction of property which was then yielding a fair return.

Chicago was the first commercial centre to proclaim a revival of trade. We held the breadstuffs and provisions, and hither came the first tidal-wave of money after the earthquake. Our banks were among the first to resume the usual course of business. Discarding the make-shifts resorted to by banks elsewhere, they were the first to commence helping their customers. The trade in our staple articles of commerce became a necessity for the country, and it at once drew from all parts the money necessary to carry it on. Once begun, it has never ceased, but has continued increasing until it long since reached the same magnitude that would have been attained had there been no panic. Prices, after the first few days, showed no decline. Wheat and corn, cattle and hogs, pork and beef, have commanded their accustomed prices. The resumption of these great branches of trade had an immediate effect upon all others. The producers, obtaining cash for their goods in Chicago, were not only able to pay what they owed here, but to recommence their trade as if it had never been interrupted. The dry goods, boots and shoes, grocery, and hardware trades soon got into successful operation. The suspension of bank discounts for a time crippled and embarrassed operations, but the volume of business soon overcame this difficulty. One of the first effects of the panic was the withdrawal from Chicago of all the money held here for investment in mortgage-loans. It was worth more in New York and Boston, on equal security, than it was in Chicago. One of the best evidences that the panic has spent its force is, that this money has begun to flow back to Chicago to be invested in bond and mortgage. In fact, money is easier to-day than it was one year ago. Last December every bank in the city was corked as tight as an exhausted receiver, and this condition lasted until the middle of January.

The most serious evidences of the late panic that remain are the closed iron mills and foundries, and the discharge of the operatives. The protracted suspension of these establishments is due largely to embarassments of railways and railway-construction companies. The Texas Pacific Construction Company had its paper all over the country; every iron mill in the West probably had a share of it. Other speculative companies had their paper in the hands of these mills; and all this paper has gone to protest. The panic stopped the building of railroads in the wilderness. It also destroyed the credit of those engaged in that business; and the embarrassment produced by the failure of these companies has forced the closing of many rail mills which otherwise would have been able to go on. The iron-manufacturing establishments of Chicago which have not closed are all doing a fair business. Some other manufactures have felt the panic, and, as a consequence, there is an unusually large number of men out of employment. These establishments, however, are gradually resuming business, again employing their workmen, and a few weeks or months more will see them in full operation. We do not mean to say that there have not been hard times during the panic, but we do mean to say that the reviving trade and commerce of the city have turned the corner of the panic, and, in a general way, are removing all traces of its devastation.

A very large amount of capital in this city is invested in real estate, and traffic in that kind of property was arrested by the panic. Except for immediate uses, there has been little or nothing done in the way of cash sales. There has, however, been much done in the way of settling payments by offsetting one debt with another,—a sort of Clearing-House operation, as good as any other to get rid of debts. This operation has been successful in removing much embarrassment, and relieving persons of large amounts of maturing obligations. Of course, money has been too precious to invest in outside property; but the healthiest sign of all is that there has been no shrinkage in values, and no falling off in prices. When the trade is renewed transactions will begin at prices and values in no wise impaired by the fact that a panic has prevailed all over the country. A large part of the winter has passed; already men turn their faces to the coming spring; and even the operators in real estate look forward to the season now approaching when they will share in the general prosperity which has attended the revival of all other business, and when Chicago, already rejoicing that the panic has spent its force, will have forgotten that there had been such a thing as the panic at all.

A DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGE.

Mr. M. D. Conway, the London correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, states that a meeting of the leading publishers and authors of London was recently held at a room in Paternoster Row; that the meeting was convened to hear an important statement from a distinguished personage from the United States on the subject of international copyright. The distinguished American addressed the meeting, pointing out the great losses sustained by British authors and publishers for the want of proper legal protection in the United States. He stated the grievance very forcibly, and then informed the meeting that, so far as obtaining the proper legislation from Congress was concerned, the question was merely one of money. He offered, that if those in England, who were so deeply interested, were willing to contribute a certain sum of money, he would undertake to put it where it would secure the passage of the necessary bill through Congress at its next session. He made this offer so plainly and distinctly that his good faith was not questioned, and several publishers expressed their willingness to subscribe liberally. A gentleman present, who is described as an "eminent author," declared the proposition to be a shameful one for America, and an insult to English literary men, and indignantly left the room, and was followed by nearly all of the authors. That was the end of the matter. It will be observed that this story has two very suspicious points. The American is described as a "distinguished personage," and, second, that he offered to do the bribing in person. It may be that all Americans who reach Europe become distinguished personages; but we question very much whether any one but an impudent scoundrel and impostor would offer his own services to buy an international copyright law through Congress. That a distinguished personage, or any other person, after reading the history of Credit Mobilier and other subsidies, may have formed an idea that money may be successfully used in obtaining legislation from Congress, is very likely; but the men who do that business do not proclaim it from the housetops, nor at public meetings. Even Oakes Ames did not say he wanted stock to bribe anybody; he wanted it merely to place it where it would do the most good. This distinguished personage who is traveling about Europe offering to sell legislation to order by our Congress, and offering to handle the money, ought to be named. He is entirely too distinguished to have his name kept out of print.

There are now no less than three histories of Illinois, in various stages of preparation—one by Judge Sidney Breese, of the Supreme Court; one by Judge Anson S. Miller, of Rockford, upon which he is now putting the finishing touches; and the third by Prof. Strive, of Carlinville, which is already in press. The histories already published are Ford's, which is now out of print; Brown's, published in 1844; the Cabinet History, by Carpenter and Arthur; Ex-Gov. Reynolds' "Pioneer History of Illinois," which is now very scarce, and a life of Gov. Ninian Edwards, published by his sons, which is called a "History of Illinois." Excellent as many of these are, the general comprehensive history of the State has yet to be written by some careful historical student. The material is abundant, and the new histories which are announced will probably add still more.

RURAL JUSTICE.

"God made the country and man made the town." Owing to this distinction, it is only natural that we should look to the country for truth and honesty and justice in their virgin purity, unadulterated by the gross compounds which are mixed up with them in the cities. The other evening, at the English opera, a plump, comely, red-cheeked damsel, and a long, lank young man sat hand in hand upon one of the back seats, each munching a Spitzenberg as they watched Azucena telling her direful story of fire and blood to Manrico. This was a true type of rural simplicity and honesty; and, when it is considered in the abstract, wherein lay the harm? To eat apples at the opera is only a form; not to eat apples is only another form. The only distinction is, the one is a positive form; the other, negative. The one is the country form; the other, the city form. The story, however, which we are about to relate, illustrates the simplicity of rural practice still more clearly, and shows how much more easily and simply the law works when it is freed from the useless verbiage and Middle-Age forms and practices.

The place was Waupaca, Wis., and the time was last Friday. A shoemaker, in a fit of absent-mindedness, sold a pair of shoes which had been left with him for repairs. Thereupon the owner of the shoes sued the careless Crispin for their value. The shoe-owner's lawyer was Monagan, and the shoemaker's lawyer was Morgan. The trial came on. The shoemaker was on the stand, but his answers did not suit Monagan. Did he go to taking exceptions and appealing to the Court and making out a long list of grievances, so that he could frame a motion for appeal and keep the shoemaker and shoe-owner in hot water for months to come, as Mr. Scammon or any other city litigant, for instance, would have done? Not at all. He settled the matter in three little words,—carelessly remarking to the shoemaker that he was a liar. The shoemaker thereupon quietly referred the remark to his counsel, Morgan, for advice. Morgan, instead of cumbering up the case with suits for slander or libel, acted for his client immediately by knocking Monagan down and pounding him a little. Now, observe the impartial manner in which justice is administered in Waupaca. The Sheriff did not interfere, deciding that he had no jurisdiction. Some of the jury wanted to interfere, but the rest would not let them, declaring that they were not trying that case. After Morgan and Monagan were satisfied, the Court took official notice of the *vi et armis* turn affairs had taken, by informing Monagan that it served him right, and ordered the case to proceed. At the close of the case, the jury refused to deliver their verdict until their fees were paid, and, the money not being forthcoming, the foreman walked off with the verdict in his pocket. Why shouldn't he? Of course such a proceeding would not do in Chicago, for if juries refused to give verdicts here until they got their fees, we should never have any verdicts. But in Waupaca, where justice is administered on basic principles, such a proceeding was eminently correct. The Waupaca jury was employed to procure a verdict, for which they were to be paid in fees. They were not obliged to deliver the article they had for sale unless the cash was forthcoming, and that foreman only vindicated the inalienable right of Meum and Tuum when he walked off with the verdict. The next day after the trial, Monagan met the shoemaker on the street. Morgan, the shoemaker's counsel, as we have said, had already given Monagan a beating. Monagan, therefore, of course, owed somebody else a beating. It could not be Morgan, because Morgan was not acting for himself, but for the shoemaker. The shoemaker was the legitimate creditor, and, therefore, Morgan settled the debt by pounding the shoemaker.

Up to this point the reader will observe that exact justice has been meted out without any unnecessary legal routine or red tape, and without the tedious delays which characterize the practice of law in the cities. The basis was simple, abstract justice without reference to Coke, Blackstone, or Lyttelton, or the practice of lawyers in other States In Waupaca, it is immaterial what has been done to defaulting shoemakers elsewhere. And yet justice is not wholly satisfied. The shoe-owner hasn't got his shoes back, but we have no doubt that Waupaca will find some way of getting them, and the shoemaker owes somebody a beating, although it is not clear to whom he owes it. Most probably Waupaca will decide it is the owner of the shoes who has made the shoemaker all this trouble. To complete this cheerful picture of rural justice in its virgin purity, it only remains for the Court to whale the foreman who walked off with the verdict, and for the foreman to clean out the County Treasurer for not paying for the verdict. On the whole, the Waupaca way of doing things has its virtues. It is simple, elementary, and quick, and has no nonsense about it. Such a suit in Chicago would have lasted for years, and before it came to a termination would have been so full of declarations, affidavits, rejoinders, surrebutters, and supersedeases, that no one could tell what it was about originally, or whether there was ever a pair of shoes or a shoemaker in it at all.

Reliable and recent intelligence from Wyoming leaves no room to doubt that there will soon be a general Indian outbreak in the northeastern part of that Territory. The Arrapahoes numbering 2,000, and the Cheyennes 5,000, have both refused to leave their present reservation although the Government has arbitrarily demanded that they shall go into the Indian Territory. It will be remembered that a delegation from these tribes was recently in Washington, and that the Great Father told them they ought to go, and, if they did, he "would make their hearts warm." If they don't go, it is clearly now his duty "to warm" them in another way which may not be so agreeable. The lesson of the Modoc campaign ought to be clear enough to suggest the *modus operandi* of removing the refractory Cheyennes and Arrapahoes, and yet we shall probably have to go through the same old farce of having the business muddled up by ring-thieves, Indian Agents, and Peace Commissioners, as before.

COALS TO NEWCASTLE.

America is beginning to look up in the musical centres of Europe. For years past, we have had to depend upon Europe for our musical stars. Gradually, however, this has ceased, and now we are sending singers to the Old World, who are taking high positions. Among soprano singers, we have sent the two Pattis, Adalina and Carlotta; Minnie Hauck, who is a great favorite; Jennie Van Zandt; Miss Abbort, Kellogg's *protege*; Mrs. Moulton; Albani, who lately won a signal triumph in Paris in "The Huguenots," rendering the music strictly as written by Meyerbeer; Violetta Colville, who has just made a remarkably successful debut at Piacenza; and Mrs. Hall, who also recently made a successful debut at the Sydenham Palace. Among the contralti are Adelaide Phillips and her sister Mathilde, both of whom are now singing in Milan; and Antoinette Sterling, who is all the rage at the Riviere concerts in London. Castle and Campbell are singing in English opera with great success in England. Charles Adams, of Boston, has just been engaged as the principal tenor at the Grand Opera in Vienna. Foli, the basso, who is the greatest oratorio singer in England, is a native of Connecticut. Whitney, the American basso, made a splendid reptation in England. William Lake, of Washington, it is said, bids fair to rival Santley. Edward Dannreuther, the founder and conductor of the London Wagner Society, is a native of Cincinnati. Jule E. Perkins, Mapleton's new basso, is from Vermont. In addition to these, there are numerous others who, although now studying, have made a brilliant reputation. Miss Blanche Tucker, of this city, who went to Mme. Garcia with letters from Lucca, has succeeded in passing the examination for the Paris Conservatoire, when numerous others failed. Miss Amy Fay, a grand-daughter of Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, a former pupil of Tausig, and now studying with Liszt, has already created a sensation with her playing at Weimar. Katie Gaul, another American girl, from Baltimore, also a pupil of Liszt, has made a success at Weimar, in public. Miss Cranch, of Cincinnati, has passed the ordeal of a first appearance in Milan, with credit. Miss Julia Rive, of Philadelphia, recently played at Leipsic before one of the most critical audiences in Europe, and was enthusiastically applauded. Miss Anna Guilford, of Lynn, Mass., is singing in opera at Leghorn with success. At Milan, there are no less than eight Americans studying music, among them Miss Katie Smith, a daughter of Mark Smith, the actor, who is said to have an elegant light soprano voice; Miss Wolvrin, of Cincinnati, who will shortly make her debut at the Milanese Carnival; Mrs. Seidenhoff, of Charlestown, Mass., a heavy dramatic soprano; Mr. Sprague, of Boston, a very heavy basso; Miss Josie Jones, a Cincinnati contralto, who has secured consent to sing in La Scala; Mrs. Annandale, of Baltimore, who is to sing during the Carnival; Miss Jennie Caldwell, who has made a successful debut in "L'Elisir d'Amore;" Miss Jennie Bull, a contralto who is said to approach nearer Alboni than any singer in Europe; Miss Kate Miles, who has an engagement at Naples; Miss Eda Valergo, of San Francisco, who is singing minor parts in Milan; Miss Moody, a young girl from New Orleans, who is studying in the Conservatory, a favor usually granted only to Italians; Miss Pauline Nininger, who is said to have the most beautiful voice in Milan; and Miss Trimble, the daughter of the American Consular Agent, who has made a successful debut in "Traviata." These are only a few of the American singers in Europe; but the list shows that America is gaining an enviable musical reputation abroad, and that American talent is rapidly being recognized. The finest musicians in the world are fast acknowledging it; and Mr. Theodore Thomas' great operatic scheme is partly based upon his confidence in American talent. Everything seems to indicate that this country is destined to produce the musicians of the future.

THE DETROIT BRIDGE.

One of the projects for cheapening transportation between the East and West, by facilitating it, is the scheme for a bridge across the Detroit River at Detroit. This plan has gained very favorable consideration, and a Board of Engineers has been appointed by the State of Michigan to report on its feasibility. President Joy, of the Michigan Central Railroad, has addressed the Board a communication on the question, which presents conclusive reasons in favor of the construction of the bridge. Every winter many millions of bushels of grain are locked up at Chicago and other lake ports for lack of transportation. The productions of hundreds of thousands of farmers and others are thus withheld from market for several months, and in addition to this loss they are subjected to the expense of storage and loss of interest. Last winter the railroad transportation which crosses the Detroit River at Detroit by ferry was interrupted two months by the ice. Three thousand cars accumulated on the borders of the river, and the obstruction is estimated to have cost the railroads fully a million dollars. Their damage was slight compared with that of the community. Every bushel of grain in the West, the amount of every man's business, and the comfort of every household, was affected. It was a sacrifice of part of every bushel of grain, of every hog and beeve, and every stick of timber, and a tax on all the industry of the country. An immense relief, Mr. Joy shows, could be gained by bridging the river at Detroit. Transportation through that point would then be uninterrupted. The saving of perishable property, of time, of the cost of storage, of interest, would be felt upon every farm, and by every business man. It would give relief during the winter months, and would lower the price of water transportation all the rest of the year. The storehouses of the West would be continually drained. Produce would move eastward continually, and spring would open with none of the huge accumulations which now burden transportation and raise freight rates to 15 or 20 cents a bushel. The only serious opposition to the proposed bridge is made by those interested in lake navigation, who think it would subject their business to too much competition, and that the draws of the bridge would interfere with the passage of vessels. With regard to the first point, Mr. Joy very pertinently asks whether the good of the public and the interests of $100,000,000 of railway property ought not to outweight the $50,000,000 invested in shipping. As to the second objection, he shows by the experience of the shippers through the Chicago River, when vessels pass through the draw of the Pittsburgh & Fort Wayne Railroad every seven or eight minutes, that there would be no substantial inconvenience. Possibly, one tug in fifty may be delayed half an hour. If there were twenty such bridges as that proposed at Detroit, across the river between Lakes Huron and Erie, the injury to the agricultural classes of the Great West—who are the parties most concerned—would not be half as great as by the interruption of railway passage for a month in the winter. President Joy sums up his argument by saying, that, "When we consider the immensity of the benefits to all the West of uninterrupted and constant trains, running upon double-track roads all the year round, and especially in winter, when all other means of transit are closed, and the productions of the West can only move by rail, and the effect upon business and trade, and upon the comfort of every industrious farmer of the West, and every merchant and mechanic, resulting from uninterrupted and constant movement of traffic and consequent circulation, the argument is overwhelming, and cannot be resisted in favor of a bridge or bridges wherever necessary."

DAWSON ON DARWIN.

THE STORY OF THE EARTH AND MAN. By J. W. DAWSON, LL. D., Principal and Vice-Chancellor of McGill University, Montreal. Pp. 397. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1873.

This is by far the most vigorous attack on the theory of Evolution that has been directed against it from any English-speaking quarter of the globe. What Prof. Agassiz might have done if he had lived to prepare the course of lectures which he had planned for the present winter, we shall never know. One of his latest recorded thoughts was a regret that the new race of scientists seemed to be running after theories instead of patiently investigating Nature and interpreting her words. Principal Dawson does not belong to this new race, who are engaged in "filling up the gaps" between the gar-pike and the human animal. On the contrary, he has exposed fresh gaps, which, it is almost safe to say, never can be filled, and he has shown pretty conclusively that the Evolutionists, although they have added much to scientific knowledge, and have traced many remarkable resemblances that had been unnoticed before, have not yet established one fact to prove that one kind of animal existence has ever been developed out of another kind.

It is gratifying, as well as novel, to read an attack on the Darwinian school from a really scientific standpoint. Most commonly such attacks are directed from some theological ambush, and, however successful they may appear to theologians themselves, are not understood by scientists, and are seldom or never answered by them. Mr. Dawson, though belonging to the orthodoxy himself, holds the Evolutionists in higher esteem than "those who would advise us to hand over reason and conscience to the despotic authority of fallible men dressed in strange garbs and called by sacred names." In combating Darwin, Huxley, Mivart, Wallace, etc., he gets down with them into the dirt, among the shells, bones, foot-prints, and leaf-prints of long-buried ages and approves himself a thorough master of the subject—no imitator, no amateur, no crammer of other men's discoveries, but a careful, painstaking, original investigator. Although he gives us numerous texts of Scripture,—rather more perhaps than necessary,—he never offers one as a substitute for an argument. He has measured the Laurentian rocks of North America, the oldest stratified series on the globe, and he finds them to be not less than six miles in thickness. The enormous lapse of time that must have been employed in depositing the Laurentian group (of which the rocks of the Saguenay and the Adirondack Mountains are a part), in the form of silt six miles deep in the ocean bed, can be but faintly conceived. He has traced the pedigree of more than a hundred varieties of mollusks, from the Permian period down to the present time, and has found not the slightest indication of a tendency to development from a lower to a higher organism. He has personally examined the cave and gravel deposits of France, the lake villages of Switzerland, the kitchen-middens of Denmark, and the famous Enghis skull, the oldest cranium known to science, which he finds to be strikingly like the skulls of the Algonquin Indians of Canada, indicating that the man who carried the Enghis skull on his shoulders was no nearer the ape than some races of men still existent. He has made the coal-measures of Nova Scotia a special study, and has discovered cockroaches and spiders like our present domestic pests were abundant in the Carboniferous period. It is interesting to note here his opinions of the origin of coal. He thinks there can be no doubt that it consisted originally of peat-bogs and club-mosses, upon which grew forests of Sigillaria and Lepidodendrons. The woody fibre of these trees contributed little or nothing to the coal, though the stumps are found in great numbers in the superincumbent clays, together with the prints of their leaves, trunks, and roots on the surface of the coal. The coal itself comes from the vegetable mold of the bog in which the trees grew.

As a Geologist, Mr. Dawson holds the view, of which Sir Charles Lyell is the most notable expounder, that the same causes which we now see at work changing the surface of the earth, viz.: rainfall, rivers, tides, icebergs, glaciers, ocean-currents, volcanoes, coral reefs, and slow elevations and subsidences of the earth's crust, have been at work from the earliest periods of geologic time, in about the same way as now. Sixty or seventy millions of years must have rolled away since the dawn of the Laurentian period; but it is, of course, impossible to speak with anything approaching to definiteness on the point, with the imperfect data we have. When we contemplate this tremendous period, and when we compare it with our three-score-and-ten, what a mere vanishing-point does human life become!

> When I behold the work of Thy hands, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou visitest him?

The story of the earth as traced by Mr. Dawson does not differ materially from that of Lyell and other modern geologists, but is interesting as the independent view of an original investigator. Its chief interest is derived from its controversial character. The theory of Evolution is assailed in the persons, or, rather, the writings, of its chief advocates seriatim, and, we think, successfully. For Mr. Darwin, as a scientific investigator, the author has high respect. He says that, when Darwin states a fact, he does it accurately and impartially. For Mr. Herbert Spencer, in the field of science, he has no respect whatever, and he disputes both Spencer's qualifications to write on Biology, and his conclusions from the limited array of facts he deals with. For Prof. Huxley he evidently has considerable regard, but he characterizes the theory of an unconscious force in Nature as opposed to Infinite Design, as a superstition taking upon itself the plumage of philosophy.

The story of Man, as inferred by Mr. Dawson, is that human beings appeared on the earth after the Glacial epoch, and about 6,000 or 7,000 years ago. He acknowledges that, in assigning this comparatively recent period for the birth of man, he exposes himself to be laughed at by nearly all his brother geologists, most of whom carry the date back ten times as far. Nevertheless, his conviction is that no positive evidence has been adduced to prove a greater antiquity than 7,000 years. Man did not make his appearance on the earth till the earth was fully prepared to sustain an existence so complex and, as compared with other animals, so delicate as his. His first home, or habitat, must have been in a mild and equable climate where clothing was not necessary, where shelter could be obtained with little effort, and where edible fruits were sufficiently abundant in a natural state to sustain life. Given these conditions, which are easily found at the present day, man had all the start needed to enable him, with his unique and peerless faculties, to achieve all that he has yet achieved in the way of subduing the earth, the elements, and the animal kingdom, of exploring the worlds and suns by which he is surrounded, and of comprehending his accountability to his Creator.

Mr. Dawson nowhere says that he accepts the Mosaic account of the Creation as true, though he introduces frequent quotations from the first chapter of Genesis showing a certain parallelism between the facts of geology and the order of appearance of the various animals on the face of the earth. That he considers the Mosaic account more in harmony with scientific observation than the Bible of Evolution, is very plain. The struggle for existence and survival of the fittest—the most popular phase of Evolutionism at present—he holds to be destitute of scientific basis. More than this, he thinks that the operation of such a law would tend rather to degrade and lower every species of animal existence than to improve and elevate.

A FORGOTTEN WIT.

BY PROF. WILLIAM MATHEWS, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

What is more uncertain than literary fame? The history of literature shows that, if it is one of the most enviable of human possessions, it is at the same time one of the most fleeting. There is scarcely anything about which one can prophesy with so little certainty as concerning the future fame of an author who is now the pet or favorite of the reading world. Fifty years ago

BYRON

was the poetic idol of the public; and Macaulay did not exaggerate when he said that all the readers of verse in England—nay, in Europe—hastened to sit at his feet. Now, instead of having his thousands of worshipers, who drink gin ceaselessly, and strive, in turned-down collars, to look Conrad-like and misanthropic, he is hardly a power in literature. Who reads Crabbe now, or Southey, or Moore? Yet Crabbe, the "Pope in worsted stockings," was so famous in his day as to create a decided sensation at the hotel where he stayed on visiting London; Southey, who is remembered to-day only by a few pieces and passages which he himself pronounced clap-trap, believed that his ponderous epics would be immortal; and Moore, whose songs were sung in a thousand drawing-rooms, might well have believed that they, at least, would not be ephemeridæ. Again, what reader of to-day has toiled through the seven volumes of

RICHARDSON'S

"Pamela;" or how many have ever heard the names of "Clarissa" and "Sir Charles Grandison." Yet these were the novels which held our great-grandmothers spellbound,—which were more popular than are the tales of Dickens or Miss Evans now. Rousseau hung over their pages with rapture; and Diderot declared that, if forced to sell his books, he would never part with these, which he ranked with the productions of Moses, Homer, Euripides, and Sophocles. Who reads Cleveland now, or "the great Churchill," or Hayley, or Dr. Darwin, or Beattie's prose or poetry, or Fitzosborne's Letters, which reached its eighteenth edition, or Blair's Sermons, which sold in their day like Robertson's Sermons and "Ecce Homo" in ours? These, and a thousand other cases that might be cited, show that the highest contemporary fame is

NO GUARANTEE OF IMMORTALITY.

The suddenness with which an author who has been puffed into the loftiest elevation is sometimes hurled into the gulf of forgetfulness reminds one of the vicissitudes that befell Milton's Satan in his flight through chaos:

> His sail-broad vans
> He spreads for flight, and, in the surging smoke
> Uplifted, spurns the ground; thence, many a league,
> As in a cloudy chair, ascending, rides
> Audacious. . . . .
> . . . . All unawares,
> Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he drops
> Ten thousand fathoms deep.

These reflections have been provoked by a perusal of the writings of Chamfort, of which a new edition was published not long since in Paris. Though a leading journalist in the French Revolution, he is now almost forgotten in Europe, while few persons in America have even heard of his name.

SEBASTIAN ROCH NICHOLAS CHAMFORT

was born in 1741, near Clermont, in Auvergne. He was a natural son, and had the quickness of parts which the proverb ascribes to such children. He never knew who his father was. His mother, who was a *dame de compagnie*, came to Paris to hide her shame, and there found friends and protectors, through whose influence he found a boursier's place at the College of the Grassins. Rather a dull scholar at first, he at last shone forth brilliantly, and in his third year this *filius nullius*, this "child of misery, baptized in tears," carried off the five grand prizes of the University. These triumphs determined his calling;

HE CHOSE LETTERS.

At first he tried to get employment from the journals and booksellers, but failed, and would have starved had not a young Abbe paid him a louis a week for writing sermons. He next became a tutor; then secretary to a rich citizen of Liege, whom he followed across the Rhine; but they soon quarreled, and Chamfort returned to Paris, saying that "The thing in the world for which he was least fitted was to be a German." An indifferent comedy, which had some success, and the winning of a prize at the Academy, introduced him into society, where his good looks, his aplomb, and his ready and brilliant wit, soon made him a favorite. Men and women of rank now sought him and doated on him. That they did not for a moment suspect the intensity of malignity and the rage for equality which slumbered in his heart, is not strange; for far keener observers were deceived than the great ladies who thus caressed him. When he was elected an Academician, Rivarol said that he was "like a bit of lily-of-the-valley in a bouquet of poppies." The lily-of-the-valley exhaled strange and deadly poisons with its perfume.

Gradually the gay and dissipated life which Chamfort led told upon his health. He lost the vigor and good looks which led the Princess of Craon to say of him, "He looks only an Adonis, but he is a Hercules;" but his position was assured. Places and pensions were

SHOWERED UPON HIM.

At Bareges, four ladies fell in love with him, among them Madame de Grammont and Madame de Choiseul,—"in reality," he says, "four friends, who each of them loved him with all the strength of four," and "it taxed him to the utmost to be modest." Marie Antoinette, flattered by some allusions to herself in one of his tragedies, gave him a pension of 1,200 livres. The Prince of Conde also offered him the post of *Secretaire des Commandements*. In spite of these successes, however, envy, malice, and uncharitableness continued to gnaw at his heart. His acrid sayings about those with whom he lived burn, it has been well said, the very paper on which they are written. His reply to Rulhiere, itself stinging enough, is among the mildest of them. "I have committed," said the wit and historian, "but one wickedness in my life." "When will it end?" asked Chamfort. Resigning his secretaryship in a fit of spleen and misanthropy, he retired to Auteuil, saying, "It is not with the living, but with the dead, one should commune,"—meaning, of course, with books. His communion had hardly begun, before, at the age of 40, he fell in love with the Duchess of Maine, a beauty who counted eight-and-forty winters. They married and lived together but a few months, when she died, and her husband relapsed into

A PROFOUND MELANCHOLY.

Made an Academician, he delivered on the occasion a brilliant discourse, and immediately after published a "Discourse against Academies." Occasionally he went to Court, where the Queen, Marie Antoinette, once said to him: "Do you know, M. de Chamfort, that you pleased all the world at Versailles, not by your wit, but in spite of it?" "The reason is easy to find," replied the sparkling satirist; "at Versailles I learn with resignation many things I know from people who are completely ignorant of them."

When the Revolution burst forth, Chamfort's friendship was sought by Mirabeau. The influence he soon had with the great Tribune is the highest proof of his sagacity and power. Writing to Chamfort, Mirabeau declares, "There is hardly a day I do not find myself saying, '*Chamfort froncerait le sourcil; ne faisons pas n' écrivons pas cela*;' or, on the other hand, '*Chamfort sera content*.'" In the union of the two men there was just that blending of opposite qualities which is essential to the strongest friendship. Delicacy, neatness, subtlety, finesse, characterized the one; force, impetuosity, fury, sensibility, predominated in the other,—each supplementing the other's defects.

THROWING HIMSELF

into the revolutionary struggles, Chamfort defended the new doctrine with heart, mind, tongue, and pen; and, in the enthusiasm of the hour, though his whole fortune was in pensions, vindicated the decree that suppressed them. For a time he was one of the most active and powerful revolutionary journalists; but, at last, as the Reign of Terror grew darker, he was shocked and disgusted by its atrocities, and began to denounce the reigning furies in vehement terms. Indignant at the mockery of the words "Fraternity" and "Liberty" traced on all the walls, he translated them thus: "Be my brother, or I kill thee." He used to liken the fraternity of the revolutionary cut-throats to that of Cain and Abel. Finally he was denounced by an employe in the National Library, of which he had been made one of the Librarians by Roland, and was hurried to prison. Soon after he was released; but, being seized again by the myrmidons of power, he tried first to shoot, then to stab himself, but only succeeded in inflicting bad wounds. "You see what it is to be maladroit in the use of one's hands," he exclaimed; "one cannot even kill one's self to escape the pangs of tyranny." In spite of a ball in his head, the loss of one eye, and other mutilations, he recovered, but only to live for a brief time, dying on the 13th of April, 1794, in the 53d year of his age.

The best edition of Chamfort for the English reader is that edited by Arsene Houssaye, which contains his choicest pieces, omitting all of temporary interest. Few books contain a greater amount of sparkling wit, delicate satire, and worldly wisdom, than is condensed in this small volume. Mingling much with the world, Chamfort brought into it a spirit of observation so ingenious and penetrating that the shrewdest and most sagacious of his contemporaries deemed him almost unerring and miraculous in his judgments. Many sayings which are now on everybody's lips

FIRST FELL FROM HIS LIPS OR PEN.

It was he who first divided our friends into "those who love us, those who are indifferent to us, and those who hate us." It was he, not Talleyrand, who said, "Revolutions are not made with rose-water." It was he who gave to the French armies, as they marched into Belgium, the motto, "War to the castle; peace to the cottage." It was Chamfort, too, that furnished the Abbe Sieyes with the memorable closing words of his pamphlet: "What is the Third Estate? All. What has it? Nothing." Chamfort was accustomed to write out daily, on little bits of paper, the results of his observations and reflections condensed into maxims; and these mots, carefully polished and sharpened, with the anecdotes he had picked up in the great world among professional men, artists, and men of letters, form the most brilliant and attractive part of his writings. The following, selected almost at random, are

FAIR SPECIMENS OF THE WHOLE:

"France is a country in which it is always necessary to display one's vices, and always dangerous to disclose one's virtues."

"The public, the public, how many fools does it take to make a public?"

"The menace of a neglected cold is for the doctors that which purgatory is for the priests,—a mine of wealth."

"'You yawn,' said a lady to her husband. 'My dear friend,' said the husband, 'husband and wife are but one, and when I am alone I become weary.'"

"The majority of nobles recall their ancestors pretty much as an Italian *cicerone* recalls Cicero."

"Madame de Tencin, with the suavest manners in the world, was an unprincipled woman, capable of anything. On one occasion, a friend was praising her gentleness. 'Aye, aye,' said the Abbe Imblet, 'if she had any object whatever in poisoning you, undoubtedly she would choose the sweetest and least disagreeable poison in the world.'"

"I heard one day a devotee, speaking against people who discuss articles of faith, say *naïvement*: 'Gentlemen, a true Christian never examines what he is ordered to believe. It is with that as with a bitter pill; if you chew it, you will never be able to swallow it.'"

"The most utterly lost of all days is that on which you have not once laughed."

"Society is composed of two great classes,—those who have more dinners than appetites, and those who have more appetites than dinners."

"Madame de Palmont, seeing M. de Richelieu, instead of lavishing attention on herself, paying court to Madame de Brionne, a very pretty woman without the least mind, said to him, 'Marshal, you are not blind, but I believe you are a little deaf.'"

"A lady who shall be nameless was at the representation of 'Merope,' and did not shed a tear. Everybody was surprised; perceiving which the lady said, 'I could indeed have wept, but I am engaged out to-night to supper.'"

These sayings are a fair specimen of what a witty French writer has called *les tenailles mordantes de Chamfort*. The *Maximes et Pensées*, which form the latter half of Houssaye's edition, may be regarded as the quintessence of this piquant and *spirituel* author. Whether he deserves

A LITERARY RESURRECTION,

the reader can judge. That his genius was quite as original and brilliant as that of many an author whom the world does "not willingly let die," we think is clear. That he was especially a keen observer of men, the volume we have quoted from abundantly proves. The court, the camp, the city, the exchange, the theatres, the churches,—all the classes, ranks, and conditions of society,—pass in review in his pictured pages, and reveal themselves to us "in their habit as they lived." Will it be said that he was cynical,—that his wit was dry, caustic, and sardonic? So was Swift's and Rochefoucauld's. Are there occasional passages in his writings that one would not like to read aloud? Yes; but are there not more such in Shakspeare, Sterne, Pope, and Montaigne? That Chamfort would have produced works more worthy of his genius if his energies had not been drained by the

EXHAUSTING LABORS OF JOURNALISM,

we cannot doubt. We all know the effects of these labors, when ceaseless and engrossing, upon even the most lavishly-endowed thinker. He becomes at last a hack thinker and a loose thinker; he is a race-horse in the shafts of an omnibus. Aaron's beard never would have come down to us in history had he been in the habit of shaving daily; and, had Montaigne and Pascal lived in our day, the immortal "Essays" would have dwindled into a *Moniteur* correspondence, and the "Provincial Letters" would have been let off in squibs to fizz and sparkle through fifty-two weeks in *Charivari*. Granting all that can be said in disparagement of Chamfort,—that his genius was sour and misanthropical; that his genius had little flow; that his wit was disproportionate to his other gifts; that he lacked that highest wisdom which only goodness can give, and was lu nt and vehement where a milder and more courteous expression of his opinions would have better insured their reception,—we still think his works should be kept from the hands of the pastry-cook and the trunk-maker. At the same time, however, we would say to all his readers, in the words of Saint-Beuve: "Méfiez-vous pourtant; nous craignons qu'il n'y ait toujours un peu d'arsenic au fond."

FRANCE.

The Political Situation.

How the Provisional Government Was Organized.

Plottings in the National Assembly for a Restoration of the Bourbons.

The Count de Chambord's Famous Letter, and Its Effect.

MacMahon Placed in Power as a Tool of the Monarchists and Clergy.

France Not a Republic Now, and Never Has Been.

Special Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

PARIS, Nov. 24, 1873.

After France was completely beaten in the war with the Germans; after Louis Napoleon was dethroned and a prisoner in Germany, and the Empress an exile in England; after Paris had capitulated, and Bazaine surrendered his army at Metz; after one-half of the country was in actual possession of the invader, and all resistance had ceased, and poor France lay, bruised, bloody, and half-dead, at the feet of the "Allemagne,"

NO NATIONAL GOVERNMENT

remained in existence to whom the victors could dictate the terms of a peace. France had not only succumbed, but her National Government was extinct. Even the various Committees of National Defense were dissolved, and the members fugitives. The grand army had disbanded, and every man had fled to his own tent. The land was given up to the spoiler, and to the anarchy and plunder of the Commune. In this crisis of affairs, Bismarck stated to Thiers, Jules Favre, the Duke de Broglie, Sayes, and other prominent Frenchmen, that, before terms of peace could be proposed, it was necessary to

CREATE A PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT

with authority to accept conditions and bind France to their fulfillment. The Germans had an elephant on their hands. The nations of Europe would not permit them to reduce France to the condition of a conquered province, to be ruled as a colony of Germany; and there was no legal Government in existence with which to treat. The only solution of the situation was to improvise a Government, and compel it to sign, in the name and behalf of France, whatever terms the conqueror might dictate.

With this purpose in view, Bismarck granted an armistice, and acting through the name of Thiers and other leading Frenchmen, issued an order for the holding of an election on the 8th of February, 1871, to elect 730 members of

AN ASSEMBLY,

or Parliament; this body to have both constitutional and legislative powers, and to consist of but one branch. Bismarck authorized elections to be held in all the provinces and cities occupied by the German army, including Alsace and Lorraine, which elected and sent to this Provisional Assembly thirty members, who took their seats, acted and voted, until after these departments were torn from France and thrust into the embrace of Germany, in disregard of the tears and protestations, not only of the people thereof, but of all France besides. It was the most shocking case of international rape ever committed in modern times. But there was no help for it. The will of the conqueror was law, and must be obeyed.

This Provisional Parliament was elected for

NO SPECIFIC LENGTH OF TIME.

No term of office was fixed in the mandate for their appointment. The universal understanding was, however, that, as soon as terms of peace were concluded and law and order reestablished, the finances restored and the German indemnity provided for, and some form of Provisional Government erected for the enforcement of the laws and preservation of domestic peace, this emergency Legislative Chamber should be dissolved, and a regular Corps Legislatif be elected by the constituencies for a defined term of office.

When the people came to make choice of delegates, they selected those persons who had been opposed originally to the declaration of war against the Prussians. The caucus-committees put in nomination men who were supposed to be

LEAST OBNOXIOUS TO THE CONQUEROR.

Persons of Communistic sentiments were carefully excluded; men of radical opinions were, as far as possible, left out; Bonapartists were rigorously ignored; politicians of extreme views were rejected; and men of wealth, social standing, and personal respectability were sought for. The instinctive feeling of the country was, that easier terms could be obtained from Bismarck and the German Court by a Conservative body of representatives, who were opposed both to the "Empire" and to the Democracy, than by a body which really reflected the views and opinions of the French people on political questions. The French head was in the tiger's mouth, and the most important question was how to get it out. The constituencies, therefore, elected a body of men to negotiate for them, of what in England would be called Tories, but who were actually Bourbons, and in favor neither of a Conservative Republic nor of the Empire, but of the

RESTORATION OF THE OLD BOURBON DYNASTY,

as represented at present in the person of Count de Chambord, and, after his death, by the Count de Paris, of the Orleanist branch of the Bourbons.

This body of Deputies, elected for an emergency, and selected purposely to misrepresent the real sentiments of France, but to be acceptable to the German autocracy, assembled at first in Bordeaux (afterwards returning to Versailles) early in the spring of 1871, and

APPOINTED THIERS TEMPORARY PRESIDENT,

or rather Chairman, of the nation, with undefined powers. He retained his seat in the body, and acted as a sort of Prime Minister. He and Jules Favre entered into negotiations with Bismarck for terms of evacuation, obtained the best from him that he would concede, returned to the Assembly, and had them ratified by that body. A national subscription was opened to raise the money to pay the "indemnity," which was three or four times more than enough to reimburse the Germans for all their expenses.

The appeal to the nation was successful, the money was subscribed, and the first installment promptly paid; whereupon Bismarck and the bulk of his army marched home in triumph. He had hardly crossed the border before an intrigue was set on foot to

RESTORE THE BOURBONS

to the throne of France. Thiers pronounced in behalf of a Conservative Republic as the only form of government the French people would willingly endure; whereupon the Royalists in the Chamber began to make war on him, and threw obstructions in his way at every step. He threatened several times to resign; after which they would let up a little in their hostility, as he could not yet be spared from the public helm,—his great administrative abilities being considered indispensable. But, as soon as he had fairly restored the finances, and brought the revenues up to an equilibrium with the expenditures, and had paid off all the German fine except the last installment, the Royalists voted him out of his Presidency, and

VOTED IN MARSHAL MACMAHON,

who is a pliable instrument in their hands. MacMahon was sounded at an early date, and found to be in favor of the restoration of the Bourbons. Notwithstanding his weak generalship at Sedan, where he allowed his army to be cooped up like rats in a trap and captured, he is still popular with the French soldiers, as well as with the priests and women. He is held in popular estimation in France very much as Gen. McClellan was in America before his defeat for the Presidency. McClellan was the idol of the Democracy, very popular with the army, and stood higher in the esteem of the people of the South than any other Northern General. Thiers went out of, and MacMahon came into, the Presidency in the last days of May, 1873; after which the Assembly adjourned to meet in November, and spent the vacation in plotting for the restoration of the old Bourbon dynasty.

The first thing to be done by the intriguants was to bring about a

COMPROMISE OF THE RIVAL PRETENSIONS

of the older and younger branches of the Bourbons, represented respectively by the Count de Chambord and the Count de Paris. This was soon accomplished. The former was much the older man of the two, and childless; so it was agreed that he should have the first turn at the throne, and, when his sands of life had run out, the Count de Paris and his family were to become his successors and heirs to the Royal dignities. After the family-dispute had been thus compromised, a new and somewhat unforeseen difficulty presented itself to the advocates of rule by Divine Right. It began to be bruited in the Radical papers that the Count de Chambord would not accept the flag of the Revolution, the tri-color; nor would he agree to rule over France as a Constitutional King. The Monarchical papers generally denied these reports. But they thickened notwithstanding, and gathered body and substance. The partisans of Chambord became greatly disturbed. They knew that the people of France, however humbled by the late war, and anxious for peace and quiet,

WOULD NEVER SUBMIT

to Chambord as King on the terms it was reported that he demanded. The Royalists were aware that it would be idle to place the crown on his head if he refused to recognize the events of the past ninety years, as it would quickly be torn off. One of their number, M. Chesnelong, made a pilgrimage to the Count, who was living in Germany in "exile," to talk over the matter with him. He professed to receive assurances from the Count that he would accept the tri-colored flag, but spangle it with lilies; and that he would also rule as a Constitutional Monarch, with a Parliament to make laws, and a Ministry responsible to it. These concessions he published, and proclaimed, and trumpeted all over France. The Thiers party did not credit the story, but were evidently impressed with the belief that Chambord would be voted King by the Assembly when it met. Noses had been counted, and it was ascertained that he had at least twelve majority, with fourteen vacancies purposely kept unfilled. But a few days before the time fixed for meeting, Chambord published

HIS FAMOUS LETTER

explanatory of his position, denying the truth of the reported interview between himself and Chesnelong, letting the latter down as easily as possible, and, in the most courteous terms, telling the public that he lied when he reported the Count as agreeing to accept the tricolored flag of the Revolution, or agreeing to reign as a Constitutional King. He insisted on his Divine right to the Throne, refused to accept it as an office at the hands of the Assembly with any conditions attached, but claimed it by a title higher than the Assembly could bestow,—by such a title as an heir would claim his patrimony under, who had been kept out of his estate for a time by the squatters and thieves. To accept the flag of the Revolution would be to recognize the legitimacy or constitutionality of the Revolution, which he denied, claiming that the rules of the Republic and of the Bonaprtes were illegitimate and usurpations of the Divinely-appointed order of things. He haughtily told the French people that they were aboard a rudderless ship, tossed in a tempest, in danger of perishing, and that he was the only living pilot who could bring them safely into port, because it was his Divine mission to be their pilot. But, as the letter has been published in the American papers, I need not enlarge upon it. Suffice it to remark that it fell like a bombshell on the Royalist party, and instantly extinguished their hopes in Chambord as their King, and saved France from civil war. He was

DROPPED BY COMMON CONSENT,

and is scarcely referred to in the Assembly.

After this fiasco there was nothing left for them to do except to fix the term of Marshal MacMahon, who sent to the Assembly an extraordinary message when it met, demanding that Dictatorial powers be conferred upon him, or he would resign. It was first proposed to make him Dictator for ten years, without limitation of authority; but the "Left" (the Republican opposition) fiercely resisted it, and demanded that he should be called President of the Republic, and his term of office not exceed five years, and that his powers should be defined in the proposed Constitution. The "Right" (Bourbon and Ultramontane), upon the request of MacMahon himself, consented to the title of the office and the abbreviation of the term to seven years; but they refused to define his powers or limit his arbitrary authority, so that

HE IS, IN REALITY, DICTATOR OF FRANCE,

and may do whatever he pleases, provided it meets the views of the Royalists; that is, he must do whatever they bid him, because, if he goes contrary to their wishes, he is left without supporters, and falls. He is, then, nothing more than the tool of the Bourbon party, who, in turn, are influenced by the clergy, who get their inspiration from Infallible sources. Nobody supposes that he will serve as Dictator for seven years, which is a long time in France. But he is the most available instrument which the Bourbon and Ultramontane party can find for their purposes. The army is obedient to him, and he has disclosed, in his message to the Assembly, that he will employ military force, as well as political patronage, to enforce authority and order. It is well understood what this threat comprehends; that it means he will use the army to

CRUSH REPUBLICAN MANIFESTATIONS,

and to cram Bourbonism down the throats of the people of France.

The appointment of MacMahon as Dictator will give the Monarchist party time and opportunity to surmount the obstacle thrown in their way by the Count de Chambord. It is thought by many that he will be induced to reconsider and modify his determination, now that he perceives he can never mount the Throne on the terms he demanded. Others think that he will be discarded altogether, and the Crown will be offered to Count de Paris, who, it is believed, would accept it on such terms as would be proposed. If a King is chosen, MacMahon will be required to surrender the unexpired part of his Dictatorship, and be expected to employ the military forces of the nation to maintain him on the Throne; and it is not doubted that he will do both quite willingly.

BUT THERE IS NO TELLING

what change may come over the mind of the plain soldier and his wife after they have tasted the sweets of power and received the flatteries of courtiers. MacMahon would not be the first man who changed his mind, and concluded to tarry longer in the palaces of Royalty, after breathing the intoxicating atmosphere of the Court. But the Bourbon party are willing to intrust him, and take the chances of his surrendering the keys when they call for them to be handed over to the King. The settlement of the problem of a ruler without convulsion or bloodshed gives joy and satisfaction to the people, and France breathes easier. The excitement has been very great for the last four months, and especially for the last few weeks. It was felt on all sides that it would be a national disgrace and calamity to plunge the country into civil war about the Chief Executive; and, had Chambord accepted the Crown on the terms which his partisans desired, it is doubtful whether it would have caused a revolution immediately. It would have depended very much, however, on the temper of the army.

THE PEASANTRY HATE THE BOURBONS,

and fear a Royalist restoration. It was the Revolution that gave them their farms, and they fear Royalist reaction may take them away. Before the Revolution, one-third of the lands of France had been absorbed by the Church. The Republicans of the Revolution confiscated it, and sold it to the tenant-farmers, and, with the money received, carried on the war against all Europe. The other two-thirds of the land belonged to the nobility, who spent their days in Paris and Versailles in gayety and dissipation, while their tenants spent their lives in poverty and misery. The Republicans also confiscated the estates of the nobles, and exiled them from France, and then sold the estates in small farms to the tenantry, and used the money as they did that derived from the Church lands.

From those days to these, the nobles and priests have been looking with longing eyes for some turn of the wheel that might repossess them of their lost baronies and glebes. On the other hand, the peasantry are ever watchful and suspicious of every political movement that by any possibility might deprive them of their freeholds. The appointment of Marshal MacMahon President of the Republic gives a

PAUSE TO AGITATION AND PLOTTING.

The title itself is a strong guarantee of peace and good order, because millions of Frenchmen will really think they are enjoying a Republican form of government, notwithstanding the new President utterly disregards free press and free speech, and crushes the one and represses the other without compunction or hesitation. Any newspaper that utters an offensive expression against the existing Dictatorship is "warned," and, on a repetition, is fined, or its editor thrown into prison, and the publication suspended. This is liberty of the press in France. No political meeting dare be held in France to discuss the Government, or pass resolutions in respect thereto, as may be done in the United States with impunity. The crowd that might gather would be dispersed by the bayonet, and the speakers be arrested and thrown into prison. This is liberty of speech and political action in France, under what is dubbed a Republic.

The truth is, the French people have a very

SHADOWY AND IMPERFECT CONCEPTION

of what constitutes a Republican form of government. They have never got beyond the idea of arbitrary force. Their model of a government is the military form, and their government has always been administered on that plan. French parties are wholly intolerant and domineering when in power. They never admit that the Opposition party has any rights which the Administration party is bound to respect, but ride rough-shod over it, expecting to be treated in the same way when the other side comes into power. They are towards each other like hostile Indian tribes, and ruthlessly take each other's scalps, and execute a war-dance over a fallen opponent. France is always governed on despotic principles, no matter what may be the title of the regime, whether Kingdom, Empire, or Republic. It is only necessary to strike out one name and insert another, the absence of self-government is the same in all of them. The military or despotic form is as absolute in the one as in the other.

Since the capture of Louis Napoleon at Sedan, and the collapse of the "Empire," Americans have been accustomed to calling France a Republic, and wasting much sympathy on this "sister Republic." But it is

ALL A MISTAKE.

The Government has been, and is now, nothing more nor less than a centralized despotism. Everything is dictated in Paris, and the orders are issued therefrom. The Mayors of the cities and towns, the Prefects, or Governors, of the Departments, the Judges and Magistrates, the Sheriffs and Constables, are all appointed by the central authority, and removable at its pleasure. If a City Council anywhere does anything to displease the Dictator, it is squelched, and a new Board of Aldermen appointed by the autocratic authority in Paris.

A case of the kind occurred in Orleans the other day. The people have never been taught how to manage their local or municipal affairs, nor permitted to try. Indeed, they have but a faint idea of what it means. They depend on the Central Government to take the initiative, to direct, to command; which it is not reluctant to do. Self-reliance is not taught or practiced by the masses. The citizens never convene in town-meetings to discuss the municipal affairs of the township or county. They have no elections for local offices; they give no instructions to them; they do not prescribe the percentage of taxation they are willing so pay, nor direct how it is to be expended. Civil officers are not "servants" of the people,—are not responsible to them for their conduct,—but are

MASTERS OF THE PEOPLE,

men in authority set over them to rule, tax, and direct the people in accordance with the will and wishes of the appointing power.

The whole structure of internal government is the exact reverse of that which exists in the United States. If this system in France is Republican, then yours in the United States is a despotism; but, if your form is Republican, then this one here is a despotism, and the title it goes by a misnomer; for they are just the antipodes of each other.

But it may be argued that France is governed by laws enacted by a Parliament which is elected by the people, and therefore it is a Republic. So are Germany and Great Britain, to a much greater degree than France, governed by laws enacted by legislative bodies; but are they Republics?

The Assembly of France was elected some three years ago to perform an emergency-act, but not to restore the Bourbons or create a Dictatorship; yet they have attempted the one and done the other. They claim the right to exercise the powers of a Constitutional Convention as well as those of a legislative body, and they are proceeding to frame a Constitution for France which

WILL NOT BE SUBMITTED

to the citizens for acceptance or rejection, but will be imposed on them by the power of the army under orders of Marshal MacMahon.

At present, and for twenty-five years past, all native-born Frenchmen over 21 years of age are voters for members of the Assembly, and in a plebiscitum. But this Provisional Assembly, which should have adjourned sine die a year ago, is preparing a bill to reduce the suffrage by excluding all men under 25 years of age, and requiring a property-qualification of the others. The object is to disfranchise

ONE-HALF OR TWO-THIRDS

of the present voters, thinking that thereby they will so weaken the Anti-Bourbon party as to secure a majority in future elections. Other provisions are proposed to be inserted in their new Constitution, equally undemocratic and despotic. When they will adjourn sine die, no man not in their secrets can know. When they had determined to make Chambord King, every Royalist in the Assembly knew that three-fourths of the voters of France were opposed to the act; but they were utterly indifferent to the popular sentiment,—believing that MacMahon possessed sufficient influence with the army to force the Bourbon upon the people of France, after they had voted him to be King.

How can a Government thus constituted, thus administered, be entitled to the name of Republic? How can a legislative body thus created, and thus disregarding the wishes of its creators, be called a Representative Assembly of a Republic? How can the Chief of the standing army, when placed at the head of affairs by such an Assembly, with Dictatorial powers as demanded by him, be called the "President of the Republic?" But, if MacMahon had received his appointment by popular vote, he would still not be President of a Republic, because France

IS NOT A REPUBLIC,

never was, and, until the fundamental ideas of the people are changed, can never be a Republic.

In a country where the political life and management of affairs are formed and operated on the model of a standing army, a Republican form of government is a sheer impossibility.

J. M.

The Boy Who Would a Monkey Be.

Mr. Frank Buckland made a singular discovery a short time since. While inspecting a salmon river he noticed a remarkably active and intelligent little boy playing about the weir, whose story, related by his father, he commends to Darwin's consideration. Last Christmas the little fellow was taken to see a pantomime, in which monkeys performed a great part. The scene so impressed the child's mind that the next morning he imagined himself to be a monkey. "He would not speak; no kindness or threats would make him say a single word; he would not sit at the table with his brothers and sisters at meals, but would only eat out of a plate placed on the ground, being on all fours. If anything to eat was presented to him he always put it to his nose and smelt it just as a monkey does before eating it. He was continually climbing up trees and throwing down boughs, and grinning at the people below like monkeys in the cocoanut trees in the pantomime. When his father tried to correct him, the little fellow, still on all-fours, ran after and bit him on the leg. He would serve his sisters and brothers the same if they teased him." Fortunately the freak has passed off; but it will be necessary for the parents to exercise considerable caution in his education in theatrical matters. Certainly the case is an extraordinary one, and Mr. Darwin's opinion on the subject would be interesting.

A Curious Ceremonial.

Sir John Duke Coleridge, the new Chief Justice of England, took part, on the 26th ult., in a curious ceremonial. A London paper says: "On the last day of the Michaelmas Term, Sir John Duke Coleridge, who has been appointed Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and has at the same time become a member of Serjeants' Inn, took farewell of the Honorable Society of the Middle Temple, of which for many years he had been a Bencher. He presided and read prayers at the usual dinner in the hall of the Middle Temple, and the occasion was honored by the presence of a large number of the Benchers, besides a very numerous gathering of barristers and students. As the Benchers left the hall, headed by Sir John Coleridge, there was a warm cheer given for the new Chief Justice. In accordance with the ancient ceremony, Sir John was led to the entrance of the hall amid the clanging of the bell in the clock-tower, and was—or supposed to be—ejected from the Inn with which he has hitherto been connected."

Singular Atmospheric Phenomenon.

The New Haven *Palladium* records a singular atmospheric phenomenon which occurred in that city last Wednesday afternoon. At the time referred to the sun for a short time shone through the heavy clouds that had obscured his rays for two days, and dispelled the blue, smoky atmosphere. Immediately over the College Green no such change was noticed. By some unaccountable force, it seemed as though the mist and fog of the surrounding atmosphere had been drawn into this open space and condensed, making a pillar of cloud impenetrable to the vision and perceptible to the touch. This mass of vapor scarcely extended to the limbs of the trees in depth, and presented to the sun's rays a crest of dazzling brightness. Those on the outskirts of this misty bank could clearly define its limits, and as they stood admiring the beautiful display of nature their wonder and perplexity only increased, while they tried to deduce a satisfactory conclusion as to the cause.

LITERATURE.

THE SPIRITUAL DELUSION. ITS METHODS, TEACHINGS, AND EFFECTS. THE PHILOSOPHY AND PHENOMENA CRITICALLY EXAMINED. By DYER D. LUM. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

The author seems to have made himself practically and thoroughly acquainted with "Spiritualism," or "Spiritism," as he calls it, in all its phases. Not only did he attend "circles" and "seances" almost without number, but he studied the history of it as revealed to us by the most learned men of the past, and he gives a great variety of quotations and facts from them, illustrating the different phases it has assumed in ancient and modern times. The first half of the book is devoted to the philosophy of the subject. After examining the pretended revelations of the spirits of departed statesmen and sages, he concludes chapter 1 as follows:

Savage and primitive in its forms of thought, ignorant and imbecile in its conception of uniformity in nature, arrogant and prejudicial in its investigations, partial and illogical in its collection of testimony, and inferences therefrom, and contemptible and ridiculous in its vapid contributions to scientific knowledge, Spiritism stands justly charged with being, in every sense of the term, unscientific.

The next chapter is devoted to the unphilosophical character of its teachings. We quote the conclusion reached:

Spiritism, though claiming to be as yet but a child in years, is really an old friend, of extremely antiquated appearance, being as old as human ignorance. When it is critically examined, we discern it to be strictly in borrowed clothing, and betraying, by its confusion of thought, more affiliation with the wide polytheistic conceptions of ancient Greece, Rome, and Persia, than with the analytic philosophy of our day; and hence, notwithstanding its high pretensions, unphilosophical and gross in its teachings.

We need scarcely add that this conclusion is reached after a full and very elaborate collection of historical facts, and a comparison of them with the claims of modern Spiritualism.

The second and larger part of the book is devoted to the phenomena of Spiritism, as presented by its votaries. Mental derangement, somnambulism, the witchcraft-delusion, mental epidemics, the unconscious action of the brain, are all elaborately discussed. Under the head of "Mental Telegraphing and Prevision," he concedes some very curious qualities to the human mind. He says that "Ideas are communicated from mind to mind without the conscious use of the physical organs of sight, hearing, or speech." He illustrates this as follows: "I knew a worthy gentleman who was peculiarly susceptible to mental impressions, frequently foretelling the arrival of guests, however unexpected their coming had been; and on more than one occasion he was conveniently absent when a 'dun' was meditating a descent on the house." An immensely convenient quality, especially for those whose "financial affairs" are always liable to bring on at any moment the "crisis" of a "dun."

Dreams and presentiments are discussed with some very curious illustrations, and the author seems to admit that they sometimes are the real foreshadowings of actual events soon to follow. He says that he himself could once describe the "features, personal appearance, and characteristics" of persons unknown to him, by holding a lock of their hair in his hands. He was once in a room where, many years before, there had been a funeral, of the circumstances of which he knew nothing. He says: "I gave an accurate description of the grouping of the guests, the location of the remains, the position of the officiating clergyman, and various other particulars. I have thus described, *in the presence of their friends*, persons long dead, and who were entirely unknown to me." *How* he was able to do this, he did not know,—in fact, knew as little about it as any one else.

These phenomena are about the same as those exhibited by the young man Brown, who showed beyond a question that, by taking another's hand, he (Brown) could read or tell what was going on in that other's mind. For instance, a person might hide anything, and Brown, without knowing what it was, would lead the person directly to it. This he did a score of times at a little social gathering in this city. The whole party were thoroughly convinced that there was no sham about it. He did just what he professed to do, but he asserted his entire ignorance as to how he did it. Friends assure us that other persons have told what was going on in their minds without personal contact. For instance, they would think of some departed friend, and the "spiritist" would give the name accurately, and describe the person. But, as soon as the conversation was reported from the spirit claimed to be present, it was evidently guesswork and humbug.

The facts given by the author, and all that have come under our own observation, show that the persons possessing the apparently-supernatural gift of mind-reading can simply tell what you are thinking about. They know only what you know. The moment you ask for the future, or for the unknown, they are as ignorant as any one. Into the darkness that is before us no eye is permitted to see; no mind can to-day grasp the mysteries of to-morrow.

The author also admits that "Solid substances may be set in motion without muscular exertion or personal contact, and, in obedience to an expressed desire from persons present, will move in a required direction." Thus he indorses the whole supposed phenomena of table-moving, which he professes to have seen himself many times, and which also was proved by the investigations of a highly scientific committee who were appointed to investigate it. "Table-rappings" are also conceded; but they are of no practical value, for they resolve themselves into the admitted facts of mind-reading; that is, they reveal only what persons present already know.

We have aimed to give some of the teachings of Mr. Lum's book; not to indorse them, except those which are quoted from the first half of it. It will add much to the knowledge of most of those who read it, and, as an attempt to give us facts on the obscure and unimportant subject of which it treats, the public should give it a cordial welcome.

Poetry.

SHELLS. By ELLA WHEELER. Milwaukee: Hauser & Starney.

This is a collection of very creditable poetry, coming, as we understand it does, from quite a young lady. With care and close study, it gives promise of a respectable—perhaps we should say a very prominent—position in the future. For this the best wishes of many friends will attend her.

Periodicals Received.

Atlantic Monthly for January. H. O. Houghton & Co., Boston; Hurd & Houghton, New York. Contents: "Prudence Palfrey," by T. B. Aldrich; "The Golden Wedding of Longwood" (poem), by John G. Whittier; "Fox-Hunting in England:" by George E. Waring; "The Two Homes" (poem), by Bayard Taylor; "Lida Ann: An Adirondack Sketch;" by P. Deming; "Changed" (poem), by Louisa Bushnell; "Baddeck and that Sort of Thing—I.," by Charles Dudley Warner; "Mose Evans—Part I.," by William M. Baker; "In Kittery Churchyard" (poem), by Celia Thaxter; "The Theory and Practice of Local Taxation in the United States;" David A. Wells; "The Last of the Valerii—A Romance;" by H. James, Jr.; "The History of the Two Pillars," by W. L. Fawcette; "Evolution and Permanence of Type," L. Agassiz; "An Old Year Song" (poem), Oliver Wendell Holmes; editorial departments.

Scribner's Monthly for January. Scribner & Co., New York. Contents: "The Singer's Hills" (poem—illustrated), by H. H.; "The Great Air-Line to the Moon" (adapted from Jules Verne—illustrated), by Frank R. Stockton; "Boudoir-Prophecies" (poem), by John Hay; "The Haunted House" (poem—illustrated), by George MacDonald; "Earthen Pitchers," Chapters VII., VIII., IX., by Rebecca Harding Davis; "Irreparable" (poem), by Richard Henry Stoddard; "Annals of an English Abbey," Part III., by James Anthony Froude; "Speech-Making in Congress," by Albert Rhodes; "The 'Christus'" (poem), by Julia C. R. Dorr; "The Great South; Glimpses of Texas; I.—A Visit to San Antonio" (illustrated), by Edward King; "The Duke's Stratagem" (poem), by John G. Saxe; "Charles Dudley Warner" (with portrait), by Thomas Wentworth Higginson; "It Used to Be in the Olden Time" (poem—illustrated); "Katherine Earle," Chapters VI., VII. (illustrated), by Adeline Trapton; "A Monte Flat Pastoral: How Old Man Plunkett Went Home," by Bret Harte; "Thoughts Suggested by Mr. Froude's 'Progress,'" by Charles Dudley Warner; "Captain Millicent," by Gail Hamilton; editorial departments.

Popular Science Monthly for January. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Contents: "Concerning Serpents" (illustrated), by Elias Lewis, Jr.; "The Theory of Molecules," by Prof. Clerk Maxwell, F.R.S.; "Past and Future of a Constellation" (illustrated), from the French of Camille Flammarion; "Replies to Criticisms," by Herbert Spencer; "Quicker than Lightning" (illustrated); "The Emotional Language of the Future;" "Genesis, Geology, and Evolution," by the Rev. George Henslow, F.L.S., F.G.S.; "Growth and Decay of Mind;" "An Episode on Rats" (illustrated); "Primary Concepts on Modern Physical Science; IV.—Inertia and Force," by J. B. Stallo; "Sketch of Dr. J. W. Draper;" editorial departments.

Lippincott's Magazine for January. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. Contents: "The New Hyperion: VII.—The Seductions of Baden-Baden" (illustrated), by Edward Straban; "The Trianon Palaces" (illustrated), by Marie Howland; "The Necklace of Pearls" (poem), by R. H. Stoddard; "A Wife's Revenge," by the author of "Blindpits" and "Quixstars;" "Japanese Fox-Myths," by William E. Griffis; "Chester Harding, the Self-made Artist," by Osmond Tiffany; "The White Doe" (poem), by Will Wallace Harney; "A Princess of Thule" (continued), by William Black; "My Christmas Ball," by Lucy H. Hooper; "A Statue of Shakspeare," by William R. O'Donavan; "Three French Marriages," by Mary E. Blair; editorial departments.

Catholic World for January. Catholic Publication House, New York. Contents: "The Principles of Real Being;" "The serious 'Vive la Bagatelle'" (poem); "The Farm of Muiceron;" "Oruinandus" (poem); "One Chapter from Hester Hallam's Life;" "An English Christmas Story;" "The Song of Roland;" "Venite, Adoremus" (poem); "The Fur-Trader;" "Archbishop Spalding;" "Travels with a Valetudinarian;" "The Child Restored" (poem); "Madame de Stael;" "Father Sebastian Rale, S. J.;" "From Egypt to Chanaan" (poem); "The Year of Our Lord 1873;" editorial departments.

Illustrated Journal for January. American Publishing Company, Chicago. Illustrations: "The Visit of the Magi;" "Game on the Zambesi River;" "Scene in Madagascar;" "First Lesson in Dancing;" "Salt Lake City" (seven engravings).

Sanitarian for January. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York and Chicago.

American Naturalist for December. Peabody Academy of Science, Salem, Mass.

Aquatic Monthly for December. August Brentano. New York.

African Repository for December. American Colonization Society, New York.

Illinois Schoolmaster for December. Aaron Gove and Edwin C. Hewett, Chicago and Normal, Illinois.

Literary Items.

Guizot, who is quite well, will publish another book in January.

Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames is about to contribute an original novel to *Every Saturday*.

Mr. Eugene Schuyler, of the American Legation at St. Petersburg, is writing a work on Central Asia, which will appear in England in May.

Mrs. Linn Linton, the *Saturday Reviewer*, is writing a new novel, in which woman's education will be dealt with.

Messrs. Macmillan will issue, early in the spring, Mr. Samuel Baker's account of his recent expedition, in two large volumes.

Sir Arthur Helps has a new story in press, which deals in Russian conspiracies and Siberian exile, the characters being all transported to that hyperborean clime.

The Putnams will issue, early next year, a work on "Iron Ores of Missouri and Michigan," the most important two Western States in this kind of mineral wealth, by Prof. Pumpelly, T. B. Brooks, and Adolf Schmidt, who have been connected with State surveys.

John Fiske's new work, of which chapters were published in the *North American Review*, will be published simultaneously in London and Boston, under the title of "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy, Based on the Doctrine of Evolution." He is now abroad.

The following is the curious announcement of *London Society's* Christmas number: "Tales of Toys, and all the fun of the Christmas fair! Florence Marryat begs to announce that her stall in *London Society's* Christmas fair will be opened early in December, well stocked with all the latest novelties from the domain of dolls."

The memoir of the great Edinburgh publisher, Archibald Constable, the publisher of the Waverley Novels, and whose name is associated for all time with that of Walter Scott, is one of the most interesting of late English books. It is written by his son.

A "History of Japan" has been compiled, chiefly from native and official sources, by Mr. F. O. Adams, formerly Acting-Minister of Great Britain at Yeddo. The first volume brings the history down to 1864, and the work will, it is said, be the most complete that has been issued.

Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, says a London correspondent, must be the most industrious of women. In her fertility she almost rivals the great Dumas himself. She has only just finished a four-volume novel, and to-day there come two huge volumes of some six hundred pages each, of a memoir of the good missionary Bishop John Coolidge Patterson, who was killed in 1871 by some Polynesian Islanders.

Mr. James T. Fields, in his new lecture on "Fiction and Its Authors," says that Dickens told him that when he was writing "Martin Chuzzlewit," Mrs. Gamp kept him in such paroxysms of laughter by whispering to him in the most inopportune places, sometimes even in church—that he was compelled to fight her off by main force when he did not want her company, and threaten to have nothing more to do with her unless she could behave better and come only when she was called.

The discussion between Mr. Richard Grant White and Dr. Fitzedward Hall is lifted out of its dreary pungency by that wager. If Dr. Hall can find in twenty leading authors named by Mr. White 1,000 distinct new words, not names of new things, that were not used by contemporaries of Shakspeare and King James' translators, then Mr. White pledges his publishers to pay $1,000 to any charitable institution designated—an asylum for punished pundits, perhaps.

The rumor to which our Boston correspondent gave currency that the *Atlantic* was about to become a Methodist organ has not the least foundation in fact, we are authoritatively informed. It is true that one of the firm of Hurd & Houghton is a Methodist, but one is an Episcopalian, one is a Congregationalist, and one is a Unitarian. The fact is, that the *Atlantic* will not be the organ of any sect or party, either in religion, literature, or politics.—*Hartford Courant.*

Edmund About writes to the *Athenæum* about a prolific French novelist named Ponson du Terrail, who "imitated the defects of Dumas and Eugene Sue." His stories, which he would drive in pairs, or even four-in-hand, from day to day in the big journals, and also in the little ones, delighted for twenty years the less educated portion of the French public. Every morning he used to seat himself before a pile of paper either at home or at the office of the nearest journal, and there he knocked off, one after the other, two, three, four feuilletons, belonging to as many different works. He passed from the Middle Ages to the present day, from the Court to the Mabille, from the boudoir to the hulks, with incredible versatility, although sometimes he made a slip and inadvertently put a personage of the sixteenth century into a story of the nineteenth.

A work on "The Education of American Girls," edited by Miss Anna L. Brackett, will be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It will contain papers from representative women teachers throughout the country, including reports upon the results of woman's work in Antioch, Oberlin, and Vassar Colleges, and in the University of Michigan; and contributions are expected also from Miss Maria Mitchell, Mrs. C. H. Dall, Dr. Mary Putnam-Jacobi (who will treat especially of the subject broached in Dr. Clarke's "Sex in Education"), and other well-known women leaders. The tenor of the book will be to show that, under a scientific systematization of study, with proper supervision (of female teachers), women are competent, physically and mentally, to carry on extended courses of study up to the masculine standard.

The Lower Classes in Spain.

The dress of the lower classes is very varied and picturesque. The women wear a short skirt of some gaudy color, especially gaudy on holidays; a red, yellow, or snowy-white handkerchief over the head, which forms their only protection (save their magnificently-thick tresses of bound-up hair) against the burning, almost tropical sun. Generally they have small, well-formed feet and hands, on the latter of which one or two massive brass or silver rings are seen; on some of these I have noticed the simple word "Recibiado" ("Received"), on others "No me olbides" ("Forget me not"), while others again wear a ring with the image of the saint on whose day they were born. These rings can be bought at the various "ferias," or annual fairs, for sums varying from two pence up to two shillings. The dress of the men consists of a colored shirt, a short jacket, and a pair of coarse woolen trousers. They do not wear boots, as a rule, but sandals bound with string round the ankle; these sandals are of unbleached leather. Many of the women wear sandals of esparto grass, costing about four pence; many, again, are barefoot. There are, however, two articles of dress without which no man's toilet is complete—the "manta," or rug, used at home to sleep in, and as a covering from rain, or a bed, when on a journey; and the "faja," or waist-belt, pronounced "facca." This last is wholly indispensable; a muleteer, gardener, miner, or bricklayer would gladly do his day's work without his "sombrero" or thick felt pork-pie hat, but without his "faja" it were useless to expect it. Let me describe this necessary article of clothing. It is a long piece of very thin cloth, in length about 8 feet, in width about 9 inches; in color, always bright scarlet, black, or crimson. One end is tucked into the trousers just at the waist, it is then wound round and round the waist tightly, forming an elastic bandage about 9 or 10 inches wide, the remaining end is tucked in tightly, and then the "faja" is complete. The support of this to the back, loins, and abdomen is marvelous, and whether your calling force you to walk, ride, lift, sit upright, or dig, it is equally a comfort. Once get used to it, and you cannot dispense with it. The cheapest of these costs about four pesetas (a peseta is equal to ten pence), and a silk one about $4. These are worn in many cases by the better classes also. Nor is this the only use of the "faja." It serves as the belt for the revolver and knife, which are carried by every Spaniard—"Why do you carry a knife?" I asked of a very intelligent Spaniard, and the answer was a very significant one, "I do not know whom I may meet,"—and in its ample folds the little purse is kept concealed. The poorer class of Spaniards carry the whole of their worldly goods about with them: the richer keep all their wealth concealed about their house. In the towns of the interior no one makes use of a bank; if you ask the reason and remind them that they lose interest, a Spanish gentleman will say, "Yes, but that is better than to lose the principal." Their fare is the very simplest. Bread and fruit, and fruit and bread, with now and then, for the men, a "copa" (wineglass) of Val de penas (the rough red wine of the country), is the staple of their sustenance. The only thing about which the Spaniards, high and low, are really particular, is their water. In a country where the women drink nothing but agua (water) from year's end to year's end and the men little else, it is quite necessary to have that little good; and good it is, in all cases. Go into the poorest hut, only tenanted by a few wood-cutters or itinerant miners, and ask for a cup of water, and the little "jarro," or porous four-mouthed water jar, will be unhooked from the peg where it hangs in the sun, and you will have a drink of the purest, coldest water, from the choicest spring—water perhaps brought from a distance of three miles by the water-carrier. Only be sure you hold the jarro up above your head with both hands, and pour the water down your throat in a refreshing stream, for your manners are voted simply indecent if you touch the brim with your lips. As regards education, the lower classes have absolutely none. Seventy per cent can neither read nor write. There are no schools to speak of in the interior; even for the higher classes there are no governesses, and it is no uncommon thing to find a well-born lady not very well up to writing a letter. The lower orders are, of course, grossly superstitious. Fortune-tellers abound. There is, however, a vast deal of natural courtesy, natural wit, natural intelligence. Uncultured and uneducated as he is, the Spanish poor man has the manners of a thorough gentleman.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

MEN AND WOMEN AS PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

The two things that combine to make women less acceptable to the public as lecturers than men are, we believe, two rarely considered:

VOICE AND DRESS.

It is totally unnecessary to go over fallow ground, and try to prove it is because they are not sufficiently logical, when everybody knows that there are at least a few women whose powers of logic are better developed than those of most men, and, what is still better, they know that a man's logic has little or nothing to do with making him a popular speaker.

Given, then, an equality in all other respects, the lack of these two requisites alone is enough to spoil any woman's chance for superiority. We have, all of us, the rudest, the most uncultivated, an innate sense of the fitness of things, that makes us shrink from incongruity wherever we find it, and, above all, we shrink from its display upon the platform.

Who can tolerate for an instant the masculine woman or the effeminate man,—each neither one thing nor the other, but a hideous apology for both? When, then,

A WOMAN PERSONATES A MAN,

strives to imitate his voice and manner, we instinctively turn away with disgust at a miserable failure, or regret at a success well-nigh achieved. Look at Charlotte Cushman, grand in her conceptions as in her portrayal! When, in her assumption of masculine characters, her voice rings out in its fullest strength, the highest praise we accord is found in the words, "How like a man!" Yet the most partial critic dares not assert that a man with an equally powerful conception of the character would be no better.

The old, time-honored idea of woman is in the main correct, and we have the embodiment of that idea in the mode of dress adopted so long ago and still followed. The drapery that clothes her, softening every outline, giving delicacy and harmony, seems but the outward manifestation of the inward thought, where beauty, rather than strength, predominates. This very drapery, admirably fitted to the purpose it serves,

IS AN OBJECTION

we are apt to underweigh. While there are many subjects on which a woman may speak as well and effectively as a man, they are assuredly not those in which all the varied emotions have full play, but, rather, quiet in their tone, intellectual or pathetic,—never stirring, never heroic, in the richest and best sense of these terms.

It is folly to talk of training;—no power on earth could train a woman's voice to the cry of war or vengeance that it would strike an answering note in the hearts of listening thousands. She may tell of lonely firesides, far-off graves, and days of suffering, and every man's heart may stir within him; but it is the woman speaking to the man,—

THE WEAK TO THE STRONG—

the defenceless to the defender; and, in his God-given strength, he goes out to battle for the right. Man, by his eloquence, may move thousands; one who feels the personal magnetism of the woman at his side stronger than any other influence, can listen coldly as she appeals to the mass. One touch of her hand makes him her slave; a single word, for him alone, gives him entirely to her; but, it is again the woman to the man,—the sense of personal nearness,—the magnetism of a close presence,—the consciousness of a man's right to a woman's favor,—that is lost 'mid the throng.

Did you ever think how much the legs and feet of the public speaker, as well as his head, his hands and face, have to do with his success? Test it, then, in the future. See if you haven't to conquer a prejudice before you give unqualified assent to a really good speaker whose tailor has failed to do what Divinity has neglected?

AN AWKWARD FIGURE

is one of the worst enemies a public speaker can have, even with a reputation to precede him; he is compelled to expend a large share of his physical energy in overriding first impressions,—in undoing, by means of appeal to the ears of his audience, the injury done him through their eyes. A commanding presence, a graceful figure, a composed manner, an effective management of hands and feet, and, before they are aware, the audience is applauding the artist instead of the man.

A single suggestive pose does infinitely more for all than a hundred sparkling words. Now,

IMAGINE THIS MAN IN SKIRTS—

how much of the effect is lost? The whole, of course. It is not alone the absurd spectacle of man in woman's clothing,—it is more; it is an imprisonment of the man himself. Where now are the brilliant effects of posture, the fascinating freedom of movement, the careless disposition of the foot? We have left, it is true, the mobile features, the flashing eye, the dilated nostril, the quivering lip, the arm, the hand; but the *man* is not there,—the glorious *whole* is banished,—and, in the trammeled gesture, he seems trying to burst the fetters that bind him.

The charm of the woman

IS LOST UPON THE PLATFORM;

the man is in his element. See, in her own home, the woman that at times stands cold, impassive before you,—herself, with all the tenderness and sensibility natural to her sex; while the man, bereft of the inspiration of the time, the theme, and the crowd, oyster-like, shuts himself in an atmosphere of reserve that you would not penetrate if you could, and could not if you would.

It is probable that the lecturers of either sex, if successful, are like susceptible to the feelings of an audience,—being vastly more at their ease if they are what is termed en rapport with their hearers; but, inasmuch as the audience is composed of both sexes,—women being more capable of receiving these magnetic currents and being swayed by them,—the man

HAS THE ADVANTAGE,

if he understands the female heart sufficiently well to play upon its emotions at the outset, resting assured that as, in the majority of instances, the ladies are attended by male escorts, the effect will be insensibly communicated, and, without knowing why, the men will be favorably inclined towards the lecturer. He has made no appeal to their intellect, so it can't be that; has in no way flattered their vanity, hence that is not the source. Where is it then, if not in the action and reaction of mind upon mind, prejudicing the hearers in favor of the speaker, and thereby laying a foundation for a close sympathy? An angular man has to

CONTEND AGAINST IMMENSE ODDS,—

lines of beauty are truly in curves, as a speaker too often learns to his cost; while one of those graceful, easy fellows, with more flesh than brains, comes out from the ordeal with flying colors. He understands the beauty of motion and its power. He turns his knowledge to good account, and, with a well-directed movement of the head, is master of the situation.

Then, too, a man can say things that a woman could not with dignity. What a word that is hampering us all at almost every step! A man may be humorous; it is not in woman's nature; she may be witty,

BUT NEVER HUMOROUS.

She can never tell, to illustrate a point, a story with a little odor of a lack of sanctity about it. We loudly applaud a man who gives us a small dose of irreverence; it makes us feel on pretty nearly the same level, and that's quite agreeable when the *we* includes the Hon. Mr. ——. A man may rush madly about on the stage for the purpose of adding force and point to his remark. Imagine that performance from a woman, ranting and tearing furiously all the time! On the whole, we think there's a wonderful advantage in being a man if you propose to be a public speaker, and sometimes if you don't.

VANNEY WEST.

A NEWSPAPER-WOMAN.

Of the younger feminine journalists of to-day,

MISS KATE FIELD

has perhaps the best reason to be satisfied with the success she has made. Holding the acquaintance of the best artists and tragedians known to the stage, admitted to the intimacy of the Republican coterie of England, contributor by special invitation to the London *Athenæum* and other leading foreign magazines, favored correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, and appointed to an editorial position on the *Herald*, second hardly to that of the brilliant head of its Paris bureau,—a most striking mark of esteem from that newspaper, which, as a general thing, does not believe in woman,—she has reached the summit of a woman's ambition in journalism, unless she aspires to manage one of the chief dailies, or to edit the *North-American Review*. Her advantages of position were decided for the profession she chose, but it was

NATIVE TALENT

showed her how to make prompt and judicious use of them. Her father's position as theatrical manager gave her the entree to the best society of actors, and she had musical gifts which were first put to use in aid of the limited resources of the family at her father's death. For a while she was soprano in the choir at Dr. Bellows' church, till her attention was turned to writing dramatic criticisms, brief, pictorial, and pungent, which she did so much better than anything else, or than anybody else at the time, that her success drew her away from other ventures. Her happy choice of subjects in which people felt the most interest for the moment, no less than her treatment of them with light and skillful fingers, caught the ear of her audience. Her papers on Ristori, in the *Atlantic Monthly* and the daily papers, were so well received as to teach her at once the secret of arresting attention, which she followed up in her Pen-Photographs of Dickens and her enthusiasm over Fechter. Instead of launching herself, as most feminine writers do, into space after their topics, then to shine in their own vagueness, she put the point of her pen through a star, and

HER INK WAS ILLUSTRIOUS.

She never wasted herself on any but *the* popular interests of the day, and had the uncommon sense to see the necessity of knowing something of a subject before she began to write on it. Sombre critics complained of her as gushing, but they never find fault except with too freely-flowing praise. Spurting is the word for their fluency when something is to blame; for instance, the last attack of Mr. Nym Crinkle, the gorgeous and malignant critic of the New York *World*.

After Miss Field's visit abroad, when she sailed with Ristori, and her success as a writer was assured, the step she took of

GOING ON THE LECTURE-STAGE

was opposed to the wishes of her relatives. She preferred independence, however, and a place of her own choosing in the world, to a home in the family of her wealthy uncle at Newport, where she was, and is, a great favorite. It was not, however, a lurking passion for the stage which she gratified in this profession. Lecturing with her was a means to an end, which, having successfully served it, was laid aside for the leisurely labor of polite journalism, and the role of a woman of society,—the ambition of every newspaper feminine from the lowest up. Handsome apartments, her box at the opera, never without its attendance of brilliant literary men, her name on the list of lady-managers of charity-balls, summers abroad with titled English Radicals, and autumns on the Continent with a prima donna or so for company, form the vista of many a dream of the newspaper-neophyte. Beyond this lies the charmed life of the salons which aspiring women are trying to transplant into New York houses of seventeen-feet front. To influence the questions of the time in art, politics, and social customs, is a temptation to any woman with brains. Miss Field has thrown herself ardently into the

COMPLICATIONS OF EUROPEAN POLITICS.

Meeting the heads of the Radical party in England during her seasons at the house of Sir Charles Dilke, of course she has come to believe in the actual resolution of the English Government into a high-toned Jeffersonian Democracy, with persons of distinguished taste returned for all the principal offices. It is difficult for a woman not to be partisan, but it is unworthy of Miss Field to allow paltry flings in her *Tribune* letters, like her quizzing the Queen's manners in taking brown-stout and sandwiches at a review, as any old lady would, and for not offering them to the Czarowich and the Shah, as if any man would peril his appetite for dinner by taking luncheon, unless he were deer-stalking. Such causeless satire in things greater and less has lost friends and made critics for Miss Field. It is noticed when her epigrams are overlooked, like the capital one on the Portsmouth review, that the British emblem, instead of a lion and a unicorn, ought to be a horse and a dolphin,—alluding to the national love of field and naval sports. She is

CAPABLE OF HUMOR

that bears repeating, as woman's wit seldom does, as when, at a ball-supper, she declares that she "lives on air, sometimes this 'ere, and sometimes that 'ere;" which was worthy of Henry Clapp himself.

Her invitation to write for the *Herald* was decidedly her crowning laurel, reticent as she has been as to her connection with that paper, for the *Herald* office has been a sort of St. Severus' isle in its horror of women and their work. When it grew fashionable to have a "lady editorial" in the fourth column, and some light work of this sort was indispensable to the completeness of a large paper, of course the *Herald* would look for the best. Mr. Bennett applied for Miss Field's services, but she at first declined. This only enhanced her value, and Mr. Bennett sent word to her to name her own price for articles. Of course she knew how to make it enough, and, in consequence, between different journals is making

AS HANDSOME A SALARY

as many managing-editors have to show. Who says woman's work is undervalued in the newspaper-line? Beside her "Free Lance" criticisms and her correspondence, Miss Field writes regular editorials for the *Herald*,—its generous editorials on the Cuban question, especially, coming from her pen. Her quick sympathies are warmly enlisted—and why not?—for Cuba Libre, the Atlantic Italy, that Rome without a past, but with a glorious future. From Margaret Fuller to Pauline Girardin and Kate Field, there has been no woman's pen in journalism that was not sacred to the interest of an oppressed people, and no heart coupled with bright brain that was not true in its friendship for them. Whatever faults may be urged against them, the traditions and the types of feminine journalism are sound to the core for Republicanism against the world.

ICH DIEN.

Carbolic Acid Not a Disinfectant.

The Southern cities that have suffered from yellow fever, or been threatened with it, this fall, have, of course, resorted to a profuse use of disinfectants. Principal among those used has been carbolic acid, which, according to popular consent, is the most effective of all the remedies against infection. Now, however, Prof. Cochran, of the Alabama Medical College, writes a long letter to the Mobile *Register*, in which the efficacy of carbolic acid is questioned—nay, more, condemned as being conducive to the spread of disease rather than its suppression. The Professor says, after watching the effects of its use in the hospitals of Mobile and New Orleans: Not only do the facts and examples adduced in proof fail to establish the efficacy of carbolic acid as a prophylactic against yellow fever, but without any violence, and without any sophistical interpretation, they go very far toward the establishment of the suspicion that its influence has been the very reverse of prophylactic; that if it has not contributed to increase the extension of the disease, it has at least added to its malignity and increased the mortality to a fearful ratio. The experiment has been made, and it has failed; and it is due to the cause of truth and sanitary science, and the interests of the public health hereafter, that no false and misleading estimate of what it has accomplished should be allowed to fasten itself on the public mind.

METHODISM IN ILLINOIS.

Two Noted Preachers---Wilson Pitner and William C. Stribbling.

Anecdotes of Their Ministerial Career.

Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

JACKSONVILLE, Ill., December, 1873.

WILSON PITNER

removed to Illinois in his early manhood, and soon felt the deep conviction, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel!" But he had no wardrobe which would fit him to appear as a preacher, even in the log-cabins of those early days; and it was resolved, by his devoted brother Montgomery and himself, that they would make their way to the lead-mines at Galena,—then a point of great attraction,—and earn for him an outfit. He once described in the pulpit a part of his experience at that time, after this manner: "We worried along until we got to the neighborhood of the mines, but had nothing to eat, and were very hungry. The kind-hearted miners helped me,—one giving us some corn-meal and salt, another some bacon, one some coffee, and another lent us a pot to boil it in, and wood to make a fire. Soon we had a steaming supper, and, having placed our meat and dodgers on some big chips for plates, and the sweet-smelling coffee-pot alongside, before beginning to eat I said to my brother,—that little dark fellow you see sitting over there [pointing him out in the congregation],—Gum, I feel like giving thanks to God for the mercies of His Providence. He said, 'Wils, so do I.' We knelt down side by side, and began to pray, and our hearts were filled with joy and thanksgiving. So we rose up while our eyes overflowed with tears of gratitude, shouted aloud the praise of our King, hugged and danced; and, when our ecstacy was over, looked about for our supper, and, behold! we had

KICKED IT INTO THE FIRE

and it was all ruined. Don't you think," he added, "that we should have showed better sense to have eaten our supper first, then danced and shouted afterwards? Everything ought to be in its own good time, and we want common sense in religion as in everything else."

In due time he was recommended to the Conference, and received on trial as a traveling preacher. All the appointments were, at that day, hard, and Wilson was sent to the hardest; but he never flinched or complained. His allowance as an unmarried man was $100 a year, and he might esteem himself fortunate if he obtained one-third of that sum. The habits which he had acquired as a hunter and trapper now stood him in good stead, and helped his income. His shot with the rifle was infallible, and many a deer and wild turkey it supplied him. No man on the frontier had a truer eye for a bee-line, and none was more expert in securing the gum and its honeyed treasure. He knew the haunts and habits of the beaver and otter, and, setting his traps as he traveled the wide circuits and missions in the thinly-peopled country, many a good skin rewarded his craft.

When courting his wife, who lived some distance from his work, he called upon an old local preacher to fill some of his appointments, with the promise that he would pay him in otter-skins. At the next Quarterly Conference, the old man said, "Brother Pitner, did you know that those otter-skins you gave me were mighty poor?" "Certainly," said Wilson, "but so was the preaching; and

POOR PREACH, POOR PAY,

you know."

Showing his backwoods hearers once how it was impossible for them to become just before God by their own good works he said, "You might as well get into a big kettle and try to raise it from the floor by the bail."

Profoundly impressed by a sermon he had heard from Dr. Akers on "The Devil as a Roaring Lion," &c., he was called upon to pray. Bowing, with his head almost as low as his knees, shivering at the vivid word-picture to which he had just listened, he began in low and tremulous tones; but, as he advanced, the head was lifted; the tones grew clear and strong, until they became almost a shout: "O, Lord! the Devil, that spiteful old lion, is in the neighborhood, in this congregation, in the church, in our hearts, and Thou only canst save us. Drive him out, O, Lord! with Thy mighty hand; drive him out of our hearts, drive him out of the church, out of the congregation, out of the neighborhood; drive him into the brush; fill his mane and tail, O, Lord! with cockle-burrs, and give him no rest, day or night, so that,

SWITCHING AND SCRATCHING HIMSELF,

he'll let us alone."

"What's the use preaching a great sermon to a little congregation?" he once exclaimed in an exhortation; "it's like pulling out the plugs from the sugar-trees, and letting the sap run when there are no pans to catch it."

Rising to exhort one night at a camp-meeting, he paused until every eye was fixed upon him and a painful silence reigned, broken only by the noise of the katydids, and then cried out, in a voice of thunder, "Hark!—hark!—hark to the little creatures praising their Maker; and so everything that hath breath praises Him, except man. Have you, whom His hands have made, and to whom He has given a living soul, and for whom His Only Begotten Son has died upon the bitter tree,—have you no praise and love to offer Him?"

He was once preaching in a new settlement near the Illinois River, where the absorbing topic was at what point they should make a steamboat-landing and a warehouse. "I'll tell you," said he, "where to build, and what. Begin right here and now, and let it be a two-story warehouse that will hold all your treasures and all your hopes, for this world and for the world to come, safe from flood and fire; for godliness hath the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come."

With a powerful voice, capable of almost every modulation, a brilliant eye, a vivid nature, and a soul deeply in earnest, he would sometimes pour forth

TORRENTS OF FIERY ELOQUENCE

that no human sensibilities could withstand. Let him have "liberty," as it was styled,—or, to employ its equivalent, let him "swing clear" in the treatment of a subject with which he was familiar, technically called "a sugar-stick,"—and not Christmas Evans, the great Welsh orator, could surpass him in the power of his popular appeals. It could not be expected that his expositions would always be as correct as they were independent. He once said, "My brethren, the Apostle Paul declares that faith cometh by hearing, and Mr. Wesley says so too; but I take the liberty of differing from both these distinguished gentlemen. I knew a man once who was so deaf that he could not hear the loudest thunder, and he had more faith than anybody I ever saw. Now, did his faith come by hearing?"

He was subject to fits of great depression. On recovering from one of these, a friend asked him how he felt on coming out of the fog and gloom. "Feel!" he exclaimed; "why, as if my soul were running horse-races in the grand prairie of Divinity."

In preaching he once said: "I look upon myself as less than the least of all saints; and, when I hear the great sermons preached by the Presiding Elders and Bishops, I feel so badly about my own ignorance and weakness that I think I will never open my lips again. But I take courage when I remember what the Bible says, that 'Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord.' We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us. I have been riding through the woods before now, and seen a poor little grapevine that had crawled along the earth to the roots of a big tree, and with its feeble tendrils was holding on and trying to climb up the sides of the mighty monarch of the forest. Then I have seen another vine, as big around as a man's arm, and lifting its head far into the light; it stood as nobly and stately as if it had been a tree itself. But, if you look close, you would see that it still leaned for support to the branches of the tree, and that its arms still clung to the mighty giant. It had climbed up as the little one was now trying to; and, strong as it seemed, if it were to let go only for a moment, it would fall and be snapped in pieces; its strength and protection, like the hope and promise of the little one, is the tree. So," he continued, "frail and weak as I am, I still strive to

CLING TO THAT TREE

on which all the great arms of the world must rest, and without which they are nothing,—a tree whose roots underlie all things,—whose trunk is the strength of the universe, its branches are the Heavens, its blossoms are the stars, its whispering breath is the joy of souls redeemed, but its shadow is the night of the damned."

Mr. Pitner was transferred to Missouri about twenty years ago, and thence to California, where, I believe, he still lives.

Another man widely known in the State for the last forty years, although never a member of this Conference, deserves to be remembered for his great zeal, abundant labors, and remarkable characteristics.

WILLIAM C. STRIBBLING

was born, I think, in Kentucky, not long before the beginning of this century, and at an early age entered the Conference in his native State. He soon acquired great distinction as a preacher, ranking, in the estimation of many persons, with the renowned Dr. Bascom. Indeed, I have heard the story, that, at a camp-meeting held about 1821 or '2, where the two young men were to preach, some "lewd fellows of the baser sort" laid a wager as to which of them would bear off the palm of eloquence; and Mr. Stribbling had as many and strong backers as "the Apollo of the West."

In those early days he made a long missionary-journey through Illinois and Missouri, in company with the great Bishop McKendree. From the beginning of his ministry he was an indefatigable student, when, oftentimes, the book had to be conned on horseback, or by the flickering light of a pine-knot in the fire-place of a squatter's cabin,—he lying on the floor, while the family were busied, or asleep about him. Until his latest years, he was an omniverous devourer of books, and possessed of such a memory as I have rarely known. His passion was for theology, and poetry of the graver kind, to which he added a taste for history; but he rarely dipped into what is usually called polite learning, except to make a thorough acquaintance in earlier life with the great moralist and lexicographer, Dr. Samuel Johnson. That acquaintance

COLORED HIS STYLE

for the rest of his life, as it did that of De Bascom; insomuch that to him a horse was a steed or a quadruped,—his carriage horses rejoicing in the names of Brutus and Cassius. He was never well or sick, but "remarkably thin," "remarkably slim," "remarkably moderate," or "remarkably in the sere and yellow leaf." He never preached, but "pronounced," "signified," "held forth," or "dealt in remark." It is said that he once addressed the negro-hostler of a Kentucky tavern thus: "Boy, take my quadruped, stabulate him, donate him an adequate quantity of nutritious aliment; and, when Aurora shall gild the Oriental horizon, I will award you a pecuniary compensation suitable to your amiable hospitality." It is not to be wondered at that the grinning darkey flew to his master shouting, "Come yer, Massa; fur dar's a man talkin' Spanish."

Mr. Stribbling labored with great acceptability in the Kentucky Conference for fifteen years, and about 1833 removed to this neighborhood, where he spent the rest of his life. Although he was what is known as a local preacher, his journeys were many and long, and his pulpit-ministrations incessant and arduous. He was a man of tireless industry and exact method, finding time for many pursuits,—the superintendence of a farm, the care of a handsome estate, the reading of many books, and the dispensation of the Word. As a companion he was most agreeable and instructive, as well as amusing; for he had a quaint, grim humor, which irradiated his boundless stories of information; and, in the society of his friends, he

INDULGED IN HIS JOHNSONESE

to as great an extent as in the pulpit. He once addressed a lad whom he knew well, who was drying his feet after having broken through the ice: "Are you not apprehensive that the exposure of your pedal extremities to the frigorific influence of the circumambient atmosphere will exercise a deleterious effect upon your ocular organs?"

He was singularly fond of coffee at breakfast; and, one morning, having passed his cup to be replenished a number of times, startled the lady of the house by saying, with the utmost gravity, "I would prefer that the upper half inch of the periphery of that cup were filled, than that any other part of its circumference were."

He once overwhelmed an old man who was offensively smoking a pipe in the room where he was, with, "Venerable sir, the effumigation arising from the deleterious effluvia emanating from your tobaccoistic reservoir so overshadows the organistic power of our oculars, and so obfuscates our atmospheric validity, that our apparati must shortly be obtused, unless, through the abundant suavity of your eminent politeness, you will disembogue the aluminous tube of the stimulating and steromatory ingredient that replenishes its concavity."

He was the

VERY SOUL OF HOSPITALITY,

and nothing afforded him greater delight than to entertain his friends, especially his brethren, having a taste for books. At such times his colloquial humor was displayed in the fullest measure. He would frequently announce dinner to his guests thus: "Come, friends; bites are about to be distributed."

A friend and myself once drove into his yard, proposing to breakfast with him, when this was his cordial salutation: "Brethren, how are you? Alight and allow me to conduct your quadruped through the orifice into the stabulatory department, where he may obtain the herbiferious and graminivorous supplies wherewith to sustain his strength; while ye yourselves shall tarry until ye have partaken of aliment furnished by the females in the refectory, and, having attended to sanctimonious exercises, go on your way rejoicing."

To a friend who once suggested that he had observed a coincidence between a sermon he had recently preached and one published by the great Dr. Samuel Davies, he replied: "I will confess to you that I have sometimes plowed with Davies' heifer."

Many a time has he quoted to me, in our long rides, whole pages, if not books, of Milton, Young, and Pollok, while Montgomery Blair (of the "grave"), and Cowper were equally at his tongue's end.

HIS MANNER IN THE PULPIT

was as peculiar as his style. I once heard him announce his hymn, and, after giving the number, he said: "The tune commonly known by the appellation of 'Wrestling Jacob' may perhaps be appropriate upon the present occasion!" And, in the course of a sermon, he once got off the following paraphrase: "The small particle of the aqueous fluid which trickles from the visual organ over the lineaments of the countenance, betokening grief."

Let no one suppose, however, that he was a dry or uninteresting preacher. His copious vocabulary was always freighted with well-considered matter, set off by illustrations and descriptions often impressive, and sometimes magnificent; while the interest and fervor of his manner, the rapidity and force of his action, would enchain the congregation, frequently holding them wrapped in breathless wonder and delight.

By inheritance, labor, and frugality, he became the possessor of a large amount of

"SHEKELS,"—

"the shekels of gold, the shekels of silver, shekels weighed in the balance of the sanctuary," as he was wont to call them; and at his death, a year or so ago, bequeathed a good estate to his descendants; while his venerable and most excellent widow presented a part of his books to the Garret Biblical Institute at Evanston, and a rare and valuable collection of old newspapers (which would have been a *bon bouche* for a historian) to the Chaplain of the Penitentiary at Joliet, for the use of the prisoners.

DIDAPPER.

THE DUKE'S STRATAGEM.

A MILANESE TALE.

The Duke of Milan—Galeazzo named—
Supremely loved Correggia, widely famed
For every charm a maiden might possess;
And, in her heart, she loved the Duke no less;
Though each, while (so churlish Fate designed
To mar their bliss) knew not the other's mind,
But hoped and feared in silence; till, at last,
When many a moon of trembling doubt was passed,
And Gossip vainly had essayed to seek
The cause of Galeazzo's pallid cheek
And moody air—some ladies of the Court
Addressed him boldly thus (as half in sport,
And half in earnest):—"Sire! we all can see
Your Highness is in love!—and now, that we
May pay our loyal service where the same
Is justly due, we fain would know the name
Of her—the happy lady of your choice!"
Surprised, abashed, the Duke, with faltering voice,
In civil sort such merry answers made
As best might serve the question to evade.
In vain! as one by one their weapons fail,
With fresh artillery they the Duke assail,
Until, at length, 'tis clear the man must yield,
By clamor overpowered—or fly the field!
"A truce—a truce!" he cried, "for mercy's sake!
Now—please you all!—a banquet I will make,
Such as may suit so fair a company;
Come, one and all, and see what you shall see,
To aid—perchance to end—your merry quest."
And all said "Aye!"—Correggia with the rest.
The banquet over, Galeazzo set
Upon the board a curious cabinet
In which, upon a panel, was portrayed,
In happiest art, the picture of a maid;
(Some clever painter's fancy.) "There!" said he,
"All ye who choose, my lady-love may see!"
Now, when the fair Correggia,—lingering last,
For fearfulness,—observed that all who passed
The pictured girl, in silence turned away
As from a face unknown,—in deep dismay
She took her turn to gaze; when, God of Grace!
She saw no painted image; but the face
Which her own features, radiantly fair,
Reflected, blushing, in a mirror there!
And so it was the two true loves were known;
And so it came to pass that not alone
The happy Galeazzo filled the Ducal throne!

—*John G. Saxe in Scribner's for January.*

TRUE UNTO DEATH.

Dusk crept over the city hours ago. The hurrying crowd has found a resting-place, and the sounds of labor have ceased for a brief season. How blue is the vault of heaven—how clear the stars that look so solemn when, with hearts that are weary of life, we lift tearful eyes to pray for pity from Him whose compassion is over all His hand created.

Memory stands firm at her post as accuser or comforter, and I turn back the pages of a life that has been sullied by sin and washed with tears, and I read when the world is not by. I am a Southern refugee. Far away, where Summer sits a queen the long bright year through, my home lies a mass of blackened, unsightly ruins, as yours were when—that terrible night whose date is too recent to be forgotten—fierce, merciless flames rioted like fiends amid your household-gods. There was another—we were but two of thousands—who had not where to lay her head when they drove us, like thieves, from the luxury amid which we are born. Sweet Annie M——. Wild grasses grow over her pulseless heart, while mine throbs on. The proudest blood of the South ran blue in her veins. While her father was yet a penniless man, without profession or name, the beautiful heiress of the old estates eloped with him from school, and they were married without so much as "by your leave" to a pompous suitor whose white locks and venerable years, backed by a million dollars, appealed more strongly to the favor of her family than her own.

Blinded by the adoration she bestowed upon her husband, the young wife hastened with him to her father, with never a doubt but that they would be welcome, or at least forgiven, to find her a discarded, disowned outcast, disinherited and forsaken, the door of home closed to her forever, and the curse of disobedience resting upon her shelterless head.

In a wild and rugged section of one of the Southwestern States, stood a poor dwelling, half farm-house, half cottage, where the mother—a kind and generous woman, used to hardships and privations all her life—cooked the frugal meals, washed the home-made linen, and scoured the hard white floors with her own hands; and the father, sturdy and independent, toiled upon his scanty acres, and literally earned his bread "by the sweat of his brow."

This was the birthplace and home of Annie's father; and here her mother, the late heiress and belle,—petted child of Fortune, whose lightest whim had been law,—found a refuge. No show and pomp met the disheartened and humiliated fugitive bride, but love gave her tenderest greeting and welcome to a refuge from which she never went until her last home was made ready and she borne out to sleep in the valley. The daintily-reared girl became the idol of the household, and in that vine-covered cot, where love transformed poverty into luxury, and content sweetened hardship, were passed the happiest days of her life.

Little cared she—this bonnie bride, this love-crowned Queen of her husband's heart—for the palaces wherein Kings dwelt. Soon a new joy stirred in her bosom, and day by day she busied her cunning white fingers with embroidery and bits of muslins; and here, a year after her marriage, she sang soft, sweet lullabies over her first-born, a little daughter, whom she named Annie. "Surely," she said, with solemnly-tender eyes, "my cup runneth over."

Sweet little mother!—I seem to see her now, as she lay, with her baby on her arm, studying the pink, placid, expressionless face of the sleeping mite of humanity, persuaded that it was the "very picture" of the dark, handsome, bearded face that bent smiling over his treasures.

But a shadow, dark as the grave in its gloom, hovered over the dear, new home,—the shadow of the Angel of Death, who stood at the portal. Softer grew the voice of the young mother, and slower the step that tended downward to the valley of shadows. A mighty yearning was in her heart to see her father once more, to hear his voice pronounce her forgiveness and give assurance of protection to her babe, so soon to know, as she had, the want of a mother's love and guidance. "I cannot die if I may not see him; I could not rest in my grave at last if I do not hear him promise," she pleaded, as she tossed with fever-crimsoned cheeks and lips. So he came in time to hear her last eloquent appeal to grant her petition with tears and sobs, and to pour out unavailing prayers that her life might be spared him. True to his prejudice against her husband, he stipulated that the child should never bear its father's name, but adopt that of its mother: Annie M——.

Objection could not be made at such a time; but when, with her last words, she asked that it be left in care of her husband's mother, his wrath blazed fiercely; but the will that never bent before yielded to the pleading eyes of his dying child as they followed him, and he sealed his consent upon the lips that would ask no more of him on earth. An hour later, with her hands clasped in her husband's, and her head pillowed on the bosom where it had lain in its infancy, she slept the sleep that knows no waking.

Mr. M—— returned home after the funeral; but slaves were sent to care for the babe, the cottage was made comfortable and even elegant, and every luxury surrounded the little heiress. The loss of his wife was a terrible blow to the husband, who reproached himself for the blindness of the love, and the rashness of the youthful passion that had led him to take her from inheritance and friends to share his poverty and struggles. Nothing was left him now but fame,—no home on earth,—no hope but for position,—no love, no wife, no mistress, but Ambition. The babe she had borne him had been torn from his heart, separated from his protection, given for a price to strangers who despised him; even his name was stripped from her, as if it were some filthy and polluted garment that defiled her infant purity. In after years we hear of him from the battle-fields of Mexico, from the Senate-Chamber, as a leader in the counsels of the nation; but he never returned to his old home,—never married or saw his child again.

Annie's education was finished at a city in the Southwest; and here, as if some fatality attended them, at the same school from which her mother eloped she learned to love a penniless man by the name of Charles L——, the last scion of an impoverished family, whose patent of nobility dated back to the Norman Conqueror. He had left England to establish himself in business in America, wishing first to graduate from a Southern college; but the rigid caste—at that time more tyrannical there than in India,—barred his entrance. The Principal of the school, himself an aspirant for the hand and estates of one of the wealthiest and most beautiful heiresses in the State, looked with little pleasure upon the intimacy between the young people. At this time a forgery was committed upon the Principal, who charged it to Mr. L——. A warrant was issued, and he arrested. On her way to the recitation-room Annie heard the facts, and, glancing from the window, saw him passing in charge of an officer. All the hot, ungoverned temper of her race leaped to her heart and brain. She *knew*, though she could not prove it, that the whole thing was a plot to ruin her lover, against whom prejudice already existed on account of his openly-expressed anti-slavery sentiments. That night she had a council of war with her room-mate. The girls were both rich; but now the pretty spendthrifts had but empty purses, and no time to lose. Money there was none, but fabulously rich were Annie's jewels, and these stood stead. She dare not leave the house, but her friend obtained a suit of male attire, shaded her lip in imitation of a downy moustache, crept from the window on to the porch, clung to lattice and vines with the super-ease of a cat, let herself down over the door of the Professor's study, and made her way to a lawyer

In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont,

soliloquized the laughing masquerader. The case was laid before the man of briefs, who listened in silence, then questioned respectfully; but a closer observer than the innocent but reckless girl would have seen that he penetrated her disguise, and believed it some love-affair of her own. His services were engaged, and the jewels left as security for payment. When the trial came on, and gossip mixed Miss Mason's name with the prisoner's, he learned his mistake. A most able defense cleared Mr. L——; but so strong was public opinion against him that he was obliged to leave the town. We will not intrude upon the last sad interview, but vows of constancy were exchanged, to be kept sacredly by one, who believed then that

Fate, in its bitterest mood,
Had no pain for her like the pain of that night.

Miss M—— spent the winter with her grandfather, in Cuba, and here met for the first time the lawyer who had conducted the case for Mr. L——. Thrown much together in society, the acquaintance ripened into friendship on her part, love on his, and an offer of marriage ensued. Surprised and grieved, the gentle girl firmly but kindly declined the honor, when, to her astonishment, he presented a casket containing her own jewels. To that moment she had not known him; and pride, humiliation, and regret struggled with her gratitude. "Forgive me," she sobbed, "that I cannot love you." He listened as a doomed man listens to a sentence he knows is irrevocable,—calm, firm, and pale, too proud to plead for what he craved more than life, then bent over her hand a moment in silence, and left her alone. I do not think that then, or ever, Annie realized that Mr. L——'s regard for her was not the same as hers for him. She loved him with all the passionate love of her nature,—would have bestowed upon him her wealth and social rank, or have gone out from them gladly, as her mother had done, to share his exile and poverty. He loved her as we love those who are kind to us in the dark hours of our lives,—as one who had stood between himself and a blow he was powerless to avert,—as his angel of deliverance,—and with a calm affection that was tempered by wisdom. He never knew how full of pain those days were for her, or that the thought that came first at dawn, and last at night, was, "I will be true to him."

From Cuba Annie and her grandfather went to Europe, and made the tour of the Continent at their leisure.

They looked at the works of the masters in the art-galleries of the Old World; ate grapes on the sunny hill-sides of France; took part in the festivities of her gay but wicked capital; drank imperial Tokay of Hungary's richest vintage in the land of its own wine-press; stood in the palaces of Moscow and the silent streets of Pompeii; floated down the canals of the "Mistress of the Sea" to the dreamy music of their boatman's song; but, feted, honored, worshiped almost, for her magnificent beauty and enormous wealth, with nobles for her slaves and Princes at her feet, who would have laid down title and power for one smile of favor, and thought it cheaply bought, she was as cold, as calm, as proud and unbending as a statue; and still, amid an adulation that would have turned the brain of another girl, her lips echoed the refrain of her heart: "I will be true."

Yet, five years later, we find her married to a gentleman belonging to a prominent family in the South. When he asked her to be his wife, she told him the history of her life, and ended with the prophetic words: "I have no heart to give you; I shall never love again." He was one of the most polished, chivalrous men of his day, elegant and handsome; and the imperious, impassioned lover, who had never asked but to receive, who had never knelt to mortal woman in vain, who counted his amours by the score,—this petted darling of society, this "glass of fashion," whose word was law,—world-weary before his time, blase ere one thread of silver shown in his crisp black curls,—this man, who was used to be flattered and courted, listened to his refusal only to repeat the proposal again and again, begging only for such esteem as she gave him now, incredulous but that he should make a stronger love in her heart than the one he believed to be only a girlish fancy. But, even in the last hour before their marriage, she had said, with tearfully beseeching eyes: "I shall never love again;" and he had kissed away the tears with tender assurances that he would be content. The prediction was but too true, and the gloom that lay on her heart chilled and clouded his life, though no word of reproach was ever spoken.

When the storm that had long threatened our beloved Union burst in fury over the land, he joined the Confederate army, and fell in battle. Where the fray was fiercest and hottest, where blood had baptized the soil like water, he had led on his men to face the leaden hail; and, when it was ended, they found him dead on the field, his head resting on his arm, his broken sword by his side, and a more peaceful look on his face than it had worn of late.

When I next met Annie, we were prisoners at a Southern village. One day, a Union officer, who was passing a window where we stood, glanced carelessly up; but, as his eye caught hers, a look of recognition and astonishment passed over his face, then it grew white as death. Annie was scarcely less moved, for the man who had lifted his cap and passed on was Charles L——. Later in the day they met, and she listened to his story, never having heard from him since they parted at Wheeling. He had amassed a fortune, and married, upon short acquaintance, a lady in the North. The union was a wretchedly-miserable mistake, without one palliating circumstance; and he was repenting at leisure. His wife was a stylish, artful, superficial, narrow-minded woman. He had dreamed of the angels, and waked to find himself fettered to a mockery of womanhood, who made his home a hell; and a separation, partial in one sense, entire in another, took place between them. By his forbearance she still wore the name she dishonored; but for four years they had neither met or spoken. Heretofore there had been no strong motive for taking legal steps toward a separation; perhaps he had never really loved; but the knowledge of Annie's changeless devotion, even while she was the wife of another; her desolation; her radiant beauty, that as far outshone the beauty of the girl he had known years ago as the beauty of morn exceeds that of dawn,—stirred his heart as it never had stirred before.

The gratitude he had cherished all these years swelled into a love that was almost worship. It was the love of the boy magnified a hundred-fold, and he begged with passionate entreaties to be allowed to protect her; that she would be his wife when he had put away from him one who was but a wife in name,—a hated burden. Until this time Annie had loved him devoutly, and, even with her head pillowed on the loyal breast of her noble husband, dreamed of the absent lover, until it broke that heart and sent it to an early grave. But, now that *he*—married, bound, though but by an empty form, to another—dared to speak such sentiments, and ask of her a promise so near allied to dishonor, she answered with contemptuous refusal, and sent him from her with scorn. In that hour the love of a lifetime lay apparently dead, shrouded for sepulture,—waiting for a burial from which there would be no resurrection. There was never, in all her life, an hour of such utter loneliness,—such weary, hopeless despair; and she wept aloud with sobs and moans, as if her heart had at last broken. I am afraid I did not pity her then. Soon after this she was freed and made as comfortable as possible; but her property was confiscated, and she became a dependant upon bounty.

Six months later she was on a Mississippi River steamer. The boat was crowded with passengers, gathered in groups on the deck or in the cabin; and, from the brevities of the day, conversation turned upon the ever-present subject of the sad difference between the North and South. Ladies and gentlemen took part in it, and Annie, whose deep mourning, beauty, and air of refinement had attracted attention, was kindly drawn into the discussion. She told her experience of suffering, bereavement, and loss of home and wealth, with an unaffected simplicity; and her sorrow, unmixed with bitterness or a spirit of retaliation, touched every heart but one, and tears stood in many eyes.

Opposite, and near her, sat a woman whom Annie had already noticed on account of her peculiarly-repellant personal appearance, who, in a venomous manner assailed Southern refugees at the close of the unvarnished tale told at the request of the passengers. She so evidently hated Annie for the interest others felt in her, and looked it so plainly, that my poor little friend shrank into the corner of her sofa, and gazed at her with eyes dilated with terror. In some unaccountable way she felt her to be connected with all the pain of her life. On the boat she had met by accident Col. and Mrs. A——, old friends whom she had known in brighter days, and renewed the acquaintance with pleasure. When the bell rang for supper, Col. A—— gave her his arm to the table, and seated her beside himself and wife as politely as if she had been a Princess of the House of Hanover.

The hungry passengers seated themselves with pleasant bustle and good-natured jest that amused her, and, as she listened, smiling to the waiter's volubly-strung-out bill of fare, she heard a sharp, querelous, fretful tone, and her first glance froze her blood with a horrid revelation. Opposite sat Capt. L——, and the woman whose uncharitable attack upon her had been as cruel and unjustifiable as would have been blows upon a chained and defenseless captive. Worse than all, *this* was his wife, the woman of whom he had told her, and his manner to her, icily courteous, said more plainly than words: "I hate you; I detest and loathe you; but the world looks on." For a moment the table seemed to whirl and the floor to slide from beneath her feet; then, with a mighty effort, she recovered, excused herself on the plea of sudden illness, and retired. Mrs. A—— soon came to her with refreshments, but she could not taste them, and lay with eyes fast closed as if she would shut out the horrid vision. So this was the end of her romance,—this the woman he had sworn to cherish,—this the creature who, having voluntarily abdicated her place in his heart, he had proposed to compel to abdicate his home that he might give her, legally and honorably, the vacated place.

"Ah! bitter, *bitter*, were the lees."

The dead love stirred in her heart as if it would roll away the stone with which she had sealed its grave and come forth. Sobs, stifled and deep, shook her as the winter-winds shake the aspen-leaf; and Mrs. A——, wise as she was kind, with delicate regard for her suffering, withdrew, expressing kindly-worded hopes that she would be better. Happy wife! she did not know then—I hope she may never have learned it later—how far surpassing "the ills that flesh is heir to" are the wearisome and heart-sickness of hope deferred,—the agony that is born of despair.

Later in the evening, Mrs. A—— returned with her husband, who begged her to come to the parlor, and give them some of the exquisite music he remembered to have heard in her house; and, in her gratitude to them, more than from a desire to please others, she consented. Her musical talents were very superior, and no expense had been spared to perfect this branch of her education.

Song after song was called for and given, from the masterpieces of Beethoven to the tinkling serenade of the Spanish Troubadour; and, oddly enough, the last sad strains of the "Miserere" were followed by the merriest Bacchantine song ever given at unlicensed revel where wit and beauty graced alike the festive board, and joy was unconfined; but, as she ended with—

They hurry me from spot to spot,
To banish my regret,
And, when one lonely smile they win,
My sorrow they forget,

tears fell fast on the white keys that throbbed back their mournful response to her touch. That peculiar fascination that attracts our attention to one person in a crowd who observes us closely caused her to lift her eyes, and, through the shining mist of her tears, she saw Capt. L—— standing apart from those who had gathered around her, his arms tightly folded over his chest, his proud head drooped slightly forward, his brow knitted as if in sharp pain, and his eyes bent upon her with such sorrow and reproach, such regret and unspeakable tenderness, as she never saw on a face before,—something of the agony that must have been on Lucifer's when, hurled from the battlements of Heaven, he turned one last, despairing look at what had once been his own. It was as if an eternity of love were concentrated in a moment,—a fierce and hungry love; as though, maddened by restraint, he would tear himself free, gather her to his bosom, and shield her in his heart from a world he was ready to defy.

At the same instant, Mrs. L——, who was attentively regarding her, followed her eyes, saw, and read as well as she, the look on her husband's face. One glance of hate she gave them, then glided silently as a serpent from the room.

When Annie landed at the place of her destination, rain fell in torrents, and the midnight was as black and the sky as starless as her life. In the darkness, through which she could not distinguish one face from another, a hand led her across the plank to a carriage in waiting, and then she was clasped for an instant by strong arms, while, between kisses, the words, "My darling! my darling! I cannot live without you!" betrayed his identity. A moment later, alone, she leaned back on the cushions, and almost unconsciously repeated them again and again, as if they were all her comfort upon earth. It was their last meeting—their last parting. After the war, we drifted apart, and I heard from her but at rare intervals. Now the word has come to me that she is dead; and I wonder—I cannot help it—if, in that home that is fairer than ours,—that world that is brighter than this,—where storms never rage, where winter never chills, where night never darkens,—if, in that Heaven where the will of the Lord is the light thereof, the sweet, patient life that was so utterly a failure here will be crowned with joy? And will they be united where no human frailties mislead, where the frown of society is not feared, where misunderstandings never arise or misconceptions blind? God grant it, else how could we endure?

GARNET B. FREEMAN.

THE TWO HOMES.

My home was seated high and fair,
Upon a mountain's side;
The day was longest, brightest there;
Beneath, the world was wide.
Across its blue, embracing zone
The rivers gleamed, the cities shone,
And over the edge of the fading rim,
I saw the storms in the distance dim,
And the flash of the soundless thunder.

But weary grew the sharp, cold wine
Of winds that never kissed,
The changeless green of fir and pine,
The gray and clinging mist.
Above the granite sprang no bowers;
The soil gave low and scentless flowers;
And the drone and the din of the water-fall
Became a challenge, a taunting call:
"'Tis fair, 'tis fair in the valley!"

Of all the homesteads deep and far
My fancy clung to one
Whose gable burned, a mellow star,
Touched by the sinking sun.
Unseen around, but not unguessed,
The orchards made a leafy nest;
The turf before it was thick, I knew,
And bees were busy the garden through,
And the windows were dark with roses.

"'Tis happier there, below," I sighed;
"The world is warm and near,
And closer love and comfort hide,
That cannot reach me here.
Who master is must be so blest
He'll share with me his sheltered nest,
If down to the valley I should go,
Leaving the granite, the pines and snow,
And the winds that are keen as lances."

I wandered down, by ridge and dell;
The way was rough and long;
Though earlier shadows round me fell,
I cheered them with my song.
The world's great circle narrower grew,
Till hedge and thicket hid the blue;
But over the orchards, near at hand,
The gable shone on the quiet land,
And far away was the mountain!

Then came the master; mournful-eyed
And stern of brow was he.
"O, planted in such peace!" I cried,
"Spare but the least to me!"
"Who seeks," he said, "this brooding haze,
The tameness of these weary days?
The highway's dust, the glimmer and heat,
The woods that fetter the young wind's feet,
And hide the world and its beauty?"

He stretched his hand; he looked afar
With eyes of old desire;
I saw my home, a mellow star
That held the sunset's fire.
"But yonder home," he cried, "how fair!
Its chambers burn like gilded air;
I know that the gardens are wild as dreams,
With the sweep of winds, the dash of streams,
And the pines that sound as an anthem!

"So quiet, so serenely high
It sits, when clouds are furled,
And knows the beauty of the sky,
The glory of the world!
Who there abides must be so blest
He'll share with me that lofty crest,
If up to the mountain I should go,
Leaving the dust and the glare below,
And the weary life of the valley!"

—*Bayard Taylor in the Atlantic for January*

TO A FRIEND,

To whom verses had been addressed by "Minerva."

When from Olympic heights the Gods descend
To speak the virtues of an earthly friend,
Discretion then forbids my Muse to try
Poetic strife with beings of the sky,
And bids me think that e'en immortal verse,
Contrasted thus, might well appear the worse.

Wise her command; yet 'tis extremely hard
To keep from praising those we most regard.
Her precepts fail, and, yielding to desire,
In friendly strain I strike the sounding lyre.

No threadbare praises of a pleasing face
Have here a portion or a fitting place;
For beauty's patent to the passing glance,
Nor scorn detracts from, nor can praise enhance.
My verses here a diff'rent good commend,—
The modest virtues of a cherished friend;
The sprightly courtesy that never fails;
Wit now defending, and that now assails,—
Protects the weak, assaults the erring strong,—
Is always pointed, and is never wrong,—
Skilled, too, to judge another's witty speech,
And glad to hear, though well prepared to teach;
The cultured converse that reveals a mind
By Nature gifted and by Art refined;
The polished grace extended travel lends;
The art to turn acquaintances to friends;
And subtler charms we never can define,
But only know, dear Madame, they are thine.

Forgive my lines, and let their truth atone;
Their faults are theirs, their beauties are thine own.
Believe me, too, no Muse can e'er ascend
To justly sing the praises of my friend.

CHARLES NOBLE GREGORY.

AN IDYL.

'Twas Autumn-time! The falling leaf
Prophetic told of Winter nigh;
And aged trees wept tears of grief
To see their offspring fade and die.
The passing birds, the drooping flowers,
The streamlet in its narrow bed,
Sorrowed for the pleasant hours
Of sunny Summer past and fled.
In bower and dell
The brown leaves fell,
Quickly fading one by one;
And waving woods
In russet hoods
Gleamed like armor in the sun.

'Twas Autumn-time! One evening, late,
When trembling stars give Earth their light,
I stood beside the garden-gate
Where oft I kissed my love "good-night."
Unchanged the scene; as years ago,
The little cot stood by the river,
And ceaseless moved the current's flow;
But *she*, alas! was gone forever.
So one by one
Our race is run,—
The longest lives are passing brief;
We bloom a day,
And then decay,
Like Summer's flower, or Summer's leaf.

CHICAGO. JAMES LAVALLEE.

"THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO."

A Comedy that Shook a Crown.

From the St. Louis Republican.

As a careless laugh amid the snowy passes of the higher Alps has been known to set in motion the avalanche which carries devastation and death into the valleys below, so it sometimes happens that a political convulsion of colossal magnitude and vast consequences is precipitated by "trifles light as air."

The French Revolution of 1789, though preceded and prepared by the grinding tyranny of ages, was unquestionably hastened by two seemingly insignificant things,—a little comedy and a great swindle. The comedy was the "Marriage of Figaro," the swindle was the Diamond Necklace. We propose to-day to tell the story of the first.

Pierre Augustin Caron was born in the Quartier St. Denis of Paris, Jan. 24, 1742. He was the son of a watchmaker, and, after receiving an indifferent education at the College of Alfort, was set to work to learn the paternal profession. But work—at least of the physical kind—was not to his liking. While at school he had imbibed a strong love of music and a decided fondness for company, neither of which fitted him for the dull routine of the shop. Naturally enough, the father and son had divers disputes on the subject, and, being unable to agree, they dissolved partnership, and the son was rather unceremoniously driven out of doors by the old man. This climax seems to have brought the former to his senses, for he soon grew weary of wandering about with no money in his pocket and no certainty of board and lodgings, and entered into negotiations for a return. The parent did not intend to be vexed by an idle apprentice a second time, and so laid down certain conditions which Pierre was obliged to sign before his repentance was accepted. One of these we quote:

You will give up your unlucky music altogether, and (above all) the society of young people. I will tolerate neither. Both have been your ruin. However, out of consideration for your weakness, I allow you the violin and the flute, but on the express condition that you play on neither till after supper on working-days, and never in the daytime; and that you do not disturb the repose of our neighbors or my own.

So young Caron went back to the bench, and applied himself so thoroughly that in 1753 he invented a new escapement for watches. Speaking of this and other improvements, in a memorial dated June 16, 1755, he says:

By these means I make watches as flat as they are called for, flatter than they have hitherto been made, without in any respect diminishing their goodness. The first of these simplified watches is in the hands of the King. His Majesty has had it for a year, and is quite satisfied with it. I have also had the honor, within these few days, of presenting a watch to Madame de Pompadour of this new construction, the smallest ever made; it is only four lines and a half in diameter, and two-thirds of a line in thickness between the plates.

This document is signed *Caron fils, Horloger du Roi.* His position of maker and repairer of time-pieces to the royal family of course brought him abundant custom, and his business increased rapidly and promised him ample fortune in prospective. But our horological hero was bold, handsome, and ambitious, and anxious to obtain a footing at court, feeling sure he could turn all these qualities to his own advantage. It was his good looks which placed him on the first round of the slippery ladder. He repaired a watch for the young wife of the old *controleur clerc d'office de la maison du Roi.* The lady was struck with his appearance—being a decided improvement upon her legitimate lord and master. An intrigue followed, and the kindhearted husband, after sanctioning the illicit connection for several months, sold out his office to the lover of his spouse in consideration of a liberal annuity. Behold, then, Caron *fils*—Nov. 9, 1755—installed by royal brevet, deputy clerk of the royal kitchen. He now dropped his original name, assumed that of de Beaumarchais, and blossomed out into an accomplished and impudent courtier. The harp came into fashion soon after the kitchen clerk was inaugurated, and he not only learned to play that instrument with great skill, but introduced some changes in the arrangement of the pedals which increased its power. This attracted the attention of the daughters of Louis XV., and he was speedily established as professor of music to these Princesses, and frequently performed in the presence of the King and Queen. He was now on the high road to success, and traveled that road with that nonchalant grace and ineffable assurance which belong to adventurers of his class.

But we have neither the space nor the inclination to accompany him in his various peregrinations, though nobody who wishes to understand the tastes and habits of that era in French history can afford to omit the careful reading of Beaumarchais' memoirs, and the innumerable anecdotes told of him by contemporary writers. Sufficient for our present purpose to say that in addition to his schemings, his speculations and his intrigues, he dabbled in literature, and after several inferior efforts produced, in 1775, the famous "Barbier de Seville,"—a tolerably good passport to immortality. This piece had a great run in Paris, and the author, encouraged by his happy hit, resolved to follow it up by a second attempt, and the second attempt resulted in "Le Mariage de Figaro, ou la Folle Journee." It was written probably in 1775-'76, and Beaumarchais says:

It remained five years in my portfolio. The players knew I had it, and they tore it from me at last. Whether they have done well or ill for themselves, time will show. . . . . Owing to the extraordinary eulogy that they made of it, all classes of society wished to become acquainted with it, and hence I was obliged to engage in quarrels of all sorts, or yield to universal requests. Thenceforth, also, the powerful enemies of the author did not fail to spread abroad that he assailed in this work, religion, government, morals, all ranks of society. According to them I had only shaken the State in the "Barber of Seville." In this new essay, more infamous and more seditious, I had turned it topsy-turvy.

The censorship of the drama was more severe at that time in France than it ever has been since, and as the "Barber of Seville" had contained many sharp though secret hits at monarchy and aristocracy, it was fair to presume the "Marriage of Figaro" was open to the same objection. The authorities, therefore, by orders of the King, refused permission for its performance,—which, of course, only stimulated popular curiosity. To gratify this curiosity, as well as his own vanity, Beaumarchais gave readings to select circles. Each of these readings he prefaced with a short address, in which he compared himself to a bashful coquette, who, after being long importuned, is forced to yield to her persistent lovers at last. He was a finished elocutionist, and, holding in his delicately-gloved hand the manuscript tied with dainty rose-colored ribbon, he delivered the sparkling comedy with wonderful force and effect. His drawing-room audiences were composed of the Princes and Princesses of the blood royal, Dukes, Duchesses, Counts, Countesses, Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, in short, a full assortment of the lords, spiritual and temporal, and the choicest cream of the choicest French society. The "Marriage of Figaro" became the rage; nothing else was heard of or talked of in the gay world of Paris and Versailles, and, quite naturally, the demands for its representation upon the stage increased in proportion to the popularity of the comedy. At last Louis XVI., who had hitherto depended upon the judgment of his critics, resolved to decide for himself. Madame Campan, in her delightful memoirs of Marie Antoinette, says:

One morning I received a note from the Queen, ordering me to be with her at 3 o'clock, and not to come without having dined, for that she should detain me some time. When I got to the Queen's inner closet, I found her alone with the King; a chair and a small table were ready, placed opposite to them, and upon the table lay an enormous manuscript in several books.

The King said, "It is Beaumarchais' comedy; you must read it to us. This will be difficult in parts, on account of the erasures and references. I have already glanced over it, but I wish the Queen to be acquainted with this work. You will say nothing to anybody about this reading."

I began. The King often interrupted me by remarks, always just, whether of praise or blame. Most frequently he exclaimed, "This is in bad taste. This man is continually bringing back to the stage the habit of Italian *concetti*." At the monologue of "Figaro," but especially at the tirade against State prisons, he rose quickly from his chair and exclaimed with indignation, "This is detestable. This shall never be played; it would be necessary to pull down the Bastile to prevent the representation of this piece from being dangerous. This man trifles with all that must be respected in a government." "Then it will not be played?" said the Queen. "No, certainly," replied the King, "you may rely upon that."

Nevertheless bets were freely made that it would be played, and the friends of Beaumarchais—or rather the admirers of his comedy—determined to put it on the boards at all hazards. Arrangements were effected with the proprietors of the Theatre Francais, the parts were distributed, rehearsals had, the day of the performance fixed, and a vast number of tickets sold and given. So secretly had the whole business been conducted, that the King heard nothing of it until a few hours previous to the opening of the doors. He immediately signed an order of prohibition, and the messenger who carried it found the streets leading to the theatre crowded with carriages and a large audience already seated. The dissatisfaction was intense and clamorous, and then for the first time was it openly charged that Louis XVI. had "attacked public liberty." And so it came to pass that a comedy written by a watchmaker, the deputy clerk of the royal kitchens, started a movement which was destined to pull down the throne and deluge it in the best blood of France. It is no exaggeration to say that the "Marriage of Figaro" sharpened the axe which a few years later fell upon the neck of the unfortunate King, who knew not how to be either a Constitutional monarch or a fearless tyrant.

When Beaumarchais heard of the suppression of his piece, he exclaimed, "Well! gentlemen, he won't suffer it to be played here in this Theatre Francais; now I swear it shall be played—perhaps in the very choir of Notre Dame!" An ominous prophecy,—for that venerable cathedral witnessed afterwards dramas so impious and horrible, that, compared with them, the famous comedy was the most solemn of sermons.

The events we have narrated occurred in June, 1783. Later in the same year the King was informed by M. de Vandreuil, a member of his court, that Beaumarchais had expunged all the objectionable passages, and accordingly permission was granted for the performance of the play at the country house of de Vandreuil. Those who attended were astonished to find all these objectionable passages retained, but being in the position of guests did not feel willing to expose the trick. Indeed, the King was told that the alterations made by Beaumarchais had taken all the life out of the comedy, and if represented in public it was sure to be summarily damned. Laboring under this delusion he at last consented to its presentation at the theatre. "Never," says Grimm, "did piece attract such an audience to the Francais. All Paris was eager to see these famous *Noces*, and the theatre was filled almost at the moment when the doors were open to the public. Hardly half those who had besieged them since 8 in the morning could find places; the greater number forced their way in, throwing their money to the doorkeeper. It is impossible to be by turns more humble, more bold, more urgent to obtain a favor at court than were our young men of rank to secure a place at the first representation of 'Figaro.' More than one Duchess deemed herself too happy on that day to find in the balconies—where decent women are seldom seen—a miserable little seat by the side of ladies of the demi-monde." Three persons were crushed to death in the rush for places, and the piece, instead of being damned, was received with tremendous applause—*for it was played as originally written*, and not in accordance with the expurgated edition.

The King was exceedingly angry at the deception practiced upon him, but the mischief was done beyond recall, and the piece ran sixty-eight consecutive nights—drawing as largely at the last night as at the first. Beaumarchais became involved in a newspaper controversy about the merits of his comedy, and in his last communication made use of an expression which Monsieur, the King's brother, construed into a personal insult to himself. Louis, most unfortunately, was induced to arrest and imprison the offender in the prison of Saint Lazare, from which, however, he was shortly afterward released. But this imprisonment, together with the first prohibition of the public performance, aroused among the people the bitterest animosity against the King and the Government, and prepared the way for that earthquake which swept crown and country into a common ruin. The French revolution could not have been prevented—it might have been postponed to a more convenient season, but for Beaumarchais and his "Marriage of Figaro."

A HUNT WITH VICTOR EMANUEL.

From the Gartenlaube.

The impression which the chivalrous King made upon me at my last visit to the Italian Court, after not having seen him for fifteen years, was a most agreeable one. Do not imagine him to be a stiff courtier, but a genuine chevalier,—a sort of medieval landsknecht, who seems to please the Italians on account of his bluntness, which is so greatly at variance with their polished, insinuating manners. Although only of medium stature, he presents a commanding appearance by his well-rounded form, his flashing eyes, and military bearing.

He came to meet me with outstretched hands, welcomed me heartily, and asked me about my relatives, with whom he was acquainted.

The same evening I dined with him. Victor Emanuel, as a true Piedmontese, munched his *griffini* (long, thin bread-rolls), and disdained partaking of any other dishes. But his abstemiousness was not surprising; for he likes to dine alone. Walking up and down in his room, he eats half-a-dozen half-raw cutlets from the sideboard, and drinks with it half a *litre* of strong Piedmontese wine. When attending gala-dinners, he never eats anything but the above-mentioned *griffini*.

The King dismissed me that evening later than the rest of the guests, and invited me to go hunting with him next day.

Toward evening on the following day, in carriages drawn by four thoroughbred horses (for Victor Emanuel has the finest stud of horses in Europe), we reached the hunting-castle in the Grajan Alps, the only mountainous region outside of Spain where the ibex is found yet; for it has long become extinct in Savoy, Switzerland, and the Tyrol.

We had no companions but a few aides and hunters. I had presented two splendid needle-guns to the King, and he told me he was burning to try them upon this noblest and rarest of European game.

Early in the morning the King distributed the cast for the hunt among us. A few carriers were sent with provisions to an appointed place in the mountains, where we were to meet at the end of the hunt. The aides and hunters ascended a mountain-path to the left, while the King and I, accompanied by a single servant, advanced straight ahead. Victor Emanuel was dressed in a short black velvet jacket. In his hand he held a long Alpine staff, and his rifle was strung across his back. The sun rose majestically, and it soon became very warm. Nevertheless, the King made good headway, so much so, indeed, that I was hardly able to keep step with him. We left the forests behind us, and passed through the Alpine pastures. Every now and then the King stood still to take breath, and then he scanned the heights through his field-glass. We heard the shrill notes of the marmots, but disdained firing at such ignoble game.

Then we reached the snowy regions, and our attendant declared that he clearly discerned the fresh trail of an ibex herd.

Suddenly the King motioned to me, and, handing me the field-glass, pointed at several dark spots between a rocky slope and a glacier. At a glance I discerned three fine specimens of the ibex grazing on a green oasis,—the first I ever beheld. Notwithstanding the great distance, I plainly saw how one of them turned around and suspiciously snuffed the air. The animals had probably heard the noise of our ascent, but had evidently not yet seen us. Now, it was all important for us to get between them and the wind. The King ordered his attendant to steal around them, and to drive them toward us with loud noise, while we were to climb up cautiously to meet them. We lay down prostrate upon the ground and watched the progress of the attendant, who, with the utmost circumspection, performed his arduous task. It lasted half an hour before he came up close to them. At length he rose within ten feet of the three ibexes.

The King sprang to his feet. His face was flushed with excitement.

"Be ready to shoot!" he whispered to me. "The distance is great, but you must show that Prussians can shoot well."

We climbed with the utmost caution a little higher. The King then drew from his belt a small silver whistle, and blew on it. The next moment a large ibex emerged from behind the opposite rock, and tried to cross the chasm separating it from us. The King fired, and the ibex rolled down the gorge. My bullet hit the second ibex, which had closely followed the first. But it sprang to its feet again, and tried to retrace its steps. It met, however, our third ibex, and both fell under our fatal bullets.

The excitement of this rare sport had half maddened me. I hurried toward the dead animals, while the King followed me slowly. When we reached them, Victor Emanuel, than whom no one can be more generous, said the honor of the day belonged to me, although he himself had fired the first lucky shot. Against this I protested; but he was inflexible.

So, two of the ibexes were declared to be mine. What magnificent animals they are! They are smaller than chamois, but, notwithstanding their immense horns, by far more agile. Their skin is not brown, like that of the chamois, but gray and shaggier.

The King now sent the attendant to take the game home, and then conducted me to the rendezvous. The road was the most dangerous I ever traveled in the Alps. Frequently we had to join hands in order to get on. I must confess that my strength was nearly exhausted; but Victor Emanuel walked on with astonishing vigor. I was glad when we espied the aides whom we had left in the morning, and who received us with enthusiastic cheers.

They were sitting round a large fire on a bed of moss, and we were asked to eat and drink with them.

"You are a good sportsman," said Victor Emanuel, gayly, to me, "and so you must permit me to treat you as such."

He took up a chicken, and seizing it by one of the hind legs, offered me the other, saying gayly: "Let us go halves!" We pulled, and I got the bigger part.

"Now a good goblet of our red wine!" shouted the King. "This is better than all your gala-dinners!"

Such was my hunt with Victor Emanuel. He is every inch a sportsman, a [illegible]

A MONTE-FLAT P

How Old Man Plu Home.

Bret Harte's Las

From Scribner's for J

I think we all loved him. managed the affairs of the A pany, we commiserated him, us were stockholders and lost ber that the blacksmith went that "Them chaps as put t on the old man oughter b the blacksmith was not a the expression was looked cusable extravagance of a l nature, that, when combine ful frame, was unworthy of that was the way they put it. was a general feeling of regre fortune would interfere with th cherished plan of

"GOING HOME

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SEVERAL DISTINCT ESSAYS T

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HAVE FINALLY SUCC

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PRODUCED HER PHOTOGR

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"You see, boys, it's alw opinion that a man oughter his own flesh and blood hy ten years since I'd seen my she was then only 7, an high. So, when I went to New Y do? Did I go straight to my hou my wife and daughter, like oth sir! I rigged myself up as a peddler, sir, and I rung the b servant came to the door, I wan too—to show the ladies some there was a voice over the banist want anything—send him away laces, ma'am, smuggled,' I say 'Get out, you wretch,' says sh voice, boys, it was my wife, sure wasn't any instinct thar. 'May ladies want somethin,' I said. me!' says she, and with that she

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It's ten years, boys, since I've se man, but somehow, when she fe I naturally left."

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"Uncle Joe."

"Well?"

"Where did they get the mone Plunkett faced his interlocuto sternly. "I always said," he "that when I went home I'd se

A DRAFT FOR $10,00

I always said that, didn't I? Sh was goin' home—and I've been "Well?"

Either there was something in desire in this logic, or else th

A MONTE-FLAT PASTORAL.

How Old Man Plunkett Went Home.

Bret Harte's Last Story.

From Scribner's for January.

I think we all loved him. Even after he mismanaged the affairs of the Amity Ditch Company, we commiserated him, although most of us were stockholders and lost heavily. I remember that the blacksmith went so far as to say that "Them chaps as put that responsibility on the old man oughter be lynched." But the blacksmith was not a stockholder, and the expression was looked upon as the excusable extravagance of a large sympathizing nature, that, when combined with a powerful frame, was unworthy of notice. At least that was the way they put it. Yet I think there was a general feeling of regret that this misfortune would interfere with the old man's long-cherished plan of

"GOING HOME."

Indeed for the last ten years he had been "going home." He was going home after a six months' sojourn at Monte Flat. He was going home after the first rains. He was going home when the rains were over. He was going home when he had cut the timber on Buckeye Hill, when there was pasture on Dow's Flat, when he struck pay-dirt on Eureka Hill, when the Amity Company paid its first dividend, when the election was over, when he had received an answer from his wife. And so the years rolled by, the spring rains came and went, the woods of Buckeye Hill were level with the ground, the pasture on Dow's Flat grew sere and dry, Eureka Hill yielded its pay-dirt and swamped its owner, the first dividends of the Amity Company were made from the assessments of stockholders, there were new county officers at Monte Flat, his wife's answer had changed into a persistent question, and still old man Plunkett remained.

It is only fair to say that he had made

SEVERAL DISTINCT ESSAYS TOWARDS GOING.

Five years before he had bidden good-bye to Monte Hill with much effusion and hand-shaking. But he never got any further than the next town. Here he was induced to trade the sorrel colt he was riding for a bay mare—a transaction that at once opened to his lively fancy a vista of vast and successful future speculation. A few days after, Abner Dean of Angel's received a letter from him stating that he was going to Visalia to buy horses. "I am satisfied," wrote Plunkett, with that elevated rhetoric for which his correspondence was remarkable, "I am satisfied that we are at last developing the real resources of California. The world will yet look to Dow's Flat as the great stock-raising centre. In view of the interests involved, I have deferred my departure for a month." It was two before he again returned to us, penniless. Six months later he was again enabled to start for the Eastern States, and this time got as far as San Francisco. I have before me a letter which I received a few days after his arrival, from which I give an extract: "You know, my dear boy, that I have always believed that gambling, as it is absurdly called, is still in its infancy in California. I have always maintained that a perfect system might be invented by which the game of poker may be made to yield a certain percentage to the intelligent player. I am not at liberty at present to disclose the system, but before leaving this city I intend to perfect it." He seems to have done so, and returned to Monte Flat with two dollars and thirty-seven cents, the absolute remainder of his capital after such perfection.

It was not till 1868 that he appeared to

HAVE FINALLY SUCCEEDED

in going home. He left us by the overland route—a route which he declared would give great opportunity for the discovery of undeveloped resources. His last letter was dated Virginia City. He was absent three years. At the close of a very hot day in midsummer he alighted from the Wingdam stage with hair and beard powdered with dust and age. There was a certain shyness about his greeting, quite different from his usual frank volubility that did not, however, impress us as any accession of character. For some days he was reserved regarding his recent visit, contenting himself with asserting, with more or less aggressiveness, that he had "always said he was going home and now he had been there." Later he grew more communicative, and spoke freely and critically of the manners and customs of New York and Boston, commented on the social changes in the years of his absence, and, I remember, was very hard upon what he deemed the follies incidental to a high state of civilization. Still later he darkly alluded to the moral laxity of the higher planes of Eastern society, but it was not long before he completely tore away the veil and revealed the naked wickedness of New York social life in a way I even now shudder to recall. Vinous intoxication, it appeared, was a common habit of the first ladies of the city; immoralities which he scarcely dared name were daily practiced by the refined of both sexes; niggardliness and greed were the common vices of the rich. "I have always asserted," he continued "that corruption must exist where luxury and riches are rampant, and capital is not used to develop the natural resources of the country. Thank you—

I WILL TAKE MINE WITHOUT SUGAR."

It is possible that some of these painful details crept into the local journals. I remember an editorial in the Monte Flat *Monitor*, entitled "The Effete East," in which the fatal decadence of New York and New England was elaborately stated, and California offered as a means of natural salvation. "Perhaps," said the *Monitor*, "we might add that Calaveras County offers superior inducements to the Eastern visitor with capital."

Later he spoke of his family. The daughter he had left a child had grown into beautiful womanhood; the son was already taller and larger than his father, and, in a playful trial of strength, "the young rascal," added Plunkett, with a voice broken with paternal pride and humorous objurgation, had twice thrown his doting parent to the ground. But it was of his daughter he chiefly spoke. Perhaps emboldened by the evident interest which masculine Monte Flat held in feminine beauty, he expatiated at some length on her various charms and accomplishments, and finally

PRODUCED HER PHOTOGRAPH,—

that of a very pretty girl,—to their infinite peril. But his account of his first meeting with her was so peculiar that I must fain give it after his own methods, which were, perhaps, some shades less precise and elegant than his written style:

"You see, boys, it's always been my opinion that a man oughter be able to tell his own flesh and blood by instinct. It's ten years since I'd seen my Melindy, and she was then only 7, and about so high. So, when I went to New York, what did I do? Did I go straight to my house and ask for my wife and daughter, like other folks? No, sir! I rigged myself up as a peddler, as a peddler, sir, and I rung the bell. When the servant came to the door, I wanted—don't you see—to show the ladies some trinkets. Then there was a voice over the banister, says, 'Don't want anything—send him away.' 'Some nice laces, ma'am, smuggled,' I says, looking up. 'Get out, you wretch,' says she. I knew the voice, boys, it was my wife, sure as a gun,—thar wasn't any instinct thar. 'May be the young ladies want somethin,' I said. 'Did you hear me?' says she, and with that she jumps forward,

AND I LEFT.

It's ten years, boys, since I've seen the old woman, but somehow, when she fetched that leap, I naturally left."

He had been standing beside the bar,—his usual attitude,—when he made this speech, but at this point he half-faced his auditors with a look that was very effective. Indeed, a few who had exhibited some signs of skepticism and lack of interest at once assumed an appearance of intense gratification and curiosity as he continued:

"Well, by hangin' round there for a day or two, I found out at last it was to be Melindy's birthday next week, and that she was goin' to have a big party. I tell ye what, boys, it weren't no slouch of a reception. The whole house was just bloomin' with flowers, and blazin' with lights, and there was no end of servants and plate and refreshments and fixin's—"

"Uncle Joe."

"Well?"

"Where did they get the money?"

Plunkett faced his interlocutor with a severe glance. "I always said," he replied slowly, "that when I went home I'd send on ahead of me

A DRAFT FOR $10,000.

I always said that, didn't I? Eh? And I said I was goin' home—and I've been home—haven't I? Well?"

Either there was something irresistibly convincing in this logic, or else the desire to hear the remainder of Plunkett's story was stronger; but there was no more interruption. His ready good-humor quickly returned, and, with a slight chuckle, he went on:

"I went to the biggist jewelry shop in town, and I bought a pair of diamond ear-rings and put them in my pocket, and went to the house. 'What name?' says the chap who opened the door, and he looked like a cross between a restaurant waiter and a parson. 'Skeesicks,' said I. He takes me in and pretty soon my wife comes sailin' into the parlor and says: 'Excuse me, but I don't think I recognize the name.' She was mighty polite, for I had on a red wig and side-whiskers. 'A friend of your husband's from California, ma'am, with a present for your daughter, Miss ——,' and I made as I had forgot the name. But of a sudden a voice said,

'THAT'S TOO THIN,'

and in walked Melindy. 'It's playin' it too low down, father, to pretend you don't know your daughter's name—ain't it, now? How are you, old man?' And with that she tears off my wig and whiskers, and throws her arms around my neck,—instinct, sir, pure instinct!"

Emboldened by the laughter which followed his description of the filial utterances of Melinda, he again repeated her speech, with more or less elaboration, joining in with, and indeed often leading, the hilarity that accompanied it, and returning to it with more or less incoherency, several times during the evening.

And so at various times, and at various places,—but chiefly in bar-rooms,—did this Ulysses of Monte Flat recount the story of his wanderings. There were several discrepancies in his statement, there was sometimes considerable prolixity of detail, there was occasional change of character and scenery, there was once or twice an absolute change in the denouement, but always the fact of his

HAVING VISITED HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN

remained. Of course in a skeptical community like that of Monte Flat,—a community accustomed to great expectation and small realization,—a community wherein, to use the local dialect, "they got the color and struck hard-pan," more frequently than any other mining camp,—in such a community the fullest credence was not given to old man Plunkett's facts. There was only one exception to the general unbelief—Henry York, of Sandy Bar. It was he who was always an attentive listener; it was his scant purse that had often furnished Plunkett with means to pursue his unprofitable speculations; it was to him that the charms of Melinda were more frequently rehearsed; it was he that had borrowed her photograph—and it was he that, sitting alone in his cabin one night, kissed that photograph until his honest, handsome face glowed again in the firelight.

IT WAS DUSTY IN MONTE FLAT.

The ruins of the long, dry season were crumbling everywhere; everywhere the dying summer had strewn its red ashes a foot deep or exhaled its last breath in a red cloud above the troubled highways. The alders and cottonwood that marked the line of the water-courses were grimy with dust, and looked as if they might have taken root in the open air; the gleaming stones of the parched water-courses themselve were as dry bones in the valley of death. The dusty sunset at times painted the flanks of the distant hills a dull coppery hue; on other days there was an odd, indefinable earthquake hollow on the volcanic cones of the further coast spurs; again an acrid, resinous smoke from the burning wood on Heavytree Hill, smarted the eyes and choked the free breath of Monte Flat, or a fierce wind, driving everything—including the shriveled summer like a curled leaf—before it, swept down the flanks of the Sierras and chased the inhabitants to the doors of their cabins, and shook its red fist in at their windows. And on such a night as this,—the dust having, in some way, choked the wheels of material progress in Monte Flat,—most of the inhabitants were gathered listlessly in the gilded bar-room of the Moquelumne Hotel, spitting silently at the red-hot stove that tempered the mountain winds to the shorn lambs of Monte Flat, and waiting for the rain.

Every method known to the Flat of beguiling the time until the advent of this long-looked-for phenomenon had been tried. It is true the methods were not many—being limited chiefly to that form of popular facetiæ known as

PRACTICAL JOKING;

and even this had assumed the seriousness of a business pursuit. Tommy Roy, who had spent two hours in digging a ditch in front of his own door,—into which a few friends casually dropped during the evening,—looked ennuye and dissatisfied; the four prominent citizens, who, disguised as foot-pads, had stopped the County Treasurer on the Wingdam road, were jaded from their playful efforts next morning; the principal physician and lawyer of Monte Flat, who had entered into an unhallowed conspiracy to compel the Sheriff of Calaveras and his posse to serve a writ of ejectment on a grizzly bear, feebly disguised under the name of "one Major Ursus," who haunted the groves of Heavytree Hill, wore an expression of resigned weariness. Even the editor of the Monte Flat *Monitor*, who had that morning written a glowing account of a battle with the Wipneck Indians for the benefit of Eastern readers—even *he* looked grave and worn. When, at last, Abner Dean of Angel's, who had been on a visit to San Francisco, walked into the room, he was, of course, victimized in the usual way by one or two apparently honest questions which ended in his answering them, and then falling into the trap of asking another to his utter and complete shame and mortification—but that was all. Nobody laughed, and Abner, although a victim, did not lose his good humor. He turned quietly on his tormentors and said.

"I've got something better than that—

YOU KNOW OLD MAN PLUNKETT?"

Everybody simultaneously spat at the stove and nodded his head.

"You know he went home three years ago?" Two or three changed the position of their legs from the backs of different chairs, and one man said "Yes."

"Had a good time home?"

Everybody looked cautiously at the man who had said "yes," and he, accepting the responsibility with a faint-hearted smile, said "yes," again, and breathed hard. "Saw his wife and child,—purty gal?" said Abner, cautiously. "Yes," answered the man, doggedly. "Saw her photograph, perhaps?" continued Abner Dean, quietly.

The man looked hopelessly around for support. Two or three who had been sitting near him and evidently encouraging him with a look of interest, now shamelessly abandoned him and looked another way. Henry York flushed a little and veiled his brown eyes. The man hesitated, and then with a sickly smile that was intended to convey the fact that he was perfectly aware of the object of this questioning, and was only humoring it from abstract good feeling, returned "yes," again.

"Sent home—let's see,—$10,000, wasn't it?" Abner Dean went on. "Yes," reiterated the man, with the same smile.

"Well, I thought so," said Abner quietly, "but the fact is, you see, that

HE NEVER WENT HOME AT ALL—

nary time."

Everybody stared at Abner in genuine surprise and interest, as with provoking calmness and a half-lazy manner he went on.

"You see thar was a man down in 'Frisco as knowed him and saw him in Sonora during the whole of that three years. He was herding sheep or tending cattle, or spekilating all that time, and hadn't a red cent. Well it 'mounts to this—that 'ar Plunkett ain't been east of the Rocky Mountains since '49."

The laugh which Abner Dean had the right to confidently expect came, but it was bitter and sardonic. I think indignation was apparent in the minds of his hearers. It was felt, for the first time, that that there was a limit to practical joking. A deception carried on for a year, compromising the sagacity of Monte Flat, was deserving the severest reprobation. Of course, nobody had believed Plunkett—but then the supposition that it might be believed in adjacent camps that they *had* believed him was gall and bitterness. The lawyer thought that an indictment for obtaining money under false pretenses might be found, the physician had long suspected him of insanity, and was not certain but that he ought to be confined. The four prominent merchants thought that the business interests of Monte Flat demanded that something should be done. In the midst of an excited and angry discussion the door slowly opened and old man Plunkett staggered into the room.

HE HAD CHANGED PITIFULLY

in the last six months. His hair was a dusty yellowish gray, like the chimisal on the flanks of Heavytree Hill; his face was waxen white and blue and puffy under the eyes; his clothes were soiled and shabby—streaked in front with the stains of hurried luncheons eaten standing, and fluffy behind with the wool and hair of hurriedly extemporized couches. In obedience to that odd law that the more seedy and soiled a man's garments become the less does he seem inclined to part with them, even during that portion of the twenty-four hours when they are deemed least essential. Plunkett's clothes had gradually taken on the appearance of a kind of bark or an outgrowth from within for which their possessor was not entirely responsible. Howbeit as he entered the room he attempted to button his coat over a dirty shirt and passed his fingers, after the manner of some animal, over his cracker-strewn beard—in recognition of a cleanly public sentiment. But even as he did so the weak smile faded from his lips, and his hand, after fumbling aimlessly around a button, dropped helplessly at his side. For, as he leaned his back against the bar and faced the group, he for the first time became aware that every eye but one was fixed upon him. His quick nervous apprehension at once leaped to the truth.

HIS MISERABLE SECRET WAS OUT

and abroad in the very air about him. As a last resort he glanced despairingly at Henry York, but his flushed face was turned toward the windows.

No word was spoken. As the bar-keeper silently swung a decanter and glass before him, he took a cracker from a dish and mumbled it with affected unconcern. He lingered over his liquor until its potency stiffened his relaxed sinews, and dulled the nervous edge of his apprehension, and then he suddenly faced around. "It don't look as if we were goin' to hev any rain much afore Christmas," he said, with defiant ease.

No one made any reply.

"Just like this in '52 and again in '60. It's always been my opinion that these dry seasons come reg'lar. I've said it afore. I say it again. It's jist as I said about going home you know," he added with desperate recklessness.

"Thar's a man," said Abner Dean, lazily, "ez sez you never went home. Thar's a man ez sez you've been three years in Sonora. There's a man ez sez you haint seen your wife and daughter since '49. Thar's a man as sez you've been playin' this camp for six months."

There was a dead silence. Then a voice said, quite as quietly:

"THAT MAN LIES."

It was not the old man's voice. Everybody turned as Henry York slowly rose, stretching out his six feet of length, and, brushing away the ashes that had fallen from his pipe upon his breast, deliberately placed himself beside Plunkett, and faced the others.

"That man ain't here," continued Abner Dean, with listless indifference of voice and a gentle preoccupation of manner as he carelessly allowed his right hand to rest on his hip near his revolver. "That man ain't here, but if I'm called upon to make good what he says, why I'm on hand."

All rose as the two men,—perhaps the least externally agitated of them all,—approched each other. The lawyer stepped in between them.

"Perhaps there's some mistake here. York, do you *know* that the old man has been home?"

"Yes."

"How do you know it?"

York turned his clear, honest, frank eyes on his questioner and without a tremor told the only direct and unmitigated lie of his life:

"BECAUSE I'VE SEEN HIM THERE."

The answer was conclusive. It was known that York had been visiting in the East during the old man's absence. The colloquy had diverted attention from Plunkett, who, pale and breathless, was staring at his unexpected deliverer. As he turned again towards his tormentors there was something in the expression of his eye that caused those that were nearest to him to fall back, and sent a strange, indefinable thrill through the boldest and most reckless. As he made a step forward the physician almost unconsciously raised his hand with a warning gesture, and old man Plunkett, with his eyes fixed upon the red-hot stove, and an odd smile playing about his mouth, began:

"Yes—of course you did. Who says you didn't? I said I was goin' home, and

I'VE BEEN HOME.

Haven't I? My God! I have. Who says I've been lyin'? Who says I'm dreamin'? Is it true—why don't you speak? It is true after all. You say you saw me there, why don't you speak again? Say! Say!—is it true? It's going now, O my God—it's going again. It's going now. Save me!" and with a fierce cry, he fell forward in a fit upon the floor.

When the old man regained his senses he found himself in York's cabin. A flickering fire of pine boughs lit up the rude rafters and fell upon a photograph tastefully framed with fir cones and hung above the brush whereon he lay. It was the portrait of a young girl. It was the first object to meet the old man's gaze, and it brought with it a flush of such painful consciousness, that he started and glanced quickly around. But his eyes only encountered those of York—clear, gray, critical, and patient, and they fell again.

"Tell me, old man," said York, not unkindly, but with the same cold, clear tone in his voice that his eye betrayed a moment ago, "tell me,

IS THAT A LIE TOO?"

and he pointed to the picture.

The old man closed his eyes and did not reply. Two hours before the question would have stung him into some evasion or bravado. But the revelation contained in the question, as well as the tone of York's voice, was to him now, in his pitiable condition, a relief. It was plain even to his confused brain that York had lied when he had endorsed his story in the bar-room, it was clear to him now that he had not been home—that he was not, as he had begun to fear, going mad. It was such a relief that with characteristic weakness his former recklessness and extravagance returned. He began to chuckle—finally to laugh uproariously.

York, with his eyes still fixed on the old man, withdrew the hand with which he had taken his.

"Didn't we fool 'em nicely, eh, Yorky? He! he! The biggest thing ever yet played in this camp! I always said I'd play 'em all some day, and I have

PLAYED 'EM FOR SIX MONTHS.

Ain't it rich—ain't it the richest thing you ever seed? Did you see Abner's face when he spoke 'bout that man as seed me in Sonora?—warn't it good as the minstrels? O it's too much!" and striking his leg with the palm of his hand he almost threw himself from the bed in a paroxysm of laughter—a paroxysm that neverheless appeared to be half real and half affected.

"Is that photograph her's?" said York in a low voice, after a slight pause.

"Her's? No! It's one of the San Francisco actresses, he! he! Don't you see—I bought it for two bits in one of the book stores. I never thought they'd swallar *that* too! but they did! Oh, but the old man played 'em this time, didn't he—eh?" and he peered curiously in York's face.

"Yes, and

HE PLAYED ME TOO,"

said York, looking steadily in the old man's eye.

"Yes, of course," interposed Plunkett, hastily, "but you know, Yorky, you got out of it well! You've sold 'em too. We've both got 'em on a string now,—you and me,—got to stick together now. You did it well, Yorky, you did it well. Why when you said you'd seen me in York City, I'm d—d if I didn't——"

"Didn't what?" said York, gently, for the old man had stopped with a pale face and wandering eye.

"Oh?"

"You say when I said I had seen you in New York you thought——"

"YOU LIE!"

said the old man fiercely, "I didn't say I thought anything. What are you trying to go back on me for? Eh?" His hands were trembling as he rose muttering from the bed and made his way toward the hearth.

"Gimme some whisky," he said presently, "and dry up. You oughter treat anyway. Them fellows oughter treated last night. By hookey I'd made 'em—only I fell sick."

York placed the liquor and a tin cup on the table beside him, and going to the door turned his back upon his guest and looked out on the night. Although it was clear moonlight the familiar prospect never to him seemed so dreary. The dead waste of the broad, Wingdam highway never seemed so monotonous—so like the days that he had passed and were to come to him—so like the old man in its suggestion of going sometime and never getting there. He turned, and going up to Plunkett put his hand upon his shoulder and said,

"I want you to answer one question fairly and squarely?"

The liquor seemed to have warmed the torpid blood in the cold man's veins and softened his acerbity, for the face he turned up to York was mellowed in its rugged outline, and more thoughtful in its expression, as he said:

"Go on, my boy."

"HAVE YOU A WIFE AND—DAUGHTER?"

"Before God I have!"

The two men were silent for a moment; both gazing at the fire. Then Plunkett began rubbing his knees slowly.

"The wife, if it has come to that, ain't much," he began cautiously, "being a little on the shoulder, you know, and wantin', so to speak, a liberal California education,—which makes, you know, a bad combination. It's always been my opinion that there ain't any worse. Why, she's as ready with her tongue as Abner Dean is with his revolver, only with the difference that she shoots from principle, as she calls it, and the consequence is, she's always layin' for you. It's the effete East, my boy, that's ruinin' her—it's them ideas she gets in New York and Boston that's made her and me what we are. I don't mind her havin' 'em if she didn't shoot. But havin' that propensity, them principles oughtn't to be lying round loose no more'n firearms."

"BUT YOUR DAUGHTER?"

said York.

The old man's hands went up to his eyes here, and then both hands and head dropped forward on the table. "Don't say anything 'bout her, my boy, don't ask me now—" With one hand concealing his eyes he fumbled about with the other in his pockets for his handkerchief—but vainly. Perhaps it was owing to this fact that he repressed his tears, for when he removed his hand from his eyes they were quite dry. Then he found his voice.

"She's a beautiful girl, beautiful—though I say it, and you shall see her, my boy, you shall see her, sure. I've got things about fixed now. I shall have my plan for reducin' ores perfected in a day or two, and I've got proposals from all the smeltin' works here:" here he hastily produced a bundle of papers that fell upon the floor, "and I'm goin' to send for 'em. I've got the papers here as will give me $10,000 in the next mouth," he added, as he strove to collect the valuable documents again. "I'll have 'em here by Christmas, if I live, and you shall eat your Christmas dinner with me, York, my boy,—you shall, sure."

With his tongue now fairly loosened by liquor and the suggestive vastness of his prospects, he rambled on more or less incoherently, elaborating and amplifying his plans,—occasionally even speaking of them as already accomplished,—until the moon rode high in the heavens, and York led him again to his couch. Here he lay for some time muttering to himself, until at last he sank into a heavy sleep. When York had satisfied himself of the fact, he gently took down the picture and frame, and, going to the hearth,

TOSSED THEM ON THE DYING EMBERS,

and sat down to see them burn.

The fir-cones leaped instantly into flames; then the features that had entranced San Francisco audiences nightly flashed up and passed away,—as such things are apt to pass,—and even the cynical smile on York's lips faded too. And then there came a supplemental and unexpected flash as the embers fell together, and by its light York saw a paper upon the floor. It was one that had fallen from the old man's pocket. As he picked it up listlessly, a photograph slipped from its folds. It was the portrait of a young girl, and on its reverse was written, in a scrawling hand,

"MELINDA TO FATHER."

It was at best a cheap picture, but ah me! I fear even the deft graciousness of the highest art could not have softened the rigid angularities of that youthful figure, its self-complacent vulgarity, its cheap finery, its expressionless ill-favor. York did not look at it the second time. He turned to the letter for relief.

It was misspelled, it was unpunctuated, it was almost illegible, it was fretful in tone and selfish in sentiment. It was not, I fear, even original in the story of its woes. It was the harsh recital of poverty, of suspicion, of mean makeshifts and compromises, of low pains and lower longings, of sorrow, that were degrading, of a grief that was pitiable. Yet it was sincere in a certain kind of vague yearning for the presence of the degraded man to whom it was written,—an affection that was more like a confused instinct than a sentiment.

York folded it again carefully and placed it beneath the old man's pillow. Then he returned to his seat by the fire. A smile that had been playing upon his face, deepening the curves behind his moustache and gradually overrunning his clear brown eyes, presently faded away. It was last to go from his eyes, and it left there,—oddly enough to those who did not know him,—

A TEAR.

He sat there for a long time, leaning forward, his head upon his hands. The wind that had been striving with the canvas roof all at once lifted its edges and a moonbeam slipped suddenly in, and lay for a moment like a shining blade upon his shoulder. And knighted by its touch, straitway plain Henry York arose,—sustained, high-purposed and self-reliant.

THE RAINS HAD COME AT LAST.

There was already a visible greenness on the slopes of Heavytree Hill, and the long, white track of the Wingdam road was lost in outlying pools and ponds a hundred rods from Monte Flat. The spent water-courses, whose white bones had been sinuously trailed over the flat, like the vertebræ of some forgotten Saurian, were full again; the dry bones moved once more in the valley, and there was joy in the ditches, and a pardonable extravagance in the columns of the Monte Flat *Monitor*. "Never before in the history of the country has the yield been so satisfactory. Our contemporary of the Hillside *Beacon*, who yesterday facetiously alluded to the fact (?) that our best citizens were leaving town, in 'dug-outs,' on account of the flood, will be glad to hear that our distinguished fellow-townsman, Mr. Henry York, now on a visit to his relatives in the East, lately took with him, in his 'dug-out,' the modest sum of $50,000, the result of one week's clean-up. We can imagine," continued the sprightly journal, "that no such misfortune is likely to overtake Hillside this season. And yet we believe the *Beacon* man wants a railroad." A few journals broke out into poetry. The operator at Simpson's Crossing telegraphed to the Sacramento *Universe*; "All day the low clouds have shook their garnered fullness down." A San Francisco journal lapsed into noble verse, thinly disguised as editorial prose: "Rejoice, the gentle rain has come, the bright and pearly rain, which scatters blessings on the hills, and sifts them o'er the plain. Rejoice," etc. Indeed, there was only one to whom the rain had not brought blessing, and

THAT WAS PLUNKETT.

In some mysterious and darksome way, it had interfered with the perfection of his new method of reducing ores, and thrown the advent of that invention back another season. It had brought him down to an habitual seat in the bar-room, where, to heedless and inattentive ears, he sat and discoursed of the East and his family.

No one disturbed him. Indeed, it was rumored that some funds had been lodged with the landlord, by a person or persons unknown, whereby his few wants were provided for. His mania,—for that was the charitable construction which Monte Flat put upon his conduct,—was indulged, even to the extent of Monte Flat's accepting his invitation to dine with his family on Christmas Day—an invitation extended frankly to every one with whom the old man drank or talked. But one day, to everybody's astonishment, he burst into the bar-room, holding an open letter in his hand. It read as follows:

"BE READY TO MEET YOUR FAMILY

at the new cottage on Heavytree Hill on Christmas-Day. Invite what friends you choose.

"HENRY YORK."

The letter was handed round in silence. The old man, with a look alternating between hope and fear, gazed in the faces of the group. The doctor looked up significantly after a pause. "It's a forgery, evidently," he said, in a low voice; "he's cunning enough to conceive it—they always are—but you'll find he'll fail in executing it. Watch his face! Old man," he said suddenly, in a loud, peremptory tone, "this is a trick—a forgery—and you know it. Answer me squarely, and look me in the eye. Isn't it so?"

The eyes of Plunkett stared a moment, and then dropped weakly. Then, with a feebler smile, he said: "You're too many for me, boys. The Doc's right. The little game's up. You can take the old man's hat;" and so, tottering, trembling, and chuckling, he dropped into silence and his accustomed seat. But the next day he seemed to have forgotten this episode, and talked as glibly as ever of the approaching festivity.

And so the days and weeks passed until Christmas,—a bright, clear day, warmed with south winds, and joyous with the resurrection of springing grasses,—broke upon Monte Flat. And then there was a sudden commotion in the hotel bar-room, and Abner Dean stood beside the old man's chair, and shook him out of slumber to his feet. "Rouse up, old man; York is here,

WITH YOUR WIFE AND DAUGHTER,

at the cottage on Heavytree. Come, old man. Here, boys, give him a lift;" and in another moment a dozen strong and willing hands had raised the old man and bore him in triumph to the street, up the steep grade of Heavytree Hill, and deposited him, struggling and confused, in the porch of a little cottage. At the same instant, two women rushed forward, but were restrained by a gesture from Henry York. The old man was struggling to his feet. With an effort, at last, he stood erect, trembling, his eye fixed, a gray pallor on his cheek, and a deep reasonance in his voice.

"IT'S ALL A TRICK, AND A LIE!"

They ain't no flesh and blood or kin o' mine. It ain't my wife, no child. My daughter's a beautiful girl,—a beautiful girl,—d'ye hear? She's in New York, with her mother, and I'm going to fetch her here. I said I'd go home, and I've been home—d'ye hear me?—I've been home! It's a mean trick you're playin' on the old man. Let me go, d'ye hear? Keep them women off me! Let me go! I'm going—

I'M GOING HOME!"

His hands were thrown up convulsively in the air, and, half turning round, he fell sideways on the porch, and so to the ground. They picked him up hurriedly; but too late. He had gone home.

The Shah in London.

It cost the City of London $63,147 to make a fool of itself over the Shah of Persia, or about the same sum Boole compelled New York to pay for a certain notorious Japanese reception, which, by the way, was really the cradle of our Ring-troubles. Had the Persian humbug been in fact, as in name, the "King of Kings," it is doubtful if London would have been any more lavish of money in receiving him. It must be borne in mind that the figures we are about to give belong solely to a single entertainment, lasting only a few hours. The clerical work cost $1,500; $16,690 went to builders for temporary carpentery; gasfitters laid pipe to the value of $5,080; plumbers ditto, $250; pavers had a job costing $260; florists bloscomed and bloomed to the extent of $2,000; decorators absorbed $5,324; $650 went for statuary; refreshments ate up $8,375; the wines cost $2,750, and soda-water $288; china and glass cost $1,017; more than $1,100 went for music in two hours; printing and lithographing cost $2,694, the admission tickets alone costing $1,068. For awnings $4,302 were spent; for repairing cooking apparatus—(nothing said about digestive apparatus)—$642; gloves and scarfs for committee men, $292, (and this item brings to fond recollection those fearfully colored gloves Boole and his Aldermen wore on the Japanese occasion); a photographer who took a picture of the table, got $450, and about $4,060 more went for unmentionable incidentals.

It is worth recording in a separate paragraph that Alderman McGeorge, who seems to have been Chairman of the Committee who invested all this money in the Persian fraud, was rewarded for his report thereanent by a vote of thanks, for engrossing which gratitude upon vellum an appropriation of $125 was duly made. Take it altogether, the affair was a piece of most excellent fooling.

AN OLD-YEAR SONG.

As through the forest, disarrayed
By chill November, late I strayed,
A lonely minstrel of the wood
Was singing to the solitude:
I loved thy music, thus I said,
When o'er thy perch the leaves were spread;
Sweet was thy song, but sweeter now
Thy carol on the leafless bough,
Sing, little bird! thy note shall cheer
The sadness of the dying year.

When violets pranked the turf with blue
And morning filled their cups with dew,
Thy slender voice with rippling trill
The budding April bowers would fill,
Nor pass its joyous tones away
When April rounded into May:
Thy life shall hail no second dawn,—
Sing, little bird! the spring is gone.

And I remember—well-a-day!—
Thy full-blown summer roundelay,
As when behind a broidered screen
Some holy maiden sings unseen;
With answering notes the woodland rung,
And every tree-top found a tongue.
How deep the shade! the groves how fair!
Sing, little bird! the woods are bare.

But now the summer's chant is done
And mute the choral antiphon;
The birds have left the shivering pines
To flit among the trellised vines,
Or fan the air with scented plumes
Amid the love-sick orange-blooms,
And though art here alone,—alone,—
Sing, little bird! the rest have flown.

The snow has capped yon distant hill,
At morn the running brook will still,
From driven herds the clouds that rise
Are like the smoke of sacrifice,
Erelong the frozen sod shall mock
The plowshare, changed to stubborn rock,
The brawling streams shall soon be dumb,—
Sing, little bird! the frosts have come.

Fast, fast the lengthening shadows creep,
The songless fowls are half asleep,
The air grows chill, the setting sun
May leave thee ere thy song is done,
The pulse that warms thy breast grow cold,
Thy secret die with thee, untold:
The lingering sunset still is bright,—
Sing, little bird! 'twill soon be night.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes in the Atlantic for January.*

HUMOR.

The child who cried for an hour did not get it.

—A cynical lady, rather inclined to flirt, says most men are like a cold, very easily caught, but very hard to get rid of.

—Kellogg's (Louisiana) Metropolitans passed a hen-roost in Grant Parish without robbing it. It was too high for them.

—The little boy, at his first concert, innocently asked, when the soprano was called back, "What's the matter, mother? Didn't she do it right?"

—If it wasn't for the 10-cent stamp occasionally found in a paper of tobacco, a considerable portion of the citizens of Duluth would starve.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

—"What is your name, little girl?" "Minnie." "Minnie what?" "Minnie Don't, mamma calls me."

—It is remarked that wood will last much longer if left for the women folks to saw and split.

—Out West, where women are running for office, the newspapers whose candidates have been elected no longer place defiant roosters at the head of their columns. A modest hen broods over the glad tidings of election.

—"The evidence shows that he sot up with her night after night, and they squoze hands and talked soft, and I think she ought to have about $23 damages," was the charge of a Kansas Judge to a jury in a breach of promise case.

—He said it was too cold to get up, and she said it wasn't her place to kindle fires, and she wouldn't, and they both lay abed thirty-odd hours in Portland, Me. She, pretty hungry by that time, thought better of it.

—We cannot be too careful how we play with the English language. One day, recently, a married lady of Genesee, while admiring the falls from the Erie Railroad bridge, remarked: "Isn't that dam nice?"

—Mistress (to new servant girl from the country)—"Now, Eliza, make haste and dress yourself, and make your hair tidy, before your master comes home." Servant girl—"Yes'm. Where shall I find the comb, mum?"

—A fair young creature, with a penchant for cards, thus addresses an epistle to her masculine friend: "Come and play youcur with me this evening." And he got mad, and said a "graduate" who had such spells as that was no right bower for him.

—The Detroit *Free Press* relates the following curious coincidence: "I dreamed the other night," said Bijah, as he helped His Honor into his overcoat, "that I asked to borrow 50 cents of you, and that you handed it out." "Curious coincidence," replied His Honor, as he buttoned his coat. "I had the same dream, except that I told you I would see you hung first."

—A portly gentleman crowded himself into a seat in a horse-car, next to a young man, who remarked, "You wouldn't be so anxious to have that seat if you knew that I had just gotten over the small-pox." "That's nothing," was the reply; "this is the first time that I have been out since having it myself." The young man started for the front platform.

—Grandpapa's Grammar.—"I say, Grandpa, I call it very unfair! You know my little sister, Eva? Well, when she goes out, everybody always comes up and says how pretty she is, and nobody never comes up and says how pretty I am!" "You're too old for such open flattery, my dear! They say it to me, instead!" "Oh, come, Grandpa, you're not pretty!"

—Inferior Creature—"You must make all your arrangements, madam, to do this and do that, without ever consulting *me!* Do you forget, madam, that I am your husband,—the husband whom you promised to 'love, honor, and *obey*?'" Superior Creature (engagingly)—"Well, well, little man, it's no good being cross about that. I promised, of course; but you know I never meant it!"

—While on the Peninsula during the War, an officer came across a private belonging to one of the most predatory companies of the Irish brigade, with the lifeless bodies of a goose and a hen tied together by the legs, dangling from his musket. "Where did you steal those, you rascal?" "Faith, I was marching along with Color-Sergt. Maguire, and the goose—bad cess to it—came out and hissed the American flag." "But the hen, sir; how about her?" "The hen, bless ye, was in bad company, and laying eggs for the ribbels."

—The *Territorial Enterprise*, of Virginia City, Nev., is authority for the following incident: "Mrs. Van Cott, the fat, fair, and powerful preacher, has been reviving the Methodists of Nevada, and many who were not Methodists. She goes around among the congregation urging all who have not done so to join the heavenly camp. Last Sunday evening she approached a Cornish miner, who seemed to be much impressed, and laying her hand on his shoulder, said: 'My friend, are you a laborer in the vineyard of the Lord?' 'No, mum,' he replied, looking up at his fair questioner,' 'I be workin in 'ee Savage lower level.'"

GIVE ME THE LOWEST PLACE.

Give me the lowest place; not that I dare
Ask for that lowest place, but Thou hast died
That I might live and share
Thy glory by Thy side.

Give me the lowest place; or if for me
That lowest place too high, make one more low
Where I may sit and see
My God, and love Thee so.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

A Peculiar Murder.

The British papers are aghast at a murder of a peculiar character recently committed in London. Two respectable and sober men, one of them a tailor, long mutual friends, sat in a tavern of an evening and, the conversation taking a metaphysical turn, became involved in an inquiry as to the seat of life, one placing it in the brain, the other in the heart. The inquiry became a discussion, the discussion a dispute, the dispute a personal quarrel, and the personal quarrel resulted thus, according to the antemortem statement of one of the parties: "He swore he would throw me over if I repeated the statement that the seat of life was in the heart. I repeated it, when he caught me around the neck, put his foot behind me, and threw me heavily on my back, falling on my stomach. I felt very much hurt at the time. We were previously hail friends, and bore no ill-will to one another." And before the doctor could read over to him his confession, the champion of the heart as the seat of life was dead

THREE FRENCH MARRIAGES.

From Lippincott's Magazine for January.

I was present yesterday at a wedding-mass in the Church of St. Thomas d'Aquin in the Faubourg St. Germain. In the square before the church ladies in elegant costume were descending from their carriages and mounting the steps, where a rich carpet was laid for them, as one would see in New York on a similar occasion. At the door stood two vergers in white hose and scarlet breeches, with blue coat, gold-embroidered baldric, and the picturesque three-cornered hat trimmed with light-gray ostrich feathers.

At length the bridal party entered, preceded by the vergers with their glittering halberds. The bride was leaning on the arm of her father, while the bridegroom conducted the mother. They were attended by several bridesmaids and groomsmen, and followed by a long train of relatives and friends. Passing up the main aisle, they took their seats in the inclosed space before the high altar, the bride and bridegroom in the centre, apart from the rest, in chairs of crimson velvet and gold, rich enough for thrones. There was a profusion of white flowers around the altar, but they were all artificial, as seems to be always the case in France on such occasions. Though they are exquisite imitations, one would prefer to have real flowers at one's wedding. More show than sweetness is a bad omen.

The officiating priest and his assistants wore white robes, with lace which would have made the despair of a Duchess. The bride looked very graceful in a white gown perfectly plain, with the tulle veil floating to her feet and orange-blossoms gleaming out from her dark ringlets. The ceremony was long and impressive. In one part of it the priest presented to the bride and bridegroom the "pieces de mariage"—that is, silver medals about the size of a dollar bearing the names of the young couple, with the date of their marriage and appropriate emblems. A little later they advanced toward the altar, when the priest presented to them two golden pateræ, which they reverently kissed, and, returning to their seats, two of the groomsmen held above their heads a long white mantle of cloth of silver with fringes of gold, while the priest went on with the service.

During the offertory the vergers passed through the assembly with their monotonous chant, "*Pour les pauvres, s'il vous plait*" ("For the poor, if you please"), each followed by a groomsman and a bridesmaid, who held out the small crimson velvet bag to receive the offerings. I would rather have taken part in the charge at Balaklava than do this myself, but the perfect ease and grace of these young French girls made it charming.

At the close of the mass the bridal party passed around the altar into the sacristy, when they received the congratulations of their friends, afterward returning through the grand aisle of the church in the same order as they had entered, except that the bride now leaned on the arm of her husband, while the organ pealed forth exultingly the "Wedding-March" of Mendelssohn.

As we came out of the church, my friend, Madame Lefort, said to me, "You have seen what is very rare in France, a marriage of love and inclination, a l'Americain. It is the only one I have ever known."

"And your own, Madame?" said I.

"Mine has been a happy marriage, but I was not acquainted with M. Lefort when I was married to him. The first time I ever saw him was on the day of rejoicing at the birth of the Prince Imperial. He was presented to me in the Champs-Elysees, but I was engrossed with the scene around me, and did not much observe him. 'How did you like M. Lefort?' asked my mother on the way home. 'I do not know: I scarcely looked at him.' 'But, my daughter, your father has selected him for your husband. He will dine with us to-morrow, and unless he is very disagreeable to you——' M. Lefort was a handsome man: he is so still, you know, and he was much handsomer then. He pleased me, but I never spoke ten words to him till after we were married, which was just a month from the day I first saw him; and all the time we were so busy, my mother and I, with preparations for the wedding that I had not a moment to think. He sent me the most beautiful flowers every day, and for my *corbeille de mariage* he gave me diamonds and an India shawl which cost 5,000 francs. He was in a state to commit follies then," said Madame with a little sigh. "I was bewildered with all this new splendor, for French girls are always dressed in the simplest way—not at all as in your country, where Miss has everything as handy as Mamma—and they never go into the street without a chaperone. I was full of life and longed for excitement: my mother was an invalid and went out very seldom, so that marriage was like an open door to freedom."

"But I do not see how you dared."

"Oh, as to that, I was thoughtless enough, and besides I never expected anything different. Eugene was very good to me: by and by we had our little Clarice, we fell in love with each other by degrees, and we have been very happy. I think marriages are as happy in France as anywhere else. I helped to make three last winter, and they have all been happy."

"Do tell me about them," said I.

"With the greatest pleasure, this evening after dinner."

"The girls will like to hear the story, too," said I. (The girls were four charming specimens of American young womanhood who were under my care temporarily.)

Accordingly, when the lamps were lighted (for there is no gas in French parlors) we drew our chairs around the table to hear the story of the three marriages.

"You remember," began Madame, "the fat Colonel who dined with us last Sunday? His wife is my cousin, and a year ago she was not Madame de Courcelles."

"But the little boy?" said Alice with a naive surprise in her blue eyes.

"Oh, the Colonel was a widower," said Madame laughing. "My cousin lived with her father in a country town. She was the youngest child. Her mother had been dead many years; her brothers and sisters were married; she had been asked in marriage, but she did not like to leave her father, and he would have been so desolate without her that he had not the heart to urge it. My uncle died about two years ago; his property was divided among his children. Pauline had a moderate income, which would not permit her to live in the style to which she was accustomed. She wrote me a very sad letter, lamenting her father's death and her own loneliness and desolation. She asked me to find her a room and board in Paris, in a convent or in some quiet family. I wrote that I would do all I could for her. 'But, my dear cousin,' I added, 'why do you not think of marriage? It will be very disagreeable to you, who have so long been the mistress of a handsome establishment, to live in the way you propose. Seriously, marriage is the only solution of all your perplexities.' I had not long to wait for a reply. Pauline wrote that she would willingly marry, but she was now 36 years old, her dowry was not excessive, and she feared it would be impossible to make an advantageous marriage. 'Difficult,' I wrote in reply, 'but not impossible. Come to Paris, make me a little visit, and we will see.' Now I had in my mind my friend Col. de Courcelles, whose wife had been dead about a year and a half. He often came to see me, and always bewailed his loneliness and the unhappy condition of his children (he had but two, a girl and boy) without a mother. It occurred to me that two sorrows rightly mingled might make one joy; and the next time he called and entered on his usual monologue I interpolated the question, 'Why don't you marry again, Colonel? It is the only thing that can make you forget your sorrow.' 'I know it,' said he, 'but there is no lady.' 'Pardon me, Colonel. I have a cousin who is just my age. She has recently lost her father; she has a dowry of 50,000 francs, and she is coming to spend a few weeks with me.' 'I shall be delighted to meet your charming cousin, Madame.'

"In due time Pauline arrived. After the first greeting and condolences were over, I said, 'Pauline, I think I have found a husband for you—Col. de Courcelles. I have been acquainted with him many years; he has a fine position, and he was very indulgent to his wife; she was very happy with him. He will dine with us on Sunday, and you will have an opportunity to see him. I have said nothing to him about it; you may feel completely at your ease.'"

(My American readers, who have been brought up, I hope, with a strict regard for truth, will doubtless be shocked at the Madame's want of veracity. I was not sorry to see my young Bostonians exchange a glance of surprise, which Madame did not observe, and would not have understood if she had observed it. Frenchmen appear to regard a lie as a thing innocent in itself,—one which may be even highly meritorious, and which becomes criminal only under certain circumstances, deriving its moral character entirely from the motives that prompt it.)

"On Sunday the Colonel came. Clarice was at school then, and there were only four of us,—M. Lefort and I, my cousin and the Colonel, who sat opposite her. They looked at each other furtively from time to time, and, when their eyes met, dropped them instantly on their plates in the most comical manner. Dinner over, I took my cousin aside: 'What do you think of him?' 'He is too fat,' said Pauline. 'Fat? You think so? The idea!' 'Oh, Madame, how could you? He is immense!' said my innocent Pauline, with a look of distress. 'Only consider what a fine position he has,' said I, 'and such an excellent man! If you could only see how well he looks on horseback at the head of his regiment!'

"Later in the evening I had an opportunity to speak to the Colonel. 'Well?' said I, interrogatively. 'Madame, your cousin is charming, but she is rather too tall.' The huge Colonel had a giant's penchant for little women. 'There is no occasion for you to go any further,' said I. 'I have not mentioned it to my cousin, of course.' 'I should like to call to-morrow,' said he.

"In six weeks Pauline was Madame de Courcelles, but up to the wedding-day she continued to say piteously, 'If he were only not so fat!'"

"That is not romantic at all," said Emily.

"But they are very happy," said Madame.

"Doesn't she think he is too fat now?" asked Belle.

"I dare say she would be very indignant if you were to say so," laughed Madame.

"Now for marriage Number 2," said Helen.

"A short time before my cousin's marriage," continued Madame, "my friend, M. Auber, called on me. 'That is a strange idea of yours, to marry your cousin to that great fat Colonel,' said he. 'I have a friend who would suit her much better, I am sure.' 'It is rather late for that now; she is to be married in ten days.' 'How vexatious!' said M. Auber. 'But, Monsieur, I have a sister-in-law, a young widow, several years younger and far handsomer than my cousin. Your friend might be pleased with her.' 'I wish I could see her.' 'Nothing easier. Dine with us the day after to-morrow, you and Madame Auber, and I will invite Julie to meet you.' My sister is really very beautiful, and M. Auber could not restrain his admiration: 'Oh, Madame, she is adorable! If my friend can please her, he is a man to be envied. Let us see: to-day is Tuesday. Well, Thursday, if you and your sister and M. Lefort will dine with us, my friend will be there.'

"Thursday came, the dinner, and the guests. I had told my sister what was in contemplation, and we were naturally a little curious to see M. Vernon. He was a good-looking man, about 50 years of age.

"Oh, Madame, wasn't he bald?" asked Alice.

"Well, he was a little, on the top of his head."

"I hate bald men. How old was she?"

"A little under 30."

"I should not think she would have married him if she was so beautiful."

"Well, my dear, he had a fine social position and a large fortune, hotel in Paris, house in the country, elegant carriage, and servants in livery. It was a great temptation, and then she was not very young, you know. Well, dinner was over, and we had returned to the parlor. M. Auber seemed restless and fidgety, for he is of a very impatient temperament. 'Madame Lefort,' said he, rising, 'I should like to show you a painting by Paul Delaroche in the next room.' I had seen the painting hundreds of times, but I followed without a word. 'Vernon, wouldn't you like to see it, too?' said M. Auber. No sooner was the door closed than he asked in his eager way, 'Well, Madame, what does your sister think of my friend?' 'But, Monsieur, how should I know? I have not had an opportunity to speak to her. Besides, it would be more suitable to know M. Vernon's impression first.' 'Oh, I saw that in an instant,' said M. Auber. 'There is no need of asking him. He is enchanted.' 'Truly, she is the most beautiful creature I ever saw,' said M. Vernon. 'Far too young and lovely for me, I am afraid.' 'That remains to be seen,' said his friend. 'Ask her, Madame,—just as well now as any time.' 'But M. Vernon must go away.' 'Certainly, Madame;' and he opened the door into the parlor. 'Come, then, Julie, don't you wish to see this beautiful painting? Have you no taste for the arts?' She came. 'M. Auber wishes to know how you are pleased with his friend.' 'He is very well,' said she coolly—'rather old.' 'Oh, Madame, is that all you can say for one of the best matches in France?' 'I do not know that I have any objection,' she added. 'Then, Madame, we will consider the affair settled.'

"Early the next morning M. Vernon called to ask my husband to accompany him to the house of Julie's mother, and after the usual compliments of presentation he immediately asked the hand of her daughter. In three weeks I had the pleasure of being present at the wedding."

"Oh, how dreadful!" cried the girls in a chorus. "No love-making!" "No walks by moonlight!" "So prosaic!" "Everything hurried up so, just like a parcel of goods bought and delivered."

"Why, how long are betrothals in your country?" asked Madame.

"Two or three years generally. Seldom less than one year when the parties are young."

"I should have changed my mind three or four times in a year," said M. Lefort, looking up from the book which he had been reading all the time, apparently.

"And I mine *five* times," said Madame. "How, then? Are not such long engagements often broken?" she inquired.

"Oh, never," said Belle, with fervor.

"But, my child," interrupted I, "I am afraid you are mistaken there; I have known a great many broken in my time."

"And do these young lovers see each other often during this long interval?"

"Very often, Madame, if they happen to live near each other."

"But always in the presence of the young lady's mother, I suppose?"

"No; it is very common for a young lady to receive her betrothed alone."

"Oh, shocking!" and Madame looked rigid with astonishment. "But if the engagement were broken, she would never find a husband after such an intimacy?"

"That would make no difference," I rejoined, "unless a girl were engaged six or seven years, and the man broke his engagement then, as sometimes happens. She would have lost her fresh young beauty, and her heart might be so set on the faithless lover that no other could ever take his place."

"Ah," said Madame, "our young girls are at least saved from all pains of the heart."

"And they are kept from indecorous flirting and maneuvers to attract attention, too," said I, with a glance at my young Americans,—not that they needed the hint particularly, however.

"They flirt enough afterward," said Belle spiritedly. "Don't you remember the odious Madame T., with her yellow curls, and the young officer at the Grand Hotel? I never saw any such flirting in America."

"Don't talk, girls," said Emily. "I want to hear about the third marriage."

"Well," resumed Madame, "I felt a good deal of complacency in my success, and it formed a subject of conversation at the next reception. 'I am disgusted,' said Madame Belval, 'I have been trying all winter to bring about a marriage between two of my friends, and it has failed at last. I will never try again if I live a thousand years.' 'I am ready to try again to-morrow.' 'Pray be so kind as to give me some assistance, then,' said Madame C., wife of the Minister of Marine. 'I am looking for a suitable wife for Emile, as I am very desirous that he should marry. Young men are exposed to so many temptations in Paris—actresses and grisettes, and all that kind of thing—enough to drive a mother distracted. Emile will be 25 next month.'"

"I should think he was old enough to find a wife for himself," whispered Alice.

"His salary is 12,000 francs, which is not bad for a young man, and his father will do something more for him when he marries. 'I know a girl that will suit him exactly,' cried Madame Belval, eagerly, forgetting, like Rip Van Winkle, that she had 'swore off'" (This is an interpolation. I am afraid the French ladies had not the pleasure of being acquainted with Monsieur Van Winkle). 'The Administrator of the Lyons Railway has a daughter almost 19, the most amiable, the most lovely, and her father will give her 100,000 francs.' 'That is very reasonable,' said Madame C. 'I shall be under everlasting obligations to you if you will speak to him of our son.' 'With the greatest pleasure in the world.'

"Madame Belval had an interview with the Administrator of Railways. He would make inquiries about the young man. The result was satisfactory, and in a week the friends of both families, including M. Lefort and myself, received an invitation to a soiree at Madame Belval's, where the two young people would meet for the first time. It was very embarrassing for them in the presence of so many observers. Mademoiselle Therese was lovely, with long fair curls and that delicate blond beauty which is so rare in France. I pitied the poor child, she was so distressed at the thought of being on exhibition, and looked pale and then flushed alternately."

"I am glad *I* am not a French girl," said Helen.

"And the young man was scarcely less agitated. They hardly dared to look at each other, and were as silent as deaf mutes the whole evening. The next day his father made a formal demand of M. Thouvel for the hand of his daughter."

"His father! and the young man had nothing to do with it?" exclaimed Belle, amazed.

"Marriages are always arranged by the parents with us," said Madame. "M. Thouvel gave an affirmative answer, and the marriage took place shortly after, as is usual in France."

"And shall you be married in that way, Clarice?" asked Alice compassionately of Madame's pretty young daughter.

"How else? I am not going to America."

MARY E. BLAKE.

THE TWO PILLARS.

The Oldest Symbol Known to the Human Race.

A Sacred Emblem Among the Ancient Scandinavians, Tyrians, and Hebrews.

Derivation of the Dollar and Pound Marks Therefrom.

W. L. Fossette in the Atlantic for January.

The interest in relics has its foundation in the transitory nature of all material forms and the difficulty with which man makes any permanent impression upon them. It has taken but a thousand years or so to obliterate the monumental evidences of some of the greatest cities of the world. A few manuscript-books have lasted a little longer, but time at last tyrannizes over all; walls crumble, the ancient books go piecemeal to rags, languages die, the meaning of words and symbols changes, and it requires the continuous attention of man to rescue anything from the sea of oblivion that continually encroaches upon the shores of history. A few leading ideas and words seem to last forever, but, as a rule, all human handiwork that appeals to the eye disappears sooner or later; and when we meet with any artificial object which presents to our eyes a form preserved while cities have crumbled and nations have vanished, it seems a new revelation of the past. But it is in the unexpected discovery that familiar words, ideas, and objects have a pedigree as long as chronology itself, that we get, perhaps, the most vivid impression of contact with the past, and that shadowy hands seem to reach out suddenly from some mysterious storehouse of dead and dusty things to clasp our own. For the great majority of even educated people, such an experience as this may be found in the history of

THE MODERN DOLLAR-MARK, $.

How little does the clerk, shopkeeper, or banker who makes a hundred times a day this familiar figure, imagine he is making representations of the oldest symbol known to the human race: one which seems to have been elaborated one of the mythologies of all the ancients, passing through numberless changes by the outgrowth of fanciful legends from the original ideas, but clearly traceable to the earliest races, of whom we get only shadowy outlines in the dusk of antiquity,—a symbol known to those who built Tyre and Carthage as

"THE PILLARS OF HERACLES,"

but as ancient to them as to us. In comparatively modern times poetic fancy has conferred this name on the two mountains that stand at the entrance to the Mediterranean,—Calpe on the north, and Abyla on the south side of the straits, but for more than 2,000 years before the diversion of the name, the form of the material symbol was two pillars of wood or stone.

But how came the two pillars to be symbolized in the dollar-mark, and what was their original meaning?

The transfer of the title Pillars of Hercules to the two mountains furnishes at least a local beginning point in the answer to the first of these queries.

According to tradition, Melcarthus, a Tyrian navigator and explorer, sailing in search of fabled Atlantis or dimly rumored Britain, had paused in a bay at the Western extremity of the land beyond the straits, and set up there

TWO PILLARS

as a memorial, building by them the temple of Hercules. Later a colony of Tyre was established there, and the place grew into the ancient Gades, the modern Cadiz. As the temple increased in wealth through the votive offerings of passing voyagers it become more splendid, and the first rude pillars of stone were replaced by others made of precious metals. As late as the second century this temple existed in its greatest splendor. Flavius Philostratus, who visited it, testifies to its magnificence, and in his life of Apollonius of Tyana gives the following description of the pillars:

"The pillars in the temple were composed of gold and silver, and so nicely blended were the metals as to form but one color. They were more than a cubit high, of a quadrangular form, like anvils, whose capitals were inscribed with characters neither Indian nor Egyptian, nor such as could be decipherred. *These pillars are the chains which bind together the earth and sea.* The inscriptions on them were executed by Hercules in the house of the Parcæ, to prevent discord arising among the elements and that friendship being disturbed which they had for each other."

These pillars were the nucleus of the ancient Gades, and naturally became the metropolitan emblem of the modern city, as the horse's head was of Carthage.

Leaving for the present the explanation of the original signification of the two pillars, the story of

THEIR DESCENT TO US

may be briefly outlined as follows:

When Charles V. became Emperor of Germany he adopted a new coat of imperial arms, in which those of Spain were quartered with those of the Empire, the pillars of the arms of Cadiz being made supporters in the device.

At Seville was an imperial mint in which was minted a standard dollar called in the Mediterranean ports "colonato," the most prominent figures in the device on this coin being the two pillars and the scroll twined about them, the representation of which with a pen came to be the accepted symbol of the coin.

Melcarthus was a Tyrian, and the pillars must, therefore, have been and reverenced as

A SACRED SYMBOL IN TYRE

long before he set them up on the shores of the Atlantic. Additional proof of this may be found in the fact that on the coins of Tyre were prominently depicted, with some other emblems, two short pillars, arranged as supporters, one on either side of the general device, the proportions corresponding nearly to those described by Philostratus. The Tyrians, though not the inventors of coin money, were the first to give it general circulation. Their coinage became the currency of the world, and the two pillars with which it was stamped would naturally become the symbol for money, so that the adoption of the dollar-mark to designate the "pillar-pieces" of Charles V. was probably only the wandering about the world in search of new homes. It is related of the continuation of an ancient custom first referred to the "pillar-pieces" of Tyre.

THE POUND-MARK,

in all probability, owes its distinguishing feature, the two horizontal bars, to the same symbol, though in this connection they came into England by another route than Spain. The L was the initial letter of the Latin *Libra*, a balance, and was used to signify a standard by which to weigh the precious metals, the name of the weight being derived from the Roman pondo, a pound. But in the time of Henry VIII. the pound sterling which had been used as a standard for money was superseded by another pound, which had been brought from Cairo into Egypt by Troyes in France during the Crusades. In the 200 years from the eleventh to the close of the thirteenth century, the zeal to recapture Jerusalem brought the people of Europe more in contact with each other, producing an interchange of ideas and customs, though the jealousy of the two or three most powerful nations retarded their general adoption. It was probably owing to the ancient hatred of Britain and Gaul that this Troyes weight was not definitely adopted in England until it was carried there by Venetian goldsmiths, about the year 1496. When it was so adopted it was probably distinguished from the old sterling or "easterling" pound by adding to the pound-mark L two strokes of the pen to represent the pillars of Hercules,

THE COMMON MONEY-SYMBOL

in the Mediterranean cities. But as the lower arm of the L was the shortest, a symmetrical written character could be made more easily by changing the pillars from the perpendicular to the horizontal. In handwriting, it is natural to make all straight marks slanting and not upright, and the change from slanting marks to horizontal ones would be as readily adopted as any other change in the symbol.

So much for the story of the two pillars as represented with money.

The tradition of the Free Masons in regard to the two pillars, which are a prominent emblem of their craft, is, that they represent the pillars

JACHIN AND BOAZ

which Hiram of Tyre made for Solomon, and set one on either side of the entrance to the Temple, to commemorate the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night which guided the Israelites in their forty years' wanderings in the wilderness. Whatever significance the Hebrews may have attached to those pillars, there is good reason for believing that they received the material emblem from the Tyrians at the time of the building of the Temple. The Scriptures give a minute account of the dimensions and designs of the pillars (2 Kings vii., and 2 Chronicles iii.), but are silent as to their significance; and there is nothing in the whole Scriptural account of them to forbid the conclusion that the ideas symbolized by them were

AS MUCH TYRIAN AS JEWISH.

Tyre had been a rich and prosperous city for over two hundred years when Solomon undertook the building of the Temple. The Tyrians had been skilled in architecture and other arts to a degree that implied a high state of mental culture, while the Hebrews were yet nomadic tribes living in tents. The tabernacle was only a tent, and in this first Hebrew endeavor to give it a more enduring structure of wood and stone, Solomon naturally appealed to the greater skill of the subjects of the friendly Hiram, King of Tyre. When the Hebrews began to build the Temple they ceased their wanderings, they became permanently established, and, as a memorial of this fact, they embodied in the architectural design of the Temple a symbol which, by the Tyrians and many other nations descended from the ancient Aryan stock, was considered emblematic of

A DIVINE LEADERSHIP

that had conducted them to a new and permanent home; this was the true significance of the two pillars.

As long as the Hebrews were wanderers, the pillars of cloud by day and of fire by night were merely a metaphor, to express their belief in a Divine direction of their movements. When they came at last to the promised land, the figurative pillars of cloud and fire became the two pillars in the porch of the Temple as the symbol of the establishment of the nation.

Having thus traced the story of the emblems back through two lines of descent to a common point in Tyre, we must take a look into the remoter past to find the origin of the symbol in

THE EARLIEST RECORDED IDEAS

of the human race in connection with the Deity, and from that point we may follow its descent again through the independent routes of Greek and Scandinavian mythology.

The ancient Aryans who composed the Vedas had not then arrived at the stage of intellectual development in which they could entertain the idea of an abstract principle as the one universal law, or of any god except a visible one. To them it seemed impossible that there could be a spiritual essence without some material form. Fire, the most inexplicable and striking of the agencies of nature, was accepted by them as this first and all-pervading force which controlled the universe; and the sun, the grandest and most brilliant mass of fire, as the embodiment of the Deity.

Here are two verses of the Vedas, as translated by Max Muller, which may be called the Genesis of the Brahmins, and in them are

TWO WORDS

around which have crystalized fancies growing into myths, and myths growing into monuments of wood and stone, and again into ideal beings, until the original conceptions have been almost lost. Yet through all these changes some characteristics of the original meaning have been so stamped upon each new form, that the threads of connection, from those ancient days when the first peoples of the human race worshiped the sun on the plains of Central Asia, down through all the ages to the comparatively modern symbol of the Pillars of Hercules, is unistakable:

1. "In the beginning there arose the golden Child. He was one born lord of all that is. He *established* the earth and this sky;—Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

2. "He who gives life, he who gives *strength*, whose command all the bright gods revere, whose shadow is immortality; whose shadow is death;—Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?"

If there were nothing but the coincidence of the two words Italicized in the foregoing verses with the names of the two pillars in Solomon's Temple,—Jachin meaning *strength*, and Boaz *to establish*,—if there were nothing but this to establish the connection of the two pillars, as well as the Pillars of Hercules and also the Greek myth of Castor and Pollux, with these ancient expressions, the identity of all these myths and symbols might be more doubtful than it is; but

THERE IS MORE.

In the Vedas the sun is called the "runner," the "quick racer;" he is called Arvat, the horse; Agni, the fire; Arusha, the red one, the strong one, the son of Heaven and Earth; Indra, the god of all gods. He is represented as drawn in a chariot over his daily course through the heavens by "the harits," "the rohits," and "the arushas,"—i. e., the gleaming, the ruddy, and the gold-colored horses of the dawn, which are the first rays of the morning sun.

The flexibility of the idea, within a certain range of expressions, seems to be acknowledged by the poets of the Vedas in the following verse:

"Hear thou, the brilliant Agni, my prayer, whether the two black horses bring thy car, or the two ruddy, or the two red horses."

Notwithanding all the interchanging of names, numbers, and genders, and the changing of forms from animal to human and vice versa, there is an adherence to the idea of beings endowed with supernatural strength and brightness, and of a contest between, and alternating supremacy of,

LIGHT AND DARKNESS!

It requires no great stretch of the imagination to conceive how, in the Greek modification of this many-sided plastic myth of the sun-god, Indra should be the prototype of Jove, and Arusha of Apollo, and also of Hercules. Indeed, it seems probable that, out of the numerous names of this one object of adoration, the sun, grew nearly all the wonderful and fantastic system of both Greek and Scandinavian mythology.

In the Vedic myths the phenomena which attended the rising and setting of the sun, the clouds, some black, some ruddy, and some shining like molten gold or silver, and also his first and last beams darting through, were spoken of as horses or cattle, or beings with human forms, almost invariably in *pairs*.

In some places the ruddy clouds that precede his rising are called the "bright cows." The two horses which the sun is said to harness to his car are called the "Arushs," the red ones; in other places they are called the "two Asvins," the shining mares; and in others the idea is modified still more, and they are called the "two sisters," and, at last, we find, are named

DAY AND NIGHT,

the "daughters of Arusha," the one gleaming with the brightness of her father, and the other decked with stars. Prof. Whitney, in his "Essay on the Vedas," introduces the "two Asvins" as "enigmatical divinities," whose vocation or province in Aryan mythology he does not discover, though, at the same time, he intimates the probability that they may be identical with the Dioscuri of the Greeks; and Prof. Muller hints at the same identity, but with no more reference to their true character of divine forerunners or guides for families, tribes, or races of the wandering about the world in search of new homes. It is related of

THE DIOSCURI,

that, when Castor was killed, Pollux, inconsolable for his loss, besought Jove to let him give his own life for that of his brother. To this Jove so far consented as to allow the two brothers to each pass alternate days under the earth and in the celestial abodes, their alternate daily deaths and ascensions into the heavens being only another version of the story of Day and Night, the daughters of Arusha. The twin brothers Castor and Pollux are represented as always clad in shining armor, and mounted on snow-white steeds,—thus reproducing the chief characteristics of the "two Asvins," the shining mares of the Vedas, and showing that all those metamorphoses are only variations of the same idea.

The Hebrew metaphor of the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, to express the idea of a divine leadership, points to the same natural objects—

CLOUDS AND FIRE—

that to the earlier Aryans were symbols of the presence of the Deity; and the whole idea might seem a reproduction or elaboration of that expressed in the following verses of the Rig-Veda, written a thousand years before:

Wherever the mighty water-*clouds* went, where they placed the seed and lit the *fire*, thence arose He who is the sole life of the bright gods;—Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

"He who by His might looked even over the water-clouds, the clouds which gave strength and lit the sacrifice; He who alone is God above all gods."

The fact that nearly every manifestation of the presence of the Deity recorded in Hebrew history down to the time of the building of the Temple was in a *cloud*, shows at least a remarkable resemblance to the Aryan conceptions of the divine presence.

The further elaboration of the idea in symbolizing the presence of the Deity by two pillars of wood or stone, and particularly of such presence in the character of a leader through long wanderings to a place of permanent establishment,

WAS NOT EXCLUSIVE WITH THE HEBREWS.

Other races with whom the Hebrews could not have come in contact had precisely the same symbol of two pillars of wood or stone,—a fact which makes it a reasonable presumption that the two pillars, one of cloud, one of fire, which were their prototype, were not more exclusively a Hebrew idea.

In Sparta the twin Dioscuri are said to have been represented by two pillars of stone, which were sometimes joined by a smaller horizontal bar to represent their twinship. Frequently the top of one of these posts was carved in the semblance of a human head. The Spartans may have borrowed the emblem from the Tyrians; the fact that the ancient Northmen employed the two pillars to symbolize precisely the same ideas as those connected with them by the Hebrews and Greeks makes it quite as likely that the Spartans derived the symbol from the same original source as the Tyrians.

A column of stone was in fact a

COMMON SYMBOL OF THE DEITY

among many ancient nations. Venus was worshipped at Paphos under the form of a stone. Juno of the Thespians and Diana of the Icarians, were worshipped under the same form. The most famous of the Syrian deities was El Gabal (the stone), a name to which is akin the modern Arabic *gebel*, a mountain, or a rock. The very name of Gibraltar, one of the mountains to which poetry has transferred the title of Pillars of Hercules, is from Gebel Tarik, the mountain, or the rock, of Tarik, one of the first Moors who set foot on the northern side of the straits, and after whom came those who established in Spain the brilliant and romantic empire of these successors of the ancient Phœnicians.

There is good ground for the presumption that

HERACLES OF THE GREEKS

was only another version of the myth of the Dioscuri. The Hebrews gave each of the pillars a name, though they received the emblem from the Tyrians, who employed them as the emblem of one deity; and as the Tyrians were earlier than the Greeks, this phase of the monotheistic significance of the pillars must have come down from the same ancient source as the myth of the Dioscuri.

With both Greeks and Tyrians "Heracles," transformed by the Latins into "Hercules," seemed to be a transferable honorary title. The proper name of the Tyrian Heracles was Melcarthus, whose mother was said to be Asteria, the starry heavens; while the proper name of the Greek Heracles was Alcæus, who was said to be the son of Jove by a mortal mother, Alcmena, as the Dioscuri were said to be the twin sons of Jove by a mortal mother, Leda. The Heracles of the Tyrians and the Castor and Pollux of the Greeks were the patron deities of seamen and navigators, as well as of feats of strength and agility.

Turning now to the mythology of the Scandinavians, we find in the character of

THOR

one which corresponds in all these particulars. He was said to be the son of Odin, the eldest of the gods, by Jord (the earth). Not only do the stories of his feats of strength with his hammer correspond with those of Heracles with his club, but he was the patron deity of the early Norse navigators, who were as daring as even the Phœnicians.

The "sacred columns" of the Norse mythology were two high wooden posts, or pillars, fashioned by hewing. These stood on either side of the "high seat" of the master of the household, and hence were called the

"THE PILLARS OF THE HIGH SEAT,"

and were a sort of household symbol of Thor. The upper end of one of the pillars being, like the Spartan symbol, carved in the semblance of a human head, the setting up of these pillars was the sign of the establishment of the household on that spot. When a Northman moved, no matter how far, he took his sacred pillars with him; and when these were set up, there was his home until he made a formal change of domicile by moving them to some new spot.

When the Northmen discovered Iceland and began to emigrate there the sacred pillars of each Norse family were thrown overboard when in sight of land, near the shore, and on the nearest habitable spot to where they were cast ashore by the waves were they set up, by planting the ends in the ground, as

A SYMBOL OF POSSESSION,

being in some respects a formal act of "entry," having something of the same significance as the act of planting the standard in the Western States who has "staked out a claim."

When the pillars were set up the house was built around them, and, though the pillars and the domicile might be moved to new locations, the place where the pillars were first cast ashore always retained a peculiar significance and sanctity to the family. Thus it is related of Thord Hraspnon, that the pillars, when cast overboard, were carried away by the waves and currents and apparently lost. He settled, however, on the eastern side of Iceland, and had been living there ten or fifteen years when it was discovered that his pillars had been cast ashore on the western coast, upon which he straightway sold his estate and moved to the locality where his pillars had been found.

Many other instances of the

CASTING OF THE SACRED COLUMNS INTO THE SEA,

in order that they might guide Northmen in their selection of homes in Iceland, are related in Rudoiph Keyser's Religion of the Northmen. Of Eirik the Red it is told that, having loaned his posts of honor (possibly as a pledge of some promise to be fulfilled) to another Icelander, he could not get them back, which gave occasion for a long feud, into which many other families were drawn, and many of the adherents of both parties were slain. "When the Norse chieftain Thorolf Mostrarskegg left Norway to settle in Iceland he tore down the temple of Thor over which he had presided,—in which he seemed to have some kind of proprietary right from having built it chiefly at his own expense for the use of the worshipers of Thor,—and took with him most of the timber, together with the earth beneath the platform on which Thor's statue had been seated." When he came in view of Iceland the two sacred columns of the temple were thrown into the sea; and where these were cast on shore by the waves he called the place Thorsness, and built a temple of Thor, placing the two sacred columns, one on either side, just within the doorway.

The incidents in which the two columns thus appear in the earliest history of the Norse people are, it is true, of modern date when compared with their appearance at the building of Solomon's Temple, or the erection of the Pillars of Hercules by Melcarthus, near the Straits of Gibraltar; but their later appearance in history as the "Pillars of Thor"

DOES NOT ARGUE

that they were copied from the Pillars of Hercules, but only that written history, or even chronology of any kind, was not known in Scandinavia until a much later period than in Syria and Greece. The Germanic race, however, of which the Northmen were a branch, had its origin in the centre of Asia near the Caspian Sea. From there they had brought the same traditions as the Syrians and Greeks; and the religious myths out of which the Greeks afterwards elaborated their fanciful system of mythology were by the Northmen, whose rude climate gave imagination a gloomier form, fashioned into the more barbarous, grotesque, and sanguinary

"ASA FAITH."

The cosmogony of the Greeks and the Northmen corresponds so nearly as to leave no doubt of a common origin, and yet the details were so different as to show that for ages the ancient stories must have been handed down from one generation to another by people possessed of a vastly different degree of refinement and surrounded by a different aspect of nature.

The Asa faith was as ancient as the cosmogony of the Phœnicians and the Greeks, and the sacred columns of Thor were not an idea borrowed from the Pillars of Heracles, but an independent perpetuation of the same mystic symbol.

The facts that the two pillars were a sacred symbol in three ancient and contemporaneous religions, and that they occupied the same position and significance in the temples of Thor of the Scandinavians, Heracles of the Tyrians, and Jehovah of the Hebrews, help to confirm the theory of

A COMMON MYTHOLOGY

as the foundation and the source of the ideas of all the later faiths. The fervid spirit of the Hebrews gave to their version of this and other ancient conceptions a diviner mold. As the solar ray of light, split up by the prism, yields three groups of rays, one of which carries with it the main portion of the heat, another the greater part of all the light, and another nearly all the actinic qualities, and each of these groups embracing two or more of the seven prismatic colors, so the rays of that ancient Aryan sun, the first and most natural of the Deity, falling on the human mind, have been elaborated into a great variety of faiths, each carrying with it some of the divine light, but in other characteristics as different as the groups in the spectrum of the analyzed solar ray. With one race the predominant traits of religious thought are brilliant, but merely sentimental corruscations of poetic fancy; with another, cold, practical maxims for thrift; with another, the fervid, but sombre enthusiasm, the zealous dogmatism that overturns empires.

But in all there is the acknowledgment that the

REGULAR ALTERNATION OF DAY AND NIGHT

is the work of God, the phenomena indicating His presence to guide man around the habitable portions of the world.

"Sun and moon go in regular succession, that we may see Indra and believe," writes one of the poets of the Rig-Veda.

"The day is thine; the night also is thine; thou hast prepared the light and the sun," sings the poet of Israel.

—A married woman whose will has been proved in England gave all her estate to Mr. Yaz Maurich, her husband, directed her clothes to be sold to pay her funeral expenses, and added: "It is also my earnest wish that my darling husband should marry ere long a nice, pretty girl, who is a good housewife, and, above all, to be careful that she is of good temper."

"P'TIT LULU."

From the Galaxy.

She was a Jersey Princess, and her throne was a low bit of broken wall outside the cottage door, whence she used to nod her curly head to the passers by, and call out, "Dood-by, m'sieurs," in her broken English and shrill baby-treble.

It is thus I saw her first—a bright spot of color against the warm red-brown background of earth and wall, and the arch of spotless blue above—a dab of carmine, patched with yellow about the head, a torn print garment—once white—and two dusty, dimpled, rose pink legs, the little fat toes clinging like a monkey's to the rough, lichened inequalities on the side of the wall.

"Good-by, little one. This is the right way down to Rozel Bay, is it not?"

"Mais oui, oui. A bas la. Lulu come down. Lulu show m'sieur."

The dab of color jumps down, a great deal more of the firm, rosy flesh than propriety admits becoming nakedly patent to the eye in the descent. Two short puds or fingers reach up into mine, and I am provided with a guide on the spur of the moment.

"Lulu, Lulu!" cried a voice from the cottage, "ou vas-tu, mechante? Viens donc de suite, p'tit chat!"

Lulu. I grieve to see, is not of an obedient disposition. She stamps one pink foot in the sandy soil, shakes her yellow head defiantly, and retorts in a shrill gabble which sounds something like this: "V'o'daure m'sieur bas-vuar'd'ala."

I am free to confess that my knowledge of Jersey French is not equal to a translation.

I find myself in the unpleasant position of an involuntary child-stealer. To my relief, the half-door of the cottage opens, and there comes out a tall, ripe, brown-skinned girl of 17, with eyes black and shining as sloe-berries after a shower, and neat, pretty Jersey features smiling under the great white sunbonnet, turned back like the cup of a huge convolvulus. To her I appeal, laboring with solemn British desperation after my long-forgotten foreign exercises:

"Mademoiselle, cette — petite — enfant — a voulu——"

The pretty red lips curve upwards in a ready smile.

"Ah, yes, m'sieur, it is Lulu's way." (She evidently doesn't think much of my French, for she answers in English.) "So many excursion people come this way to see our bay and the gardens of La Chaire above, that 'la petite' has taken the habit to play at guide. M'sieur will please excuse. The neighbors do so spoil the child, she grows troublesome. Fi donc, Lulu!"

"Lula not trouble. Lula ben sage," stammers the baby-sinner, stamping a small sirocco in her wrath, and holding tightly to my finger the while; then, changing her key with the agility of a vocal acrobat, and turning two suddenly moist blue saucers of appeal on me, she whispers, coaxingly, "Lulu only want to show de chemin. Let p'tit Lulu go, hein?"

Naturally, Lulu is permitted to go. It is evident that this young Princess is deeply versed in the arts of cajolery—a person not to be denied anything within the compass of human possibility.

The black-eyed damsel and I exchanged glances of intelligence, and succumb simultaneously. Lulu tightens her pull on the finger she has captured, and leads me off, pattering in shrill triumph through the dust, and along the steep, narrow path which leads onward and downward to the rock-girdled beach of Rozel Bay. By-and-by we have to step out of the way; an excursion-car is bearing down upon us, creaking and groaning as the heavy load of gaudily-dressed, blowsy-faced British tourists, and neat, sallow-skinned Parisians, all of the bourgeois class, but different as beings from two distant spheres, presses forward on the straining, staggering horses, and grates against the side of the hill. Not wishing to immolate myself, an involuntary victim, beneath the wheels of the ascending juggernaut, I retare to a clump of ferns and brambles on the outer edge of the path, clutching Lulu's fat wrist tightly, and horribly afraid lest that impetuous young lady should rush forward and be smashed on the road, or roll backward and be smashed on the beach. The result seems equal.

I am a nervous man, and grow hot and damp all over at the thought. Lulu, on the other hand, is as cool as a cucumber. She holds me, indeed, but much as a conquering Delaware could his captive Mingo, or a stern aunt her refractory nephew. She nods her charming head familiarly to the driver (an unmistakable Paddy), smiles upon him with all the sweetness those round blue eyes can bestow, and hails him with condescending urbanity:

"Hi, Malone! bo'zour, bo'zour!"

The driver's face expands into a grin; he waves his hand cheerfully.

"Good mornin' to ye, p'tit Lulu; is it afther a ride yer wantin' the day, me lady?"

It is possible that Lulu may have stooped to such an idea on previous occasions, though at present she is chief in the light of an insult. With great skill, she pretends not to hear, and addresses herself patronizingly to the dusty, steaming excursionists.

"Dood-by, m'sieurs et mesdames. Malone go show you Rozel Bay. Lulu aussi! Lulu got *son* m'sieur. V'la donc!"

This last in a tone and with a wave of the unoccupied dimpled fist which draws instant and general attention on the captive Mingo. Lulu is satisfied. The car rolls on, and we follow. The cloud of dust is in our eyes; the red faces, copper-colored silk gowns, and hideous flowery hats of the female B. T. disappear from view down the winding curves of the path. We hear Malone cry, "There's Rozel!," for the benefit of his passengers. We, too, reach the corner, and Lulu relinquishes her Mingo, folds her fat palms ecstatically, sets her fat legs as wide apart as is anyway consistent with an upright position, and, copying Malone's tone with the nicety of a practised actress, repeats, "Zere's Rozel!" Then changing in a voice of glee, and beginning to jump up and down like a soft ball of wool tossed into the air and back again—"Lulu show it to m'sieur—Lulu—not Malone!"

I stand still, and look about me—at the steep, rough path with its overhanging wall of ochre-red earth, topped by a tangle of feathery grasses and matted white-veined ivy—at the broken, precipitous hillside—the patches of golden gorse and flaming purple heather—at the mottled red roofs and steep pebbly paths of the little shining village nestled down in a nook between the dark green hills and the yellow strip of sandy shore—at the gray quadrangle of the garrison wall with its living scarlet dots speckling the interior—at the broad, flashing sheet of burning blue waters, beaming and dimpling like a breastplate of diamonds under the July sun—at the brown, weather-beaten fishing-boats hauled up high and dry upon the shingly beach, and far above at the gray roof of the wayside cottage blinking dimly in the yellow sunlight. It is so pretty a scene, so bright and picturesque, that I could have stood gazing for a length of time, but for Lulu. Taking my hand again, that insinuating tyrant remarks carelessly, as of a subject of general interest:

"Sweeties in de shop a bas. Bery dood sweeties."

"Ha, indeed? And Lulu would like some."

"Mais oui," with most serious gravity; "m'sieur have some too."

Monsieur accedes, seeing it is expected of him, and together we descend to the village. Lulu pilots the way with surprising agility to the "sweety" shop, and I meekly invest in a small load of taffy, brandy-balls, comfits, etc., for my guide. She, however, has no idea of having them made into a mere parcel, but opens first one tiny palm to be filled and then another, clasping her short fingers firmly over their sticky contents. I meekly suggest her pinafore as an extra receptacle—but Lulu, looking at the holes therein, shakes her head decisively. Doubts of the propriety of utilizing the only remaining garment occur to both of us, when Lulu solves the difficulty by suddenly throwing back her head and opening a small red cavern fenced by two rows of wee white pearls. I fill it obediently, full—very full. Lulu nods contentedly, and then, speech being impossible, gives me one round cheek to kiss, and so trots away on her homeward route.

Poor, little, fat legs, how weary they must have grown before they reached the top of the hill! Standing on the beach twenty minutes later, I saw the wee white figure toiling painfully upward, and stooping every half minute to pick up one of the sweeties which would escape from hands or mouth.

This was my first meeting with Lulu; but long before I left Jersey we had grown intimate friends. My acquaintance with the hospitable mistress of La Chaire, whose gardens, cut out of the rock, are the show-places of Rozel, brought me often to that pretty bay; and, whether on foot or horseback, if I passed the cottage and called, "Where's p'tit Lulu?" out flew the dimpled owner of that name, dancing for glee, and holding up her chubby hands to be taken by "le m'sieur qui m'a donne des sweeties."

Lulu lived with her grandmother—a hard-faced old dame, wearing the short stiff skirt, clumping shoes, and broad-winged snowy cap of Bretagne, who worked in the fields; and her pretty young aunt Manette. Father, grandfather, and uncle had all been lost, drowned in the sea, out fishing the night Lulu was born; and mother went before morning to seek them. The shock killed her, and left Lulu orphaned before she was an hour old; but the child lived and thrived. All the neighbors round about pitied and made much of the helpless baby; the fishers in especial taking so warm an interest in her welfare that at 3 years old Mlle Lulu was the acknowledged pet of Rozel, and the ruling spirit in that lonely cottage on the hill-top.

Two years and a half had passed when accident again brought me to Jersey for my summer holiday; and as a matter of course one of my first excursions was to Rozel Bay, and my kind friend at La Chaire. I was on horseback, and the day was hot and thunderous, breaking every now and then into those sudden down-pours, those terrific *sheets* of rain, for which the island is so disagreeably noted. Not having an umbrella, I was naturally desirous of getting to La Chaire before being caught in one of these water-spouts; yet as I neared the well-known house by the roadside, the remembrance of Lulu made me draw rein and slacken pace, looking out for a glimpse of my little friend, and calling her name aloud in hopes of seeing a pair of startled, joyous eyes flash out in answer.

Vain idea! There was no voice in reply, no rush of little feet, no round, bright face lifted up to kiss me. The house stood there, silent in the yellow, thunderous light, dust upon the gray walls, dust upon the closed windows, dust upon the untidy tufts of blood-red carnations straggling over the dry, light soil outside the door. Never a sound from within; never a puff of smoke from the chimney. The place looked dark, dismal, and deserted, as though a curse had fallen on it; and, wondering and disappointed, I rode down in the village and put up my horse at the inn before going to La Chaire.

There I inquired for my baby guide of former years. There, in the stable-yard, I learned from the old man who acted as my groom what had happened to the happy cottage, and where its little queen had gone.

Lulu was dead!

"Monsieur remembers her aunt," the man said, "a pretty, dark girl, with cheeks like peaches, and velvet eyes. 'Donce Manette,' the fishers called her; but for all her beautiful eyes they did not find her 'douce' to them. Le bon Dieu knows how many lovers she had in the village here; but never a one got inside the cottage room where Manette washed and sewed, and kept care of Lulu while grand'mere was away at work; never a one of them all till Philip Gordon, a private from the garrison there, found his way up the hillpath, and into Manette's willful heart. Ah, Dieu! that day all went wrong. Gordon was an idle, dissolute sort of fellow, and the grand'mere would have none of him. She found out that he spent every sou in folly as soon as it came; that his officers looked on him as a black sheep; and that, for aught his comrades knew, he might have a wife in every garrison town already. La grand'mere turned him out of the house the first time she caught him there, and forbade Manette to see or speak to him again.

"Manette disobeyed.

"One can not judge these things, m'sieur, eh? Perhaps the grand'mere was over harsh. Perhaps Gordon persuaded the girl that he was a victim to cruel calumny and injustice—es passe. Every time he could get leave in the day, when old Mere Le Brun was away, he used to come to the cottage; and Lulu, happy and important, kept guard as sentinel at the door while the lovers talked. We in the village knew it all; and when we saw 'p'tit Lulu' scrambling down the hill-path with one little hand grasping the neck of her pinafore, to the manifest detriment of that Manette had tucked a scrap of paper in there with a message for her soldier-lover, Lulu liked to be busy, you know, m'sieur; her little feet never tired or running errands for the folk she loved.

"One day the end of all this arrived.

"The regiment was ordered to leave Jersey abruptly. Gordon with difficulty contrived to let Manette know that he would be with her by a certain time to say 'Good-by,' and make arrangements for their future. Behold! as if by malice, that very day Mere Le Brun had rheumatism, and would not go to work, or suffer Manette to leave her. Perhaps she suspected. Dieu sait. At any rate there she was, and there was Donce, as helpless, miserable, distracted, as dreading every moment that Gordon would appear. At last an idea struck her. She called Lulu, and bade her run down the path, meet her lover, and keep him away. Lulu went at once. The grand'mere saw the child scamper off, and cried:

"'Come back, p'tit chat, it goes to rain hard! Come then, wicked one!'

"Helas! you knew Lulu. She was willful, is petite, and she loved Manette more than the hard old grandmother. She ran on, not heeding. It was a black, stormy day, like this, but worse. Great drops of rain began to fall; and Mere Le Brun, afraid for the child, bade Manette go and fetch her back. Figure to yourself how gladly the daughter obeyed! She flew off like a bird, her face all one rose of joy. Then I suppose in grand'mere suspected. She rose up and followed; and there, a little way from the path, all among the ferns and stones on the sharp slope of the hill, stood Gordon with Manette in his arms, and Lulu sitting on a point of rock beside them, serene and smiling amid all the rain and storm.

"It all happened in one second.

"The girl saw her grandmother's threatening face over her lover's shoulder and started back. Gordon threw out his arm to keep her, and somehow, by accident, knocked 'p'tit Lulu' off her rock by the jerk of his elbow. Then there came a great blaze of lightning, a rush of rain which frightened them all. They heard Lulu cry, and tried to save her—to save her as she fell, fell, fell, rolling from rock to rock over the ferns and brambles. M'sieur, you are pale; you guess, it was quite useless. The old woman was stiff; Gordon had to think of Manette lest she too, should slip and dash herself down. When they reached the bottom, Lulu lay there upon the stones quite still and white, her little body all broken. Manette knelt down and sobbed. Dead, m'sieur? yes, stone dead. There was one cut on the little head, all among the yellow curls—you could have put your hand in it.

"They buried her three days later. All the neighbors round came to see her laid in holy ground, la petit ange. There was not a dry eye. Monsieur can comprehend; but the regiment carried away Gordon with them, Gordon with it, and in grand'mere could not leave Manette, who lay ill of a fever in her bed.

"Pauvre fille! she did not die; but it was full five weeks before she could even sit at the cottage-door again; and then her beauty was all gone; her skin yellow, her eyes dull, like an old, old woman. I do not think her brain was ever quite right after that; she would look so wanly at you, and say: 'Lulu, Lulu,' over and over again in a dull, hopeless way; then cry out in great agony, or creep away to weep. I think she knew her folly and wrong-doing had killed the innocent lamb who loved her, and could not live it down. Poor Manette! one day is grand'mere shut up her cottage and carried her away. She said the neighbors talked about them; and our poor girl was very proud, mes-vouz, m'sieur. They went away to France all in a day; and since then the house is empty. There is no little face to laugh out at you; no child to take the place of 'p'tit Lulu.'"

THEODORE GIFT.

OUR CHILDREN.

As the fragrance of the roses,
As it floats upon the breeze;
As the voice of feathered songster,
As it warbles from the trees;
As the singing of the brooklet,
As it murmurs through the vale;
As the song of birds at even,
With their soft and pensive wail;
As the glory of the morning,
When its sun dispels the gloom;
As the beauty of a landscape,
When it's clad in early bloom;
As the beauty of the diamond,
When it sparkles in the light,—
Are the voices of our children,
As they sweetly say, "Good-night!"

J. F. CLARK.

A Slight Mistake.

The Cincinnati correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader* tells this story about the adventures of a stranger in the Constitutional Convention of Ohio:

A spruce, trim fellow came into the Convention on Tuesday, before it began business. He seemed kind of restless, like a cat in a strange garret, and hung around the Clerk's desk in a timid manner, waiting for some one to ask him what he wanted, but no one asked him, and he finally mustered up courage to inquire of one of the Secretaries for the Chief Clerk, and Rhodes was pointed out to him, and the shadows of suspense left his anxious face as he approached the solemn Secretary and said:

"I believe you are the Clerk; well, I want to join this Convention."

Dud looked at him inquiringly, and said:

"Want to do what?"

"I want to join this Convention."

A look of pity and commiseration came over Dud's thoughtful face, as doubts of the fellow's sanity began to dawn upon him, and he said:

"Why, my dear sir, I don't understand you."

"Why, I am from Indianapolis [and he grew four inches taller]; I am acquainted with Gen. Sol. Meredith and Gov. Hendricks [he straightened about four inches more]; and I want to join this Convention! This is the Short-Horned Convention, ain't it?"

A Short-Horned Cattle Convention met at Mozart Hall the same day, and the delegate from Indianapolis had got things mixed.

WOMEN AT SCHOOL.

Some Comments on an English Official Report on This Subject.

From the London Saturday Review.

Archbishop Whateley used to hold that there was one characteristic distinction between men and women. When men, he said, were spoken of disparagingly as a whole, they were apt to criticise, but when any particular man was attacked, they usually stood up for him, and did their best to show that he was not such a bad sort of fellow after all. On the other hand—this was Whateley's theory, and we accept no responsibility for it—women were extremely sensitive as to the general character of their sex, while quite ready to join in cutting up the sisterhood in detail. It would be interesting to know what feelings will be excited in the female mind by the report which has just been issued by the Cambridge Syndicate for the

CHRISTMAS.

The Trade Preparing for the Holidays.

A Glance at a Few Leading Establishments.

Great Inducements Held Out to Purchasers.

The approach of Christmas brings with it in Chicago in this year of our Lord, 1873, an unusual degree of pleasant anticipation. There are scarcely any among us, who are not looking forward hopefully and joyously to the holiday season, with its feasts and frolics, its gifts and good cheer. Every one feels sure that it is the harbinger of better times, and a general tone of fresh courage and confidence already begins to prevail. Never was the advent of the civilized world's greatest feast day more welcome than now—welcome alike to rich and poor, for all feel brighter and more cheerful, without really knowing why, except it be for the reason that we have only to feel that times are better, in order to make them better. Money long hoarded through distrust, engendered by the September panic, begins to find its way once more to the light of day, and those who predicted a hard, close winter, with its attendant train of suffering and want, already are prone to thankfully confess that the outlook has brightened wonderfully, and that we are not to have such a terribly hard time after all. So much for the financial aspects of Chicago's Christmas of 1873.

In the social world, the aspect of affairs is correspondingly satisfactory. The sense of a necessity for rigid economy which for nearly three months depressed and straitened us, has gradually given place to a more liberal view of the situation, and the winter which threatened such a dull and dreary state of things already puts on its customary aspect of life and gaiety. Christmas invitations are flying about with a heartiness and profusion which denote "Peace on earth, and good will toward men." The evergreen districts are called upon to furnish an unusual contribution of Christmas-trees, whose twinkling lights and glittering gifts shall dazzle the expectant gaze of a host of juvenile faces, whose owners are just now busily engaged in shrewdly dropping hints as to the peculiar kinds of fruit they prefer to pluck from the branches on Christmas-eve. For this beautiful custom we have to thank the Germans, and our thrifty citizens of that nationality still take the lead in the whole-souled zest with which they enter into the festivities. Among the Germans, too, the practice of gift-making prevails to a remarkable extent. No matter how poor the giver, or how trivial in value the gift, the interchange of little tokens is carried on at Christmas-time with almost religious faithfulness. Year by year the fashion of making holiday-presents grows more and more general, until it has come to be regarded as one of the features of the season. Never before were the preparations more extensive for a brisk holiday trade among Chicago merchants, whose unerring judgment of the popular demand has led them to put in readiness for the holiday pressure, and as it is a part of the province of THE TRIBUNE to post its readers informed upon matters of this kind, we have been at some pains to procure some information upon the subject which will be found especially interesting.

A GOOD PLACE TO BEGIN.

Perhaps a better place to begin our comments upon the holiday trade could not be found than in the justly-celebrated Putnam One-Price Clothing House, located on the northeast corner of Clark and Madison streets. Certainly a more striking specimen of elaborate preparation for holiday trade could not be cited than is manifested in the taste and enterprise which the proprietors, L. P. Terry & Co., have shown, both in the extent and variety of their stock and in the elegant and convenient manner in which their splendid establishment is fitted up. No risk is incurred in giving expression to the highest recommendation of this standard institution, which is the oldest clothing house in Chicago. It was established in 1854, and in it originated the sterling one-price system which has since found so many imitators in the West. With a stock aggregating in value the enormous sum of $200,000, and transactions conducted upon the strictest principles of integrity and mercantile capacity, it is but a moderate indorsement to say that they sell as good goods and at as low a price as any house in the city. The firm enjoys peculiar facilities for taking and keeping the leading position in the retail clothing trade of Chicago, inasmuch as they manufacture their own goods in Boston, where the business of cutting and making in the latest styles has been reduced to absolute perfection. By taking advantage of panic prices in their purchase and importation of cloths, the Putnam concern is actually enabled to retail their goods at less than manufacturers' prices. Their goods are precisely what they are represented, and the purchaser is absolutely sure of getting what he pays for. No misrepresentation is permitted in the establishment, and the result is that whoever patronizes the Putnam once is certain to become a regular customer. There is no inducement to go elsewhere, but, on the contrary, everything to induce a person who desires to equip himself with cheap and fine looking raiment, to go straightway to Putnam's. It would be impossible for even the most fastidious to avoid finding something to suit him out of the immense stock displayed in this great and thriving establishment. Firms like these are the ones which have done so much to build up the trade and the high commercial character of Chicago, and they deserve prompt and constant recognition on the part of our citizens. This is the appropriate season for holiday attire, and the place at which to get it is unquestionably Putnam's.

PEACOCK'S JEWELRY PALACE.

Attention has heretofore been called in these columns to the magnificent jewelry establishment of C. D. Peacock, located on the corner of State and Washington streets; and what has already been said, may well be repeated,—that it is the most elegant store in the West. Everything in it is in the most elegant taste, and in perfect keeping with the jewelry business. Upon entering, the visitor feels perfectly at ease, and, as the eye takes in at a glance the perfect beauty and harmony of the surroundings, his decision is at once arrived at, that this is just the place to make holiday purchases. To Mr. Peacock belongs the praise of giving Chicago this gem, of which our citizens may be justly proud. For the past two weeks things have not looked at all quirky at Peacock's, excepting that goods have been sold at panic prices; but, as the entire stock is new, and has been purchased since the panic, and subsequent to the decline in this class of goods, Mr. Peacock can, and does, sell as low as any one, without selling at a sacrifice. How the proprietor and his excellent corps of salesmen can maintain an even temper while being compelled to supply the wants of so many people, is a marvel. He now announces his intention of keeping open every evening until 9 o'clock until after the holidays, for the sake of accommodating buyers. In addition to what has been already written concerning the stock of jewelry, mention should be made of some of the most beautiful cameo sets and rings ever exhibited in the city, and the largest stock of chains in the West. These, as well as the other choice articles, are rapidly disappearing, but, nevertheless, the new cases and shelves are replete with everything that is beautiful or useful in the line of jewelry or silverware.

W. M. MAYO & CO.,

No. 103 State street, are a famous jewelry house, which was established as long ago as 1850, and ever since won an enviable reputation in every market. It is the oldest jewelry house in the city. They have always on hand a large and fine stock of all kinds of goods in their trade, in which one can be suited. Their fine stock of Swiss and Swiss watches is well worthy of inspection. They are of all kinds and prices. This is the only firm in Chicago which imports French flowers in all their beauty. They have also a magnificent stock of silver filagree jewelry imported from Geneva. This is simply exquisite. The stock of rare marine stones, mounted in pins and rings, is such as cannot be found in any other store in the West. They are mounted by this firm—which, by the way, mounts all its own work—in a style equal in beauty the rarest gems, and while the case is much less than for emeralds, they surpass them in design and finish. The stock of opal and cameo jewelry is very fine, and should be examined by intending purchasers. There are thousands of all kinds, reminding the observer of the sparkling treasures of the famed Arabian Nights. There are also a choice collection of French clocks and bronzes, imported directly from the manufacturers. Altogether the entire stock is exquisite, and is in itself more valuable in America. This firm, purchasing and importing directly, not only get the best articles in the market, but get them in the newest styles, and are enabled to sell at cheap rates. The difference in the cost of jewelry consequent upon the large transactions of this firm, is something enormous, and buyers get the advantage of it. A visit to the establishment is a rare treat; there is so much to see and admire, and the only difficulty is, that after a person has once entered this palace of beauty and art, where objects of luxury and almost necessity catch his eye on every side, it is almost impossible for him to get away without purchasing something. But, whatever he may buy, he takes away with him the consolation of having obtained a beautiful article at a price much lower than he would have to pay for it elsewhere.

CHRISTMAS CLOTHING.

In no way can a Christmas present be made so welcome in these times as by choosing a useful article, and nothing will be more appreciated than a suit of clothes or an overcoat. Nowhere can these things be obtained to better advantage than at Wilde, Bluett & Co.'s, on the northwest corner of State and Madison streets. Here can be found every article of clothing worn by men or boys except boots and hats. Their stock not only comprises everything of the finest quality and best fit, but also the cheapest and commonest articles. The goods of this firm have a reputation equal to that of custom-made work, and this reputation is the result of an experience of years. No misrepretentation is permitted,—everything will be equal to what is stated with regard to it. In this store will be found dressing-gowns, smoking-jackets, scarfs, neckwear, gloves, shirts, underwear,—in short, everything a gentleman wants.

J. B. SHAY.

One of the oldest and best known dry-goods houses in this city is that of J. B. Shay, Nos. 84 and 86 State street. The stores are situated in the most central and convenient part of the city, and are thronged every day with admiring purchasers. Those who merely go to see the elegant goods displayed, with no previous intention of buying, are unable to resist the persuasion of the low prices and fine quality of the goods, and

—Those who came to look, remain to buy.

Nowhere in the city can goods of a finer quality be purchased cheaper. Go and see their stock.

A. B. VAN COTT & CO.,

jewelers, No. 124 State street, is one of the best and most favorably known houses in the jewelry trade of Chicago. Mr. Van Cott has been connected with jewelry business since 1829, and his long experience in all branches of the trade enables him to understand it thoroughly and to apply his knowledge to the advantage of customers. The firm has on exhibition a large assortment of goods. Rich and elegant is the stock of jewelry, silver-ware, French clocks, and bronzes, all imported by the firm. It is a good place to trade, as purchasers will find by calling.

HINTS FOR THE LADIES.

If the women of Chicago are wise, they will without delay proceed to S. R. Nickerson's, No. 94 State street, and examine his fine display of needle-work in embroidered slippers, of pillows, wash-stands, jewel cases, and other fancy articles. He also has a complete line of hand-knit worsted goods, consisting of scarfs, leggins, and other useful garments. Besides these there is a good assortment of fans, jewelry, writing-desks, slipper cases, and other fancy articles especially adapted for holiday gifts.

CORNELL WATCHES.

George McElwain, corner of Randolph and State streets, is the sole agent for the Cornell watches, manufactured in Chicago. These watches, having the quick beat of 18,000 strokes per hour, are very valuable for railroad use, and are rapidly coming into favor, the prices being very low. Mr. McElwain has been in the jewelry business in Chicago for twenty years, and his goods bear a deservedly high reputation, consisting of the best watches, chains, opera-glasses, and general jewelry of all kinds. The situation of the store is so central that persons from all parts of the city will find it convenient to trade there.

THE EMPIRE BEDSTEAD.

The Empire Parlor Bedstead is an elegant piece of furniture, representing a bookcase, wardrobe, sideboard, dressing-case, etagere, and desk combined. It is instantly convertible into a luxurious bed, yet occupies, when closed, only one-fourth the space of a common bed. It economizes room, thereby reducing rent. It enables you to make a sleeping-apartment out of any room without injuring its looks. Seven styles are made of all sizes. It can be closed with the bed made up. It is the best combined bedstead made. For sale by the Empire Bedstead Company, No. 383 West Madison street.

MAKING THE FUR FLY.

When such houses as Bishop & Barnes, the oldest, and one of the largest, manufacturers of furs in the Northwest, make "announcements extraordinary," as they have just done at the corner of State and Monroe streets, those who want furs that are reliable and genuine will be likely to find them there, certainly as low as at smaller houses, and we can see no reason why they cannot undersell them on the same class of goods. The sales they are making, unfavorable as the weather has been and as dull as the times are, are simply enormous.

GILLETT, TITUS & CO.

For Christmas-gifts, there is no better place to go than to Gillett, Titus & Co.'s establishment, No. 159 State street. The stock is very extensive, and includes a great variety of articles suitable for holiday-presents. There are fancy articles of every description, including a large assortment of writing-desks, at all prices, workboxes, plain and ornamental, dressing-cases that are beautiful, jewel, scissor, and odor-cases, albums, dominoes, chess, and other games, besides many other things too numerous to mention. Everything is marked down, and the prices suit the times.

R. D. KIRBY.

This jeweler, whose place of business is at No. 70 State street, has been an instance of the success which strict attention to business and to the wants of his customers always bring to any business man. Mr. Kirby has been in the jewelry business over ten years, having commenced in a small way, and worked up to his present fine establishment. He has a fine stock of jewelry, opera-glasses, and eye-glasses, and is sole agent for the watches of the celebrated New York Watch Company.

VELVETS AND SILKS.

Messrs. Hotchkin, Palmer & Co., 187 and 189 State street, the popular cloak, millinery, and ladies' furnishing emporium, are offering for the holidays velvet and cloth cloaks in great variety and prices. Although many gentlemen are buying for a present to their wives or cousins a pattern for a velvet cloak, they are selling their all silk Lyons cloak velvet at $10 and $12. In their millinery department they have many novelties, and by the crowds around their counters, in keeping counter one would think some one was to be made happy by very useful presents, such as table-cloths and napkins to match, &c.

SHADOWS OF THE PRESENT.

We refer to those most excellent stereoscopic views of rebuilt Chicago, for which every citizen is indebted to Lovejoy & Foster, No. 88 State street, and which are being sent to all parts of the United States (mailed at 4 cents a dozen) as presents. Their "American Scenery," Willer's famous "American Domestic Life" (colored by L. & F.), and beautiful fern and illuminated mottoes make very suitable and not extravagant presents, while their prices on all chromos, photographs, albums, and such goods, cannot be beat anywhere.

THE STRICTLY PRACTICAL BODY,

who is not satisfied with anything unless it is useful, discovered among our Sunday advertisements, a certain furniture manufacturing house, at 260 and 271 State street, which wanted money badly, and offered parlor suits at $35, 40-lb best tick hair-mattresses at $14, fancy chairs at $10 to $12, and chamber furniture equally low. He lost no time in investigating it, until from the piles of goods on the walk for shipment one would conclude the practical man had not been disappointed, though the prices quoted seemed ridiculously low.

PURE CONFECTIONS

seem to be in great favor with givers this year all around, judging from the throng found at both of Dyball's places, Nos. 195 Clark and 278 West Madison street, and it would seem that a majority of our citizens had suddenly conceived the idea of carrying home some of his famous confections, or surprise boxes, for Christmas. We hear of a large number of church-societies which have made extensive orders on this house for Christmas-tree trimmings for their Sunday-schools.

FISH, FLESH, AND FOWL.

Our enterprising citizen, Fred Kaempfer, 127 Clark street, has made them acceptable as presents in all well regulated families. His place at the above number we found to be a perfect museum, and not a few of our present-givers selecting from his extensive collection of singing-birds and cages, and gold-fish, and aquariums—things that are remembered beyond the moment of giving.

JEWELERS GENERALLY

have not done the business they expected to until they made "great inducements to buyers," which people have learned to look for now-a-days. Among the first and most successful in doing this was Rossberry & Falch, dealers in watches, jewelry, silver, and silver-plate ware, at 68 Madison and 187 State street, who are doing a fine trade, and marking many costly presents. We hear of many presentation purchases at this house.

AN ELEGANT PRESENT.

Nothing can be more acceptable for a holiday gift than one of those splend Arion or Story & Camp pianos, or one of the world-renowned Estey organs, which Story & Camp, at 211 State street, near Adams, are selling at prices that will astonish you, and on terms within the reach of all. They have an immense stock that must be sold. You will save money by giving them a call.

OUR LADY READERS

will be glad to learn that C. Webster & Co., the wholesale and retail milliners, 270 and 272 Wabash avenue, have made the uniform price of 50 cents on a large lot of trimmed and untrimmed hats, such as they have gotten many times for that heretofore. These are all new, fashionable, and in every way desirable goods.

A PRESENT ANY OF US WOULD LIKE.

One of the most appropriate presents, to our mind, would be an overcoat or suit of clothes from Barnum's, because we feel that whatever comes from this house, with its large stock of imported cloths, and its new regime of prices, will be not only as good as can be made, but also within the means of all to present.

AT COLBURN'S, 67 RANDOLPH,

Santa Claus will find many good things in sweets at prices that will pay for a few extra steps. We found their caramels and other first mixed candies selling at 50 cents, and a good mixed at 20 cents a pound. All are warranted to be of the best quality.

"THE SHADOW OF DEATH."

Holman Hunt's Great Picture.

From the London Times, Dec. 2.

There can be no such way to the understanding of a picture as the painter's own account of his work. The public should, therefore, be grateful to Mr. Holman Hunt for accompanying his picture, "The Shadow of Death," by a brief, modest, and well-written pamphlet describing his aim in the work, with some particulars of interest as to the objects and personages represented, and the circumstances under which the picture was executed. We have here before us the fruit of three years' intense toil by a man of rare earnestness, tenacity and originality. Besides the actual labor, no small part of the thought and knowledge of a very industrious life has passed into this canvas. The work challenges, if for this reason alone, the most respectful and thoughtful attention. This challenge is strengthened by the manner of treatment, which is opposed, in almost all respects, to the accepted traditions and rules of painting, and is the result, at once, of the strongly marked individuality of the painter, and of the conception, both of the purposes and the methods of his art, to which this has guided him.

Let us first briefly describe the picture. The scene is a vaulted chamber, or once workshop and humble dwelling, in Nazareth, filled with rush-chair, carpenter's bench, trestle and planks under the saw, with the blade still in the cleft, piles of shavings, and tools lying about, and fixed in a rack against the wall. The arched window of two lights, surmounted by a pierced star, looks out, through the branches of an olive tree, on to the hills of Galilee and the plains of Jezreel. On the window-sill lie two pomegranates, and near them a written scroll. There are more such scrolls on a shelf below. By the bench stands a waterpot of green earthenware, with a bunch of aromatic herbs stuck in its mouth, to keep out the flies, and in the corner rests a bundle of long reeds from the brook.

It is the hour of sunset, when men rest from their labor. The sun, low in the horizon, at this time of day, irradiates what it falls on with a light of peculiar brilliance, and throws shadows more clear-cut and more resonant in color than those projected at any other hour. This radiance fills the earth-floored chamber, and falls full on the figure of Jesus, as, in the prime of his manhood, with his single white garment girt about his loins by a wrought girdle, he stands in the doorway, drawn to his full height, with his arms outstretched and his head thrown slightly back, with an expression and attitude suggesting so close the act of one who straightens and stretches a body cramped with long labor, while he blends with a grateful sense of relief and rest an involuntary and habitual utterance of worship and thankfulness to God, if it be not rather an absorption of what is human in him in thought and feeling into the Divine. Standing thus against the low and level sunlight, the body throws upon the wall behind it a sharply defined purple shadow, the incidence of which on a cross-beam, nailed up to the roof-rack, and some drills projecting above the beam, suggests naturally a figure nailed to a cross.

There is a second figure in the picture—the Mother of Jesus. In the common dress of a woman of Nazareth, the blue linen tobe and white head-veil, she kneels, with her back to the spectator, in the act of opening an ivory coffer, supposed to be the one left by the wise men of the East, with the offerings laid before the star-heralded babe in the manger of Bethlehem. The coffer is of carved ivory, lined with geranium-colored satin, and in it are an Eastern crown of gold, an incense-burner with ornaments of green enamel, and an urn for holding precious spices. The coffer has been covered with a richly embroidered veil, wrought in designs of royal purple and crimson. Just as the Mother, after lifting the veil, opens the coffer, her attention is drawn aside from its costly contents to the ominous shadow on the wall, and our eyes and thought follow hers from the crown to the cross.

Such is the subject of the picture, painted in a key of color to which the eye requires to become reconciled before it can accept it as true to nature, but quite faithful, we doubt not, to Eastern fact, as it presented itself to the painter. Every detail we have described is painted with a determined and equal completeness, the space having been apparently, on every one of the hundreds of shavings which litter the floor as on the face and figure of Jesus. And this care and completeness are not common care and completeness, but the care and completeness of a mind the most exacting, an eye the most penetrating and patient, and a hand the most uncompromising, laborious, and emphatic. The drawing is not less careful and complete than the execution, and here, again, the same pains are bestowed on the trestle and saw as on the figure and face of the Savior.

It is evident at once that the painter of this picture rejects all the accepted rules as to selection, compromises, and designed variation of pictorial emphasis according to the relative importance of the thing painted.

For him a fact is a fact, great or small, and there is only one way of painting facts,—that is, as thoroughly as the painter can. The artist's imaginative art, according to this conception of the art, is exhausted when he has thought out his picture. In executing it he has only one rule to follow: paint everything in the same way, with the same insistance, and the same care. Leave the relative importance of the things painted to assert and settle itself. In proportion as the work has been well conceived and executed, the elements of it (so the advocates of this view of art maintain) will tell, as they ought, on the spectator, provided he bring a right spirit to his contemplation. It is not our purpose or our business in this place to argue the value of the Church in conception of the painter's art. It is one which, unconsciously, no doubt, governed the practice of our earlier schools in all countries, and reigned quite uncontested, in some of them for a longer, in some for a shorter season. It was gradually ousted in all the most famous schools by an antagonistic conception. Mr. Hunt is the sincere and well equipped representative, in England and the nineteenth century, of the Low Countries' school of the Van Eycks and their contemporaries and scholars. This was the school of the most intense realism as regards the painting things represented. But it may be and has been the school also of the highest idealism and even mysticism, as regards the ideas intended, if not expressed, by the painter. In the case of Mr. Hunt the attempt is to convey a profound idea by means of the most probable conception of facts. For both the idea and the facts of this picture we are able to refer to Mr. Hunt's own words. "The picture," he tells us, "was painted in the conviction that Art, as one of its uses, may be employed to realize facts of importance in the history of human thought and faith." For this he conceives it of importance to study "national characteristics and climatic effects." He does not think there need be any danger of vulgarizing the highest truths by such realism. Of late years special interest has been felt in the human life of Jesus of Nazareth, but up to this day there is no picture representing Christ in full manhood, enduring the free burden of common toil. One of the problems of our age concerns the duty of the workman. The life of Jesus furnishes an example of the dignity of labor. The painter aims to show Him as He may have been seen by His brethren while still gaining His bread by the sweat of His brow.

"Scripturally, the subject is 'The Shadow of Death,' the bearing of the first burden of the Curse of Adam. Morally, it is this also—the bestowing of life in trust for future universal good, rather than for immediate personal joy. Surely, there are enough of every class who have felt the burdensomeness of toil, the relief at its cessation; and enough, also, of those who have battled against the temptation to see this world's glory at the expense of their peace with the silent Father, and who may be encouraged to persevere while thinking of this scene in the work-shop of Nazareth, as taking place at the end of a long autumn day, during which 'the servant waiteth for his shadow.'"

The picture was painted between 1851 and 1873, chiefly at Jerusalem, but from a smaller design executed at Bethlehem and Nazareth, in the open air, on a terraced roof, where the horizontal sunlight shone uninterruptedly. Mr. Hunt adds the following information of interest on the details of the picture:

"The trestle on which the plank has been sawn is of a form peculiar to the East. In Italy, in the present day, and, we believe, in Etruscan paintings, an angular support similar in principle to this, for wood while under the workman's hand, is to be found. The saw is of a shape designed from early Egyptian representations of this tool and the form of the modern Oriental implement. The teeth are directed upwards, so that the cut is made by the pulling instead of the pushing stroke, as it is in the West. The red fillet with the double tassel at the foot of the tressel is the aghal,—it is portrayed in both the Assyrian sculptures and the Egyptian pictures of the Jews led away as captives as the only head-dress. It is now worn by the Bedouin of Syria over a keffieh. The tools on the rack behind are from a collection of ancient carpenters' implements bought at Bethlehem. They include drills, an anger, mandrils, a plumb-line, frame-saw, and half-square, tools most of which appear in Egyptian paintings of a date long anterior to the time of the Savior. The crown in the casket is a combination of the forms of coronets of the dynasties of Antiochus and Herod, and of the ancient and modern Persian monarchs. The censer is of *cloisonne* enamel—used in the East at a much earlier date than that illustrated here. The design upon the ivory surface of the box is almost an exact copy from the ornamentation of capitals of columns still existing at Persepolis. The rounded arch of the windows may, the painter thinks, be justified by more than one example of buildings of the Christian era, discovered at Jerusalem. The landscape seen through the window represents the hills of Galilee, with Gebel-al-Covvives, the hill of Precipitation, and, further off, the plain of Jezreel, and, beyond this, the mountains of Giltoa; almost meeting on the right the range of Carmel, while in the far distance, on the left, are the remote mountains extending to Moab behind the Jordan."

It is not within our space, or, indeed, our functions, to discuss in detail the technical merits of Mr. Hunt's picture any more than the conception of his art which has governed the painter. It is sufficient to say briefly that the knowledge it shows is such as to justify and repay the labor which has been lavished alike on every part of it. In respect both of conception and execution, judgments will differ, according to the bent of critics and the schools in which they have been trained. But all candid and competent critics, whatever their predilections or prejudices, will, we believe, agree that here is one of those works of which few are produced in a generation, embodying all that the artist can bring to his labor, from the very depth of his thought, conscience, feelings, and will. Such works should only be approached with the deepest respect, and those who, before them, feel their admiration least crossed by question or checked by controversial moods, have the best chance of reaping the pleasure and profit which may be gathered from all work deeply pondered, and reverently, sincerely and skillfully wrought out. Such a work, beyond dispute, cavil or question, is Mr. Holman Hunt's "Shadow of Death."

LINCOLN AND McCLELLAN.

Some Secret History—Statements by Ex-Secretary Welles and by a Partisan of "Little Mac."

From the St. Louis Republican.

The following extract is from an article in the *Galaxy* magazine for December, written by the Hon. Gideon Welles, ex-Secretary of the Navy. The period alluded to is immediately after the defeat of Pope in front of Washington, and when the advance of the victorious enemy upon the National Capital carried dismay throughout the country:

At the regular Cabinet meeting on Tuesday, the 2d of September, while the whole community was stirred up and in confusion, and affairs were gloomy beyond anything that had previously occurred, Stanton entered the council-room a few minutes in advance of Mr. Lincoln, and said, with great excitement, that he had learned from Gen. Halleck that the President had placed McClellan in command of the forces in Washington. The information was surprising, and, in view of the prevailing excitement against that officer, alarming. The President soon came in, and, in answer to an inquiry from Mr. Chase, confirmed what Stanton had stated. General regret was expressed, and feeling with some feeling remarked that no order to that effect had issued from the War Department. The President calmly, but with some emphasis, said the order was his, and he would be responsible for it to the country. With a retreating and demoralized army tumbling in upon us, and alarm and panic in the community, it was necessary, the President said, that something should be done, but there seemed to be no one to do it. He therefore had directed McClellan, who knew this whole ground, who was the best organizer in the army, who had the confidence of the troops, and who would here act upon the defensive, to take this defeated and broken army and reorganize it.

We are able to contribute an anecdote relating to this crisis in the history of the War, which will throw a new and interesting light upon the events narrated by Mr. Welles. McClellan, stripped of his command and left a mere spectator of disasters he was powerless to avert, had retired to Washington, and was sitting one evening in his office in company with Delos B. Sackett, now Inspector-General of the army. This officer had been on McClellan's staff during the Peninsular campaign, and was, consequently, perfectly familiar with the embarrassments under which he had labored on account of the persistent and ill-advised interference of the Executive, and especially of the Secretary of War. The friends were conversing together upon the gloomy situation of affairs, and indulging in those speculations and reflections which that situation would naturally give rise to, when suddenly there was a sharp ring at the door-bell. The servant came in and announced the President and Gen. Halleck. McClellan rose at once, and seeing his distinguished visitors in the hall ushered them into a private reception-room in the rear. After a brief consultation he accompanied them to a carriage in waiting, returned to the office and remarked quietly: "Well, Sackett, I am in command of the Army of the Potomac again." His friend started up in surprise, and exclaimed instinctively: "I hope, General, you did not accept it without suitable guarantees"—meaning guarantees against further interference on the part of the Executive. McClellan looked at him with a peculiarly solemn expression he could never afterwards forget, and said, very slowly and deliberately: "Sir, when the President of the United States tells me with tears in his eyes that I am the only man who can take command of this army and save the country, *it is no time to ask for guarantees.* We will leave for the front to-morrow morning at daylight."

They did leave at daylight, and the campaign of Antietam did save the country.

The Pope's Letter to Ledochowski.

The following is a translation (from a German version) of the Pope's letter to Archbishop Ledochowski, referred to in a recent telegram:

"REVEREND BROTHER: Greeting and Apostolic Blessing. If at any time it has been God's pleasure to open that the fabric of the Church is of Divine building, and that on that account all attacks directed against it by the powers of hell and the malice of man must be in vain, surely it is now, reverend brother, while this truth is forced upon the sight even of those who do not wish to see it, for he has permitted all to conspire for the destruction of the Church. We see contempt, calumny, laws, and temporal superiority arrayed against it, the effect of resolutions long formed brought to realization by protracted labor and developed by the most exasperated sect, which has almost everywhere secured supreme power. Its professors are designated rebels, its Bishops are condemned by lay courts as agitators, persecuted with fines, deprived of their offices, and expelled the country; the spiritual orders are prohibited, the clergy is gagged, and, by arbitrary measures, prevented from exercising his office; education of the youth in the spirit of the Church is forbidden, in order that, on the one hand, the population may not be confirmed in the principles of religion, and that, on the other, the hope may vanish of able and faithful servants of the altar being trained up. In order to undermine the glory of God, the property dedicated to God is robbed; even the chief helmsman of the Church is kept in bondage in order that, though utterly despoiled, he may not govern the Church with freedom according to his powers. All this, reverend brother, makes your heart bleed, but it likewise rends our own, for though we are grieved at the heavy portion of woe meted out specially to you—so heavy that by the weight of your persecutions your health has been endangered—we see, on the other hand, and beyond this, the evil spreading over the whole of Europe to its full length and breadth, and moreover, over other continents likewise. Nevertheless, the very magnitude of the evil and the uncommon breadth of its diffusion raises the sure hope that deliverance is close at hand. For if God at a former time, when he desired to save the world, permitted so many devilish perversities that even his own Son was not spared, we have cause to infer that the same God is now, by the unbridled efforts of hell, preparing the only eventual regeneration, and for a triumph of the Church, at this moment deprived of all human assistance, and that by the visible manifestation of His power He will compel even the proudest hearts into obedience. Furthermore, reverend brother, you make the tokens of your love the dearer to us, the more you are afflicted with troubles, and magnanimously sacrifice everything, even life itself, to the obedience of your office; and the more resolutely and staunchly you fight for the Church the more does our desire gain in intensity that you may be quickly restored to all the more complete health. The gifts from your diocesans, which you have forwarded to us, have forced us to admire their fervent love, but have at the same time occasioned a certain regret, because these alms are offered by those who are themselves hemmed in on all sides by severe tribulation. Receive, therefore, the assurance of the deep gratitude of our heart, you as well as your clergy and your people, on behalf of whom we pray fervently to God that He may give them the same spirit which he has given their pastor, and like perseverance in the great peril in which they find themselves. May God grant them and you that unfailing unanimity which annihilates and exhausts all the power of the adversaries, in order thus to provide a fresh victory for the just cause, and fresh glory for the Church. Meanwhile, as herald of the grace of God, and in proof of our particular attachment, we pronounce upon you and both your archdioceses our apostolic blessing.

"Given at Rome, St. Peter's, on the 3d day of November, 1873, the twenty-eighth of our reign.

"PIUS P. P. IX."

MRS. EATON.

The Woman Who Ruled at the White House During Gen. Jackson's Administration.

Mrs. Westmoreland's New York Letter to the Atlanta Constitution.

Through Dr. Deems, I learned that this celebrated woman, who did the honors of the White House during Gen. Jackson's administration, still lived—was in this city, and was one of his congregation. Naturally I felt an interest in, and some curiosity to see a person who had played so conspicuous a part in the affairs of the nation at one time, and, learning that she was fond of company, and would consider it no intrusion, I called. In doing so I was more forcibly reminded than ever before of what slaves we are of the caprices of fortune—what victims to the vicissitudes of life, over which we have no control. Here was a woman who once held the destinies of a nation in her hand. To win her approval argued success—to arouse her anger meant defeat. Health, luxury, flattery, honors—everything this world could give was laid at her feet. Now, an old, feeble, and jaded woman, deserted by friends—forgotten by the world, she ekes out a bare existence in a retired boarding-house, which overlooks Washington square. Although in her 75th year, she still bears the traces of having been a beautiful woman, and though miserably dressed, she received us with the grace and elegance of a Queen. We found her very accessible—the conversation naturally turned upon events of the past, and we were surprised to find every incident connected with her eventful life as fresh in her memory as if they had only just occurred. Her story varies somewhat from the facts laid down in history, and, perhaps—who knows—she may be right and the historian wrong. Such things have happened (?), for of all people who profess to be entirely unprejudiced, we think the generality of historians are more prejudiced than any other class of writers. She spoke of Mrs. Randolph and the Duchess de Fensendock as her only children, and, in the midst of many changes and many losses, she said she considered herself blessed in being surrounded by her grandchildren, who are very devoted to her, and console and comfort her in her old age. Mrs. Randolph has been dead many years, and it is this family of children she has reared, and who now care for her, the youngest son making it his duty and pleasure to provide for his grandmother, whom he seems to love with a devotion bordering on romance. She mentioned in conversation that her son-in-law, the Duke, had two titles, the other one being the Duke de Sampayo, and that their only child, a daughter, was married to one of the Rothschilds, the son of the elder Crœsus. She said her daughter had become thoroughly foreignized and hated America so that she would not allow her husband to accept a position to this country, which was offered him two years ago. I asked her if she ever visited Washington now. "No," said, "No; recollections of Washington are so painful that I do not like to go there any more"—then added—"I very foolishly married a third time, although this marriage lost all of my property; and it is not pleasant to go back and see other people enjoying what rightfully belongs to me. He married me for my money, and it took him ten years and seven months to get it into his possession. Then, when he got it all, he left me, taking some trifle with him he fancied, and left the country. I was in complete ignorance of his movements until a letter reached me which he had written from the steamer, saying he returned to me my honored name, and left the country because he was not worthy to be associated with me and my family, confessed himself a villain and an adventurer, and assured me he would never trouble me again." The name of this magnificent scoundrel was Antonio Buchignani, and Mrs. Eaton says, was a very handsome and elegant man—a man who had served as librarian at Washington, although he was an Italian adventurer of whom nothing was known. Of course, she at once resumed the name which had been so generously (?) restored to her, and for the distinguished honor of playing the short role of Madame Buchignani, she paid the princely sum of nineteen houses and six square blocks of real estate in Washington City. Few more years, and the sands of life will have ceased to flow for this woman whose career is without a parallel.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The combined wealth of those who went down in the Ville du Havre exceeded $20,000,000.

—The Rev. Dr. Fulton was given a cake of soap, by somebody, the other day, and wrote back this acknowledgment: "I have used your soap with profit and pleasure; but, best of all, I have held pleasant converse with you concerning Him who washes all our sins away."

—A suit at law, growing out of a recent fair, is shortly to come on at New Bedford. A fireman's trumpet was put up, to be awarded to the "engine company or fireman getting the greater number of votes." Thomas W. Cook got it, by 975 votes, against 442 for the Onward Company, but the Onward boys protest that Cook is not a fireman, only an honorary member, and on this point the suit is brought. New Bedford is the place where a shopkeeper was sued recently for putting a statuette of Narcissus in his show-window.

—The first signs that the old historical London residence of the Percys, Dukes of Northumberland, is about to be vacated, have just been shown. Several wagons have lately been employed in carrying away to Sion House, the Ducal residence at Isleworth, the most valued of the art-treasures,—above all, the magnificent Sevres vase, valued at £10,000, presented to Hugh, Duke of Northumberland, by Charles X., when His Grace was accredited as Ambassador Extraordinary at that Monarch's coronation.

A Great Flower Garden.

You have heard of old bachelors' whims. There are lots of them on record, but Henry Shaw, of St. Louis, has given practical execution to the most remarkable bachelor's crotchets of the age. He is a Scotchman, a millionaire, and some 75 years old. He has constructed the finest flower-garden in the world. It has 350 acres in it, and is a gorgeous marvel of a garden. It has all the flowers in it, obtainable in the world, that will live in St. Louis climate. It is a bewildering paradise of floral beauty. The flowers number by the millions. Its cost no one can tell. Shaw himself don't know. It is threaded by walks, and adorned with conservatories and hot-houses full of the rarest exotics. A force of 100 gardeners is needed to keep the place in order. Shaw, it is said, spends his entire income from his millions in keeping it up. He began the thing after the war, and for several years he has opened it to the public. Hundreds of thousands of visitors resort to it. It is the chief attraction and curiosity for the stranger in St. Louis so visit. And, strange to say, no police guard it, and no flowers are pilfered. This is the public reverence to the man's generous enterprise.

We visited the elegant house at the head of the garden, where an elegant picture of Shaw represents him standing among his flowers. Two elegant portraits of beautiful ladies in the garb of a past day, represent some of his female progenitors. A huge book is kept there for visitors to record their names in. A curious feature of the garden is beds devoted to one flower. For instance, there is a large bed with every variety of cactus; another with hundreds of verbenas, and so on. Everything is in a prodigal profusion. It is a curious notion this, that prompts a rich man to devote a great income in one pet caprice, and that principally for the benefit of others. But in this very caprice, so unusual and so expensive, is wrapped up in his own personal aspiration. He thus makes his celebrity. And why should a man not strive to become known through his mammoth gardens, as well as through his statesmanship or achievements of arms or genius?

Shaw is near his grave. He has, in pursuance of his ambition, willed his gardens to the city, on condition that the city binds itself to keep them up. The city has eagerly accepted the bequest, and thus, through private liberality, gets, without cost, a public garden not surpassed in the world for magnificence and beauty. The garden will forever be dubbed, "Shaw's Garden," and he thus travels on to immortality on the economical realization of his stupendous and most beautiful creation.—*Illinois Constitution.*

JEWELRY, CLOCKS AND BRONZES.

NEW GOODS EVERY DAY!

We will open to-morrow (Monday), New Coral Sets, very fine, Bracelets, Gold Jewelry, Clocks, and Bronzes. Notwithstanding our immense sales during the past week, we have received and opened enough New Goods to make our stock larger than before this season.

N. MATSON & CO.,

JEWELERS,

STATE AND MONROE-STS.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

BOOKS

FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

A good book may make the memories of this Merry Christmas time last through many days and years to come. No present can be a better proof of the taste of the giver, or a higher compliment to the receiver.

We offer as fine a collection of really valuable books as can be found in any one store in this country. We enumerate a few as follows:

Thackeray's—Best Edition. 22 vols. Tree calf.	$150.00
Thackeray's—Best Edition. 22 vols. Half mor.	125.

CITY REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—OR EXCHANGE—2-STORY HOUSE on South Jefferson-st., near Monroe; would take good lot.

2-story and basement brick on Warren-av., near Oakley; would take South Side lots.

2-story and basement brick house on Adams-st., near Ashland-av.; would take lots.

6 lots on West Madison-st., east of Central Park, 24x124.

9 lots on West Monroe-st., east of Central Park.

3 lots on Lake-st., fronting south on Central Park, 82x132.

6 lots on Fulton-st., 270 feet east of Central Park, 82x132.

6 lots on Washington-st., same distance from Central Park.

5 lots in Block 10, Morton's Subdivision, one block from Central Park, north.

16 lots in Block 8, Harding's Subdivision, three blocks from Central Park.

For farms, wild lands, or improved property, a splendid piece of business property, in a good locality and well rented. P. DOWNS & CO.,

182 Washington-st., Rooms 18 and 19.

FOR SALE—BY J. H. KERLER, 142 CLARK-ST.:

Indiana-st., east of Robey, 2-story house, 10 rooms, and lot, $2,100.

Taylor-st., near Western-av., 2-story house, 10 rooms, and lot, $2,000.

Harrison-st., near Leavitt, 2-story house, 9 rooms, and lot, $2,100.

Washington-st., east of Union Park, first-class brick house.

Adams-st., corner of Wood, 100x183.

Adams-st., east of Wood, 50x183.

Madison-st., corner Lincoln, 80x125.

Jackson-st., corner Lincoln, 80x125.

Taylor-st., corner Throop, 75x125.

Madison-st., near Curtiss, 25x100.

Madison-st., near Ashland-av., 60x125.

Harrison-st., near Aberdeen, lots at $120 per foot.

Fronting on Lake, Harrison and Jackson-sts.

Indiana-st., east of Robey, 25x100.

Taylor-st., near Curtiss, 25x100, $100 per foot.

FOR SALE AND EXCHANGE—IMPROVED AND vacant business and residence property, in exchange for stock of the city and suburbs.

We offer for sale eighteen good investments in improved business property, well rented.

To manufacturers some of the best manufacturing properties in the city on favorable terms.

To those seeking homes some of the most desirable residences in the city and suburbs.

To farmers well located and improved farms.

CANFIELD & MATTESON, 50 LaSalle-st.

FOR SALE—GREAT SACRIFICES IN REAL ESTATE—On account of being in want of cash, we will sell either South, West, or North Side improved, or unimproved, centrally located residence property, or choice suburban acres, at almost your own prices, for good cash payments down, and balance on easy time. We are overcrowded and must sell. A. J. & J. W. COOPER, No. 154 LaSalle-st., cor. Lake, basement floor.

FOR SALE—80 LOTS IN THE DISTRICT BOUNDED by State, Halsted, Twenty-sixth, and Thirty-eighth-sts. Five years' time, 6 per cent. Apply to the owner, ALBERT CRANE, 116 Monroe-st.

FOR SALE—AT A GREAT BARGAIN, LOTS ON Western-av., Polk, Taylor, and Campbell-av. Parties wishing to build, no money required down. Inquire at 125 South Clark-st., in bank.

FOR SALE—LOTS ON TWENTY-EIGHTH-ST., in Davis' subdivision. A great bargain, if taken soon. G. S. HUBBARD, JR., 98 Washington-st.

FOR SALE—OR EXCHANGE—2 LOTS NEAR Paulina and Fifty-first-sts. $600.

18 lots near Fifteenth and Bond-sts. $750.

2 lots on Fifty-first-st., near Bond, and fifty-seventh-st. $750.

1 lot near West Washington and Stanton-sts. $1,400.

2 lots near Wood, Washington and Paulina-sts. $1,200.

2 lots on Harrison-av. and Douglas Park. $200 a foot.

A large list of finely improved farms in this and adjoining States for exchange for city property. C. MCDONNELL, 167 Madison-st.

FOR SALE—60 AND 20 FEET BY 125, ON COTTAGE Grove-av., east front, just south of Forty-third-st. grove lots. Also 20 and 25 feet by 125, on Forty-third-st., east front, adjoining Jennison's fine house at Forty-second-st. This is surely property, and for sale at a great bargain. JOHN B. TAYLOR, 62 Clark-st., Room 7.

FOR SALE—ONLY $100 DOWN—LINCOLN PARK lot, on Hurlbut-st., near Centre. Nicholson Organ Pleasure Park. 84 Washington-st.

FOR SALE—CHEAP, 322 COOLIDGE-ST., NEAR two-story brick house and lot. Price $2,000; $300 cash, balance long time. Water handy. DIBBLE & LABELLE, 35 South Halsted-st.

FOR SALE—LOT ON BLOOMINGDALE-ST., NEAR Western-av., worth $900; will take $275, all cash. DIBBLE & LABELLE, 35 South Halsted-st.

FOR SALE—ANY ONE WISHING TO PROCURE A first-class cottage and basement house (basement brick), will do well to call on the owner, 134 Hermitage-av. Other city property taken in exchange for part value, and only a small cash payment required. No real estate agent need apply.

FOR SALE—AT ABOUT HALF CASH VALUE, OR IN three years' time for about half of purchase money, some of the finest residence lots on the Lake shore drive, south of Lincoln Park. N 94, Tribune office.

FOR SALE—4 CHOICE LOTS NORTHWEST CORner of Ohio and Harrison-sts. B. F. CLARKE & CO., Room 4, 123 LaSalle-st.

FOR SALE—4 CHOICE LOTS ON TAYLOR-ST., near Western-av., and one lot on Western-av. Will be sold low for money. B. F. CLARKE & CO., Room 4, 123 LaSalle-st.

FOR SALE—WARREN-AV.—4 LOTS ON WARREN-av., west of Staunton-av. SNYDER & LEE, 14 Nixon Building, n. e. cor. Monroe and LaSalle-sts.

FOR SALE—STATE-ST., 99x190 FEET, ON THE northeast corner of State and Thirty-seventh-sts. SNYDER & LEE, 14 Nixon Building, n. e. cor. Monroe and LaSalle-sts.

FOR SALE—BEAUTIFUL NEW HOUSE AT EN-glewood, east front on Groveland-st. Easy terms. STORRS & WARE, 94 Washington-st.

FOR SALE—CHRISTMAS GIFT!—PRESENT YOUR wife with a deed to one of our choice lots at Englewood around Normal School Park, $250 to $500, instead of wasting your money in trifles. STORRS & WARE, 94 Washington-st.

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20 acres south of Hyde Park, near station; $20.

4½ acres with grove, corner, and on river; $250.

1-acre lots handy to station; Despiaines; $100.

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FOR SALE—LAST CHANCE—WHO TAKES IT? South Evanston, two-story frame house, 9 rooms, in complete order; sale or rent cheap, or exchange; cross sections to lake; sidewalks all laid; lot 100x150 and large barn; rich soil, fine trees, beer of water. $1,500 cash and $1,000 in one year. Will be withdrawn if not sold. OSBORN & SKILLMAN, 129 South Clark-st.

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FOR SALE—CHEAP LOTS AT DESPLAINES, only $1 per foot; high and dry, near the depot; $10 cash down, and $1 per month. Room 18, Methodist Block. IVES & ROBINSON.

FOR SALE—SOUTH EVANSTON—SEVERAL VERY fine residences just completed; these have been built from models of my own, and are the finest in building material, and we are able to give bargains to those desiring good, cheap, and substantial dwellings on easy terms. WARREN, KENNEY & CO., 186 Dearborn-st.

FOR SALE—SOUTH EVANSTON—FINE BUILDING lots; with the side track, and the new depot, and the many improvements now going on, these are a good investment in lots, and can guarantee larger profits than in any suburb around Chicago; terms easy. WARREN, KENNEY & CO., 186 Dearborn-st.

FOR SALE—4 LOTS AT WASHINGTON HEIGHTS cheap. N 54, Tribune office.

FOR SALE—HUMBOLDT PARK—100 FEET EAST front on Humboldt Park, corner of Division-st. at $50 per foot. Also a desired lot on Division-st. at $40 per foot. Also a desired lot on Nixon Building, northeast corner Monroe and LaSalle-sts.

FOR SALE—20 ACRES ON OGDEN-AV. IN THE S. W. fr. qr. Sec. 8, T. 39, R. 13. WARREN, KENNEY & CO., 14 Nixon Building, n. e. cor. Monroe and LaSalle-sts.

FOR SALE—VALUABLE FARM OF 120 ACRES, well improved—depot located on it—in Cook County, 20 miles from the city. Will be given. J. A. ANDREWS, Office 3 Kendall Building.

FOR SALE—8 ACRES BETWEEN SOUTH LYNNE & Danville Railroad, $250, worth $1,000. J. E. WHEELER, Room 3, 146 Clark-st.

FOR SALE—SIXTH, WASHINGTON-AV., HYDE Park; lots at Cornell. Brick house and lot, South Side, at a bargain; 8x140 feet, with frame house, 2 barns; 2 lots on Calhio Place-av. J. S. & A. SOOVRE, No. 78 Madison-st.

FOR SALE—ENGLEWOOD—5 LOTS NEAR THE Normal School at $250 each; a bargain. SNYDER & LEE, 14 Nixon Building, northeast corner Monroe and LaSalle-sts.

FOR SALE—I CAN SELL FIVE LOTS IN ENGLEwood, two blocks from station, for $250 each; good title; easy terms; fifty trains per day. Call at 51 S. La. and go and see them. G. E. GRIFFIN, 123 Madison-st., corner Clark.

COUNTRY REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—A BARGAIN—80 ACRES OF LAND in Wayne, County, Ill.; 30 acres timber near railroad, 50 acres prairie. E. W. HYMAN, JR., 138 LaSalle-st., Room 12.

FOR SALE—OR EXCHANGE—CHOICE FARMS IN Champaign County, 60x acres; Cook County, 40 acres, McHenry County, 216 acres; Stevenson County, 320 acres; Hancock County, 160 acres; Kankakee. This is perfect. H. WHIPPLE, 200 LaSalle-st.

CLAIRVOYANTS.

A SPIRITUAL SEANCE WILL BE GIVEN AT 8 o'clock Sunday evening, Dec. 21; also every evening during the week. The manifestations equal any. Parents, Mrs. ALLEY will tell the past and future also. 151 West Lake-st.

DR. MATHEW AND MADAME MAYNARD, BUSIness and medical mediums, 105 West Madison-st.

HARRY HASTIAN WILL HOLD A MATERIALizing seance this evening, and every evening except Saturday, at the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, corner of Dearborn-st. and Fifth-st.

MADAME IDELL, THE CELEBRATED FEMALE physician and clairvoyant, has no equal in her profession; tells the past, present, and future. Call and be convinced. Parlors 5 and 6, over her rooms, 78 West Madison-st., Rooms 5 and 6, from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.

MRS. BELINI, CLAIRVOYANT, TELLS BY A lock of hair; also medicine or cards. 124 West Madison-st.

MRS. HEXTER, CLAIRVOYANT, LADIES ONLY; at her rooms, 108 South Halsted-st., up-stairs.

MRS. BUTT, NATURAL CLAIRVOYANT, TEST and business medium. Fee, $1. Circles, Tuesday and Friday evenings, at 7½. West Randolph-st. Admittance, 25 cents.

MME. DEMOTT, GIFTED FORTUNE-TELLER, 455 Wabash-av., over Chinese Laundry. Ladies, 25c up.

MRS. PARREY, PHYSICAL MEDIUM, 251 WEST Lake-st.; seances every Sunday, Tuesday, and Friday evenings.

MADAME PARIS, THE WONDERFUL GYPSEY—Will tell your future. Gentlemen, 50c; ladies only; fee 10 cents. 359 West Madison-st., Room 6, upper floor.

MADAM WILSON, NATURAL CLAIRVOYANT, removed to 124½ South State-st., near Twenty-third. For ladies only.

PHYSICAL SPIRITUAL SEANCES THIS EVENing. The best mediums in attendance. Corner Clark and Adams-sts., Room 16, Kentucky Block.

SEANCE—FOR PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS to-day and to-night at 7½ o'clock, at 151 West Lake-st.

REAL ESTATE WANTED.

WANTED—LOT—PARTIES HAVING RESIDENCE lots for sale in either Grovelawn or Woodland Parks, or on Berwick-av., Vincennes or La Salle-sts., may hear of a purchaser as below; might buy a house already built if on long time. Address HOME, Carrier 19, Station A.

WANTED—WE HAVE CUSTOMERS FOR THREE or four houses, east of Wabash-av. and north of Thirty-first-st., at prices ranging from $4,500 to $10,000; must be desirable and get cash in hand. REA & COATES, 108 Washington-st.

WANTED—STORE AND LOT ON WEST MADIson-st., between Clinton and Halsted-st., worth from $6,000 to $12,000. Improved business property in good location wanted, $40,000. One worth $30,000 to $100,000. H. Y. ELDRED & CO., 174 LaSalle-st.

WANTED—HOUSE OF 10 ROOMS SOUTH OF Chicago-av. and east of Clark-st. Will pay large proportion cash for a bargain. S 13, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO BUY A COTTAGE AND LOT ON West Side; one worth in the neighborhood of $5,000. Can pay $1,500 or more down. Address, giving description of house, location, and bottom price, H 77, care Carrier No. 9, Station B, city.

WANTED—FARMS TO EXCHANGE FOR INSIDE property. F. EVANS & CO., 146 LaSalle-st., basement.

WANTED—TO PURCHASE A TWO-STORY AND basement brick house in North Division, between Clark and Rush, Illinois and Superior. Price not to exceed $8,000. Apply to DE PALM DUNSTAN & CO., Room 17, 99 East Madison-st.

WANTED—A HOUSE IN SOUTH DIVISION, ON one of the avenues, $6,000 to $10,000. Have several customers, and can make a good sale. MOREY & MAGILL, 77 Clark-st.

WANTED—BARGAIN FOR CASH IN LOT OR house and lot, South or West side and north of Harrison-st. E. H. SWING, 70 West Lake-st.

WANTED—TO PURCHASE A GOOD TWO-STORY and basement house, with lot, worth from $7,000 to $10,000, on South Side and convenient to street car. Must be worth the money. Address, giving full description and price, R 68, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO BUY BRICK HOUSE NEAR ASHland-av., south of Madison-st. Will pay $7,000 to $10,000. Address R 62, Tribune office.

WANTED—IMPROVED BUSINESS PROPERTY, worth about $18,000, will assume incumbrance and give school residence lot clear. CALDWELL & MATTESON, 50 LaSalle-st.

WANTED—VACANT REAL ESTATE IN CITY valued at $500 to $3,000; give house and buggy as part pay. Address, with prices and full description, W 67, Tribune office.

WANTED—I WANT TO PURCHASE A LOT ON the West Side, between Lake and Harrison-sts., at panic prices, for all cash; price not to exceed $1,000. Address Z 25, Tribune office.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

A WELL ESTABLISHED CASH BUSINESS FOR sale, small capital must be sold; party going East. HIGHLAND & PRIVILEGE, 76 Metropolitan Block, corner Clark and Washington-sts.

A NO. 1 MEAT MARKET FOR SALE—Well stocked, and good fixtures, all in good running order as any in the city. Reason for selling: going to leave the city. 187 West Twelfth-st.

A WELL APPOINTED SAMPLE, CIGAR, AND lunch room for sale, cheap, for cash, or part cash and balance in well secured paper. Good fixtures, everything complete; doing a good business. Trade established; is on one of the principal streets and in the centre of business, on the South Side. Satisfactory reasons given for selling. Address LOW RENT, Tribune office.

A SALOON, WITH FIXTURES AND LICENSE, for sale cheap, for cash; up-top stand. Address J M, 161 West Twelfth-st.

A RARE CHANCE FOR A PHYSICIAN—I WILL sell to a respectable physician my Turkish bath establishment, 1208 Washington-av., St. Louis, now used as a private bath for ladies. Splendid single double parlor up and all in complete order. Lease nearly six years to run. House large, and capable of accommodating ten or twelve boarders. Satisfactory reasons given for selling. Address GEO. F. ADAMS, M.D., 311 North Seventh-st., St. Louis, Mo.

A SMALL DRUG STOCK FOR SALE; BOTTLES glass-labeled; goods in first-rate order; will be sold at a bargain if taken within the next five days; shelving and counters will be packed free. For particulars call at or address 1014 West Madison-st.

A HORSE-SHOEING SHOP IN COMPLETE RUNning order for sale; one of the best streets in the city. Apply to J. S. HOLLOWAY, 150 Lake-st.

A HALF INTEREST IN A GOOD MANUFACTURing business for sale; net profits 200 per cent; only capital needed; strictest investigation; no patent. Address R 86, Tribune office.

A LOCKSMITH'S STOCK, TOOLS, AND TRADE in a good locality for sale. 225 Blue Island-av., near Twelfth-st.

A SET OF VERY NICELY FURNISHED AND located private rooms for sale; a great bargain for one-half their real value. Address O 64, Tribune office.

A SALOON WITH FIXTURES AND LICENSE for sale at cost sheap, if taken within one week. Apply at 380 East Division-st.

A GOOD OPPORTUNITY FOR A MAN WITH a limited capital is now offered to make money. Profits from 100 to 150 per cent. Address R 70, Tribune office.

A GOOD INVESTMENT—OWING TO A CHANGE, I offer for sale a well-established cash grocery business, located on one of the best corners in the West Division. I have run it steadily for the past three years, during that time it has cleared from $200 to $250 a month, which I can prove to any expert in the business. Capital required about $3,000 cash. Address C. H. B., 46 Lake-st.

A WHOLESALE STOCK OF NOTIONS AND underwear for sale very cheap. Country buyers call at DUTASSY'S, 199 East Randolph-st.

A CHOICE STOCK OF GROCERIES, BOOTS AND shoes, first-class location, in a town of 3,000 inhabitants in Central Iowa, for sale; trade if wanted; part cash, balance on time. Address C. LITTELL, Box 167, Boone, Boone County, Ia.

BUSINESS WORTH $6,000 WILL BE SOLD FOR $3,000 if taken immediately. Address, R 73, Tribune office.

BUSINESS INTERESTS SOLD; PARTNERSHIPS negotiated; 200 good business openings on hand, for sale and exchange. KIMBALL & CO., Methodist Church Block.

BUSINESS CHANCES—WE BUY, SELL, EXchange, and form partnerships; if you wish to sell your interest, or business, you have unusual facilities for making quick sales, and work hard for the interests of our customers. We want at once a good grocery, dry goods, or general store, and can guarantee $1,000 to $20,000. Collections made, business and legal papers drawn, loans negotiated. Good chances on hand. H. F. BUSH & CO., Brokers, 134 South Clark-st., Room 13.

CONFECTIONERY FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE; want part cash. Apply to or address 622 Madison-st.

CORN WAREHOUSE—FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE for city property, 20,000 bushel capacity; good brick warehouse and cribs, with engine and steam corn-sheller; located on the Illinois Railroad, in the heart of the best corn region in this vicinity. FRANCIS M. RUGGLES, Room 1 Exchange Building, corner of Clark and Washington-sts.

DRUG STORE, COTTAGE GROVE-AV., FOR sale cheap. Address owner, Q 56, Tribune office.

DRUG STORE WELL LOCATED AND DOING A profitable business for sale; a great bargain. N 54, Tribune office.

ESTABLISHED TEA, COFFEE, AND SPICE store, 142 cash trade. I will sell or take a partner; cash capital and good reference required; no other need apply. Address G 6, Tribune office.

FIRST-CLASS SAMPLE ROOM, BEST LOCATION in city, South Side; very low rent and good trade; elegant black-walnut bar-fixtures, etc.; all modern conveniences; silver-plated faucets; a rare chance to get a great bargain. E. F. RUSH & CO., 134 South Clark-st., Room 13.

FURNITURE AND 3 YEARS' LEASE OF A GOOD hotel for sale; paying handsomely. A. M. HITT, 19 Major Block.

FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT, WELL LOCATED, and doing a large and profitable business for sale. Owner going to leave town. N 54, Tribune office.

HARDWARE BUSINESS FOR SALE—TRADE well established. Stock and fixtures worth $5,000; will take $500 in cash, and the balance in real estate. Address R 69, Tribune office.

HOUSE, STOCK, AND FIXTURES OF A CANDY store for sale; price $150. 61 Hobbie-st., North Side.

HAVING TWO STORES, I WISH TO DISPOSE OF one to a business man or woman; stock of confectionery and fancy goods, a gem of a store, and stock fresh, clean and attractive; first-class location; price $500, part on time. Apply at 61 West Randolph-st.

IF YOU HAVE MONEY AND WISH TO INVEST in a profitable business, you should not fail to address U 14, Tribune office.

LAUNDRY FOR SALE CHEAP, IF TAKEN THIS week; must be sold. Inquire at 191 South Clark-st.

LONG-ESTABLISHED HARDWARE AND STOVE business for sale for cash; centrally located on State-st.; stock about $6,000. Address HARDWARE, care of Cook & Cobnam.

ONE OF THE BEST-LOCATED RESTAURANTS on the South Side, for sale cheap, having a strictly first-class run of custom; the best of satisfactory reasons for selling. Address O 16, Tribune office.

ONE OF THE BEST LOCATED OYSTER AND coffee houses in the city, feeding from 300 to 500 a day, low rent, elegantly fitted up, fine prominent corner two squares from Court-House, for sale at a bargain. Reasons explained. This is a rare chance, and no scenre it quickly soon, or we mean to sell. F. P. RUSH & CO., brokers, 134 South Clark-st., Room 13.

ONE OF THE BEST-PAYING SALOONS IN THE city for sale; first-class location; satisfactory reasons for selling. Inquire of W. O. MINARD, 148 East Madison-st., Room 2.

PACKING-HOUSE FOR SALE—SEE ADVERTISEment on first page.

PARTIES WISHING FROM $200 TO $2,000 WISHING to make investments will find it to their advantage by calling on BIGELOW BROS. & STONE, 131 Lake-st.

RESTAURANT AND SALOON WELL LOCATED, and now doing a good business; will be sold cheap for cash, the present proprietor going into other business. For particulars inquire of F. O'NEILL, 327 State-st.

RESPONSIBLE PARTIES DESIRING TO ENTER into the manufacture and sale of a patented article relating to the gents' furnishing trade, for which there is an unlimited demand, call on the patentee, Northwestern Hotel, 75 Clark-st., Room 61.

RARE CHANCE FOR A BARGAIN—A BILLIARD-ly hall for sale, on first floor, and complete saloon, cigar-stand and fixtures, containing three first-class tables, doing a good business, and will only cost you for selling. For particulars inquire of M. C. JOHNSON, 91 Clark-st., Room 7.

SALOON, IN GOOD LOCALITY, FOR SALE, cheap. Address O 91, Tribune office.

SALOON AND FIXTURES, WITH LICENSE, FOR sale cheap, 322 East Randolph-st. Location unsurpassed. Proprietor going East. Apply on premises.

THE BEST BOARDING HOUSE IN THE CITY FOR sale. Inquire at 61 Madison-st.

THE ENTIRE OR HALF-INTEREST IN A VERY desirable and well-paying store for sale; small amount of cash down. Apply at 113 Twenty-second-st., city.

THE LEASE AND INTEREST OF A SALOON TO be sold. Apply 146 South Halsted-st.

THREE BUSINESS ESTABLISHMENTS, REQUIRing from $1,000 to $15,000 cash, for sale; good real estate accepted for the larger business. SIDNEY W. ERA, Room 4, 127 Clark-st.

WANTED—A MAN TO FURNISH $10,000 CASH and will lend him $40,000 in addition of 20 cents that will pay 100 per cent profit in 6 months. O 54, Tribune office.

$175 WILL BUY A CONFECTIONERY, BAKERY, and refreshment business. Apply Monday, at 765 North Market-st.

$400 CASH WILL BUY A FIRST-CLASS saloon and fixtures; good trade. Apply at 76 Dearborn-st.

$500 WILL BUY ONE-HALF INTEREST IN $1,500 cash and business paying $500 clear every month. 16 Lasalle-st., Room 14.

BOARDING AND LODGING.

South Side.

2 PARK-ROW—ROOMS TO RENT WITH BOARD at panic prices; also, day board.

8 ELDRIDGE-COURT—A SUITE OF ROOMS TO rent, with first-class board.

12 SIXTEENTH-ST.—A FURNISHED ROOM ON second floor; also back parlor; modern improvements.

14 ELDRIDGE-COURT—ONE LARGE ROOM, HOT and cold water, and large closet, with A 1 day board, suitable for two gentlemen.

19 CONGRESS-ST.—FURNISHED ROOMS, SINgle or en suite, with board, $4 and $7 per week. Day board, $1.50.

24 OAK-AV.—A LARGE FRONT ROOM, FIRST and third floor, hot and cold water, near street and steam-cars, to rent with board.

39 COTTAGE-PLACE—3 GENTLEMEN BOARDers wanted.

45 AND 47 THIRD-AV., ROOM 16.—TWO YOUNG gentlemen can be accommodated with board at reasonable terms.

49 HUBBARD-COURT—ROOMS TO RENT, single or en suite. Also, day boarders accommodated.

73 AND 75 EAST MONROE-ST.—FURNISHED rooms to rent, with or without board; also, day boarders accommodated. Entrance, Myers' Opera House.

84 TWENTY-SECOND-ST.—TO RENT, FURNISHed rooms, with board. Also a few day boarders wanted.

100 THIRD-AV., SECOND DOOR SOUTH OF Harrison-st.—Brick house; board, $4 to $5 per week, with use of bath.

102 THIRD-AV.—FURNISHED ROOMS TO RENT, with first-class board, from $5.50 to $7.00 per week. Good accommodations for day-boarders at $4 per week.

157 CALUMET-AV.—FIRST-CLASS ROOMS, with board, for two couples.

209 TWENTY-FIFTH-ST., EAST OF STATE.—A front parlor, also a bedroom, furnished, suitable for two gents; use of bath. A few day boarders can be accommodated.

329 WEST MADISON-ST.—A FEW ROOMS VAcant; also, a young gentleman to share a room with another. Day board, $4.

281 AND 283 MICHIGAN-AV.—A LARGE SUITE of front rooms, with board; also rooms for gentlemen.

346 SOUTH DEARBORN-ST.—A FEW GENTLEmen can be accommodated in a family of Eastern people and Eastern style. Call, or address Mrs. B. Terms reasonable.

369 WABASH-AV.—NICELY FURNISHED rooms with first-class board at $5 per week, and day boarders accommodated.

386 WABASH-AV.—BOARDERS WANTED—room and board $6 per week.

396 MICHIGAN-AV.—NICELY FURNISHED rooms to rent, with board; hot and cold water; suitable for lady and gentleman, or two gentlemen. References required.

447 WABASH-AV.—ELEGANT ROOM AND board for two gentlemen.

467 MICHIGAN-AV.—FRONT ALCOVE ROOM, one suite rooms, also single rooms; hot and cold water; with or without board.

470 WABASH-AV.—ROOM ON FIRST FLOOR, suitable for two gentlemen. Also, two other rooms, $6. Day-board, $5. Bath, &c.

491 MICHIGAN-AV.—ROOM AND BOARD FOR one or three gentlemen

TO RENT--HOUSES.

TO RENT--BY WM. H. SAMPSON & CO., REAL Estate and Renting Agency, 144 La Salle-st., Otis Block.

SOUTH DIVISION.

22 Michigan-av., three-story frame house, 14 rooms, $1,000.

Handsome house on Indiana-av., near Twenty-second-st., marble fronts, 11 rooms; rent reasonable.

Elegant and basement marble front house, 22 Twenty-third-st.; 12 rooms and barn.

No. 24 Michigan-av., near Thirteenth-st., 14 rooms; only $1,200 per annum.

No. 26 Michigan-av., 12 rooms and barn; $1,200 a year.

24 Wabash-av., 12 rooms; rent very reasonable to good tenant.

A large list of houses in all parts of the South Division.

WEST DIVISION.

Elegantly furnished house on Sangamon-st., near Van Buren, 12 rooms; rent very reasonable to good tenant.

Good cottage, 122 South Honore-st., 6 rooms; $20 per month.

Cottages 29 and 30 Western-av., 6 rooms each; $25 per month.

25 Park-av., 6 rooms; $20 month.

Large list of houses for rent in all parts of the city. H. W. SAMPSON & CO., 144 La Salle-st., Otis Block.

TO RENT--BY GEO. G. NEWBURY, GENERAL Real Estate and Renting Agency, Rooms 8 and 9 Bryan Block, No. 161 LaSalle-st.

A Cottage-piece, furnished house, two-story and basement brick, 8 rooms, bath, etc.; $35.

A two-story-and-mansard, furnished house, 2-story and basement brick, 8 rooms, bath, etc.; $45.

25 Michigan-av., 2-story and basement house; every convenience; $100.

Wabash-av., $160.

Large, new, and nearly new marble front houses, 2-story and basement each, with all improvements.

14 and 16 Langley-st., 2-story and basement houses.

No. 3 Prairie-av., 6 rooms, $20.

Cottage-piece, 2-story and basement house; will be sold on the most favorable terms.

Cottage-piece, furnished house, 2-story and basement; every convenience; $60.

Michigan-av., 2-story and basement house; every convenience; $100.

Wabash-av., $160.

Large, new, and nearly new marble front houses, 2-story and basement each, with all improvements.

14 and 16 Langley-st., 2-story and basement houses.

No. 3 Prairie-av., 6 rooms, $20.

Cottage-piece, 2-story and basement house; will be sold on the most favorable terms.

North Sangamon-st., 2-story frame, 14 rooms, $45.

15 and 19 Throop-st., new 2-story and basement houses.

Large list of houses in all parts of the city.

No. 584 State-st., Tuesday and Wednesday, 23d and 24th inst., at 10 o'clock a.m., by order of Messrs. Bradley & Hubbard, the following-described property, viz.: Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40,

PARIS.

The Hotels and Boarding-Houses Filled with Americans.

Machinations of the Royalists—Marshal MacMahon's Election as Dictator for Seven Years.

The Trial of Marshal Bazaine—A Thrilling Scene in the Court.

Patriotism of the French Women—An American Dinner on Thanksgiving-Day.

Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

PARIS, Nov. 23, 1873.

The poet says, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." And that, we suppose, is the reason that Americans never weary of

BEAUTIFUL PARIS.

We have spent five months here, and we find so much to enjoy, interest, instruct, and amuse, that we linger still, though the lovely Indian summer has passed away, and the damp, raw atmosphere, and leaden sky, warn us that it is time to seek a sunnier clime.

The panic called thousands of our compatriots home. Enough still remain to monopolize all the hotels and boarding-houses, and fill all the dry-goods establishments with customers. Were it not for Americans, I really do not know what these Paris milliners, dressmakers, and shop-keepers would do. Their beautiful confections no longer adorn the gay Parisiennes. The nobility and monarchists of France, who can only be gay and happy when basking in the sunshine of a court, are living in exile. The soil of the Republic is as obnoxious to them as is the consecrated ground of St. Patrick to the venomous reptile. Hence the richly attired ladies who promenade in the beautiful garden of the Tuileries, shop upon the magnificent Boulevards, and ride upon the Champs Elysees, are the

WIVES AND DAUGHTERS OF AMERICAN CAPITALISTS,

who have determined to wear out their captivating costumes in Paris, to spite the Secretary of the Treasury for so cruelly and unreasonably levying a new tax upon all these little luxuries that they love so ardently and worship so devotedly.

Pandora's box was a tame affair compared with Mrs. Grundy's and Flora McFlimsey's when it leaves the magic fingers of the Paris packer. Oh! the heart-breakings, the love-makings, the beauty, the triumphs, the weddings, the envies, jealousies, and repinings, contained in those boxes! And to think that Uncle Sam should send his hired minions to feast their uncultivated eyes, and place their unwashed hands, upon all those dainty treasures! Our fathers electrified the world by declaring that taxation without representation is tyranny, and practically illustrated the theory by throwing the tea into the sea, to poison the poor fishes. We trust that Mrs. Grundy, inspired by the spirit of '76, will pitch her dry goods overboard, and, with the stoicism of an American matron, refuse to be enchanting in foreign fabrics that she can't have the inalienable right of importing for herself and friends, free of tax.

To walk through, past, or out of one of these entrancing Paris shops, without recklessly pouring out the contents of one's pocket-book, or exhausting the letter of credit at one full swoop,

REQUIRES MORE HEROISM

than to be burnt at the stake for an idea.

A New York gentleman, who had lost one-third of his fortune during the first few days of the panic, hastened from Italy back to Paris on his way to America, and waited here two days for his wife to do a little shopping for herself, and buy a few presents for friends. She spent $2,000 in the two days, and went away miserable, being obliged to leave behind much that she coveted.

French women dress in black, and refuse to be gay; the shadow of the war still rests upon their hearts. France mourns over her betrayed honor and her daily humiliations. The summer of her discontent and dread has passed into a hideous winter of despair.

The election of Marshal MacMahon as President for seven years, with the inevitable change in the Constitution, endowing him with unlimited power, has

APPALLED THE FRIENDS OF THE REPUBLIC.

The Monarchists have made many saintly pilgrimages and performed many wonderful miracles this summer; but the election was the most astonishing of them all. When M. Thiers read the message he said of the President: "We have nothing left to do. This message will accomplish all." From its tone of tyrannical impudence, and the disfavor with which it was received by all but the Monarchists, it would so have seemed.

Better nor truer men never lived than the Republican leaders of France. With what untiring efforts, self-sacrifice, and wisdom, have they labored to save the Republic. M. Thiers' letter to the Mayor of Nancy aimed to arouse a united enthusiasm in all ranks of the people. He said, "We are now called upon, not only to defend the Republic, but every principle that we hold dear. If ever the flag under which our soldiers, whether vanquishing or vanquished, have covered themselves all over with glory, remains to us, it will be but the sad reminder of the sacred principles it once symbolized." The people responded to this letter by immense Republican majorities. The Count de Chambord thought of the spilled blood and the ravaged tombs of the Bourbons, and he feared to accept the proffered Crown from the hands of the Monarchists. The King-makers of France cared not whether Henry V. came to Paris marching under the white flag or the tri-color; but the soldiers did; and, as the army was the prop on which the Throne was to rest, they dare not set it up.

WE WERE IN THE ASSEMBLY

the day that Marshal MacMahon was unconstitutionally elected for seven years. The excitement was something fearful. It seemed as if the "Right" were so many friends dragging a saint down to Hades. It was quite impossible for the Republicans to make themselves heard, so determined were the "Right" that the prolongation should be passed without further discussion. I saw the sad news tied under the wing of the little carrier-pigeon that was to bear it to Paris. The Monarchists had sent her out after the fearful storm, to bear their olive-branch to France.

Henry V. said he could not inaugurate a strong Government by committing a weak act, but the Duke of Magenta proposes to inaugurate a popular Government by insulting the dignity and intelligence of the nation. He demands sufficient power to rule them with a rod of iron,—"a power," he says, "that no one shall have the right to question; and, above all, power to control the lawless

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS."

When Mr. Lincoln was urged from all sides to suppress the traitorous journals during our War, he answered, with the inspiration of a true patriot, "No; the liberty of the press must be conserved, or the Republic falls." The independent press is the life of the Republic, as the army of the Crown. Every day the army of France gains strength. Every day the Republican press is weakened by suppressions. It can scarcely survive the reign of seven years allotted to the Duke of Magenta.

The night after the election, the train going from Versailles to Paris bore a grand old man, with pale face, tearful eyes, and heavy heart. When he emerged from the compartment, the crowd anxiously awaiting the train to hear the result of the vote recognized him, and shouts of "Vive la Republique!" and

"VIVE MONSIEUR THIERS,"

her noble defender!" filled the air. Taking him in their arms, they triumphantly bore him to his carriage and followed him to his residence, in spite of the soldiers who fill the streets, and have strict orders to allow no assembling of the people together upon the streets. Political meetings are forbidden, or any discussion of politics in any public way.

M. Thiers is a sincere patriot, who considers no sacrifice too great to save the Republic that he loves so well. When the telegram was brought to him, announcing the surrender of Metz, he burst into tears, and exclaimed,—"My God! France is betrayed!"—and to-day all the world echoes the words, and all are convinced that France was betrayed.

Leading through the park from the palaces to the Trianon is a magnificent avenue, shaded by grand elms, pines, and tulip trees. A delightful walk of twenty minutes took us from the stormy Assembly to the *procès* of

MARSHAL BAZAINE.

A line of soldiers guard the massive iron gates which lead into the court of the Great Trianon, where Louis XIV. spent his leisure hours in revels and dissipations,—planting the seeds of the Revolution of 1793. We nervously approached the formidably-guarded gates, as we were very anxious to enter, but were not armed with the necessary entrance-tickets.

I approached one of the guards, handed him a card with "United States Legation" on it and a "Please admit our compatriots," signed by our Minister, which had already done duty on numerous occasions. He looked at it, shrugged his shoulders, and went off to present it to his superior officer. He soon returned, and, politely inviting me to follow, escorted me to the entrance of the grand vestibule. Here again the card had to be submitted to another superior officer. In a moment the orderly returned, handed our card to a gay young soldier in waving plumes, gold-handled sabre, and white kids, who escorted us up through the large audience to the very front, where we could see everybody and hear everything.

IN SUCH HIGH ESTEEM

is our dear Government held in France that a card with "United States Legation" on it is as effective as was the magic wand of Cinderella's fairy god-mother. Without it we should be sometimes as forlorn as was poor Cinderella when she sat with her toes in the ashes, crying because she could not go to the ball.

The grand vestibule is a beautiful room, ornamented with massive marble columns, frescoes, and statues. Seated in a circle in front of us were the noted Generals who compose the tribunal. They are a most imposing body, with grave, earnest faces, and military bearing. The effect of their bright blue costumes, gold epaulettes, and the broad scarlet ribbon passing across the breast and over the shoulder covered with decorations, is very picturesque. In the centre is the intellectual, refined-looking Duke d'Aumale. Over his head hangs a very large and fine painting of Christ upon the Cross. At his left sits

THE ACCUSED,

with white hair and weather-beaten face. His costume, worn and faded, is in sad contrast with the bright new ones all about him; but the decorations that glitter all over it, and the Cross of the Legion d'Honneur that adorns his breast, speak eloquently of services rendered and glories earned.

As we entered, Mr. Villiesum, a negotiant of Metz, who had proposed to revictual Metz, and was angrily dismissed by Marshal Bazaine, was giving his most condemnatory evidence. The testimony finished, he begged leave to add a few words, and, turning to the audience, he, in a most emotional manner, said: "There are some names we should teach our children to loathe and detest. There are some names we should teach them to revere and worship. Let us teach our children to hold in sacred memory the names of the soldiers of the Army of Metz, who only desired to fight and to die. If they had had a General worthy of them, *Metz to-day would belong to France.*" When he had finished, the yellow, impassioned face of the Marshal crimsoned, whether with rage or shame we know not.

A THRILL OF HORROR

vibrated through the room. Simultaneously the vast audience rose to their feet; bitter tears filled every eye; exclamations of grief, rage, and disgust resounded through the assembly. Had it not been for the armed soldiery, perhaps, the trial might have ended then and there.

Marshal Bazaine was a brave soldier and a capable officer, but he was an Imperialist, and not a patriot. He betrayed his country to save his Emperor, and lost all. It matters little to him, to France, or to the world, what may be the decision of the tribunal. He is already dead and disgraced. I only wish that to-day all the enemies of the Republic were as dead as he. But, alas! they sit in the council chambers of the palace at Versailles, like the witches in "Macbeth," concocting a broth that will be more potent for evil to France than was the witches' stew to the unfortunate Thane of Fife.

In the centre of the beautiful Place de la Concorde is the grand obelisk of Luxor. Stretching away up to the heavens, it may be seen from all parts of Paris, and is

THE ETERNAL PROTEST

of the French people against royalty. On this very spot, 2,500 persons lost their lives inside of three months. Eight times in eighty years has the Government of France been overturned, and still the Monarchical journals consistently tell us that the Monarchy is the only government that can be permanent in France. Jules Grevy says, in his "Gouvernement Necessaire," that there are no longer in this country even the elements of a Constitutional Monarchy; and yet these mad idiots are determined to force the old Legitimist regime back upon the people. America is cursed with the disease of emotional insanity, and France with the King-making lunacy.

French women are intelligent and

INTENSELY PATRIOTIC.

I was in a little shop to-day, and, observing so many soldiers passing, I said to the Madame who was serving me, "You have a large army in Paris." "Yes," she replied, "but I wish it was larger. I wish I had many sons, that I might give them all for soldiers. You know we are very sad on account of our lost provinces. We shall never be happy till we retake them, and for that we must have a large army. We wait and hope." I told her we all hoped that Alsace and Lorraine would yet be a part of the great Republic of France.

YESTERDAY, THANKSGIVING-DAY,

was observed after the most approved style: Church in the morning; dinner in the evening, —cranberry-sauce and tomatoes. The Chicago and Illinois company were wicked enough to be happy, though far from the "Old Folks at Home." But how could they help it when, in a charming dining-room, heated with hot-air,—Presidents Lincoln and Grant benignantly smiling upon them from the wall,—they sat down to an exquisitely cooked American dinner, surrounded by familiar faces; the interesting topics of conversation, Chicago, Galena, and Rock River; our kind, genial Minister and his charming lady, the entertainers. We dare not hope that our Christmas may pass as pleasantly, though we expect to pass it in grand old Rome.

JANE GRAHAME JONES.

"SWINGING" AROUND THE CIRCLE OF PHILOSOPHY.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: This critic has not been made a whit wiser or happier by hearing Prof. Swing's lecture on philosophy; on the contrary, he is very much unhappy and inconsolable over his dissatisfaction. *Cui bono*, dear Professor? Pray, explain to us in another lecture what you mean. You castigate the philosophers and overwhelm them in ridicule; and then you applaud them as the messengers of the centuries, and the harbingers of that bright future for which you so unctuously pray, a better state of morals. There you confuse me, —a dullard, I confess, but anxious to learn. If there is to be a philosophy, would you have it dragging in swaddling-clothes and feed on theological weeds; or would you bid the human mind to explore the illimitable space beyond the fifty-six millions of suns, each as big and luminous as he whom we see with the naked eye? The true philosopher's unhappiness begins only when he has reached the end of illimitable space, if such a paradox is allowable. He laughs at your unhappiness, and disdains your blue-gass philosophy. He has reached the heights of science by the donkey-work of climbing upward; you become dizzy, looking at him in the valley. You laugh at his ideal ambition of the "ideal horse" and the "ideal man," and wait in perfect admiration until the hill is taken away, and you are enabled to march on the leveled highway. You sit down on a comfortable bench on the border of this highway, pull out of your modern pockets Mill's autobiography, and console your unhappy frame of mind with his Solomonic exclamation, "All is vanity," and no less so philosophy. The cart with the eloquent "tongue" passes by you, drawn by an "ideal horse," and you are stopped in your reveries on Mill's unhappy frame of mind. You rise in a philosophic mood, and supplement Aristotle, Plato, and Bacon; and are the centuries any wiser for your statements? Are you aiding, Professor, to level the hill you so figuratively built before our eyes? You are neither ascending nor descending, but are standing still, befogged with theological doubts,—too much of a theologian to be a philosopher, and too much of a philosopher to be a true theologian. Do you desire a philosophy veiled by faith and tempered by religion? Do you wish to supplant the daring of philosophy by a weak wish or "hope?" In fact, I do not understand you. You praise Bacon at the expense of Aristotle and Plato; why this juxtaposition? The idealism of the former could only produce the steamer stuff of the latter. You do not account for the progress in philosophy from the time of Plato and Aristotle to Bacon, and, in a very unphilosophical way,—but with the license of the theologian,—ignore the centuries lying between their periods, and move your audience to laughter by a happy conceit. You acknowledge progress in theology; do you not? And yet you would not praise a Beecher at the expense of poor Calvin. You acknowledge aberrations in theology; why hold so special ridicule any conceivable aberration in the fall of philosophy? Cui bono? I ask again. Is it any less credible to believe in the apeship of man than to believe that the water blushed into wine, as Dryden has it? True religion cannot lose vigor by the aberrations of theology; true philosophy will bless the future in spite of the vaporings of some disciple. Philosophy has its finite state; you wish to make it more so, and hence my dissatisfaction with your lecture. Your philosophy delights in railways, sewing-machines, and reapers; but you ridicule the evolution which brought forth the practical from the ideal. You say, very wittily, that "God has no partiality for a ten-foot pole, but He gives us illimitable space." Will you deprive the philosopher of the latter, and present him the former? Would you have us measure your philosophy by a ten-foot pole? I trust you have no "partiality for it."

Having heard you heretofore on other subjects, and conceding your ability on other topics, I come to the conclusion, that, like a true artist, you gave us a *finite* lecture to prove the *finite* state of philosophy; and this explanation is the only consolation left for an otherwise admiring critic.

PHLOPA BESOM.

REMARKABLE CRIMINAL TRIAL.

A Man Who Tried to Shoot, Stab, and Burn His Wife.

From the New York Tribune, Dec. 19.

The trial of a man for one of the most extraordinary and atrocious attempts to commit murder known in the criminal records of this country was begun yesterday in Elizabeth, N. J., in the Court of Oyer and Terminer of Union County. Herman Krull, alias Koewing, was put upon his trial for attempting to murder his wife, Lucy Krull, in Elizabeth. The first witness, George Sayers, testified that on leaving his home in Division street, early on the morning of Nov. 13, he saw a woman crawling on her hands and knees to the roadway. He ran to her, and lifting her in his arms, carried her into his house, where he discovered that she had been wounded in the head, evidently by a pistol bullet, and that the arteries of both arms had been cut at the wrists with some weapon. She was then so weak from loss of blood that she was unable to speak. He had informed the police of his discovery, and they had arrested the attempted murderer.

Mrs. Krull then narrated the circumstances attending the attempt upon her life. Her testimony was translated by an interpreter, as she gave it, she not speaking the English language. She became acquainted with Krull in Hamburg, Germany, in August last, and married him in September. She arrived in this country on Nov. 5, landing at Philadelphia. The day after their arrival he said he wished to visit his children in Brooklyn, and went to that city. He rejoined her on Nov. 11, and told her that he had selected Newark as their future home. Previous to starting she pawned a watch studded with diamonds and three rings, and gave the money to her husband. On the way to Newark he got off the train at Elizabeth, at 8 o'clock in the evening. In that city he walked through dark streets until late at night, and finally led her into a piece of woods on the border of the city. He then stopped suddenly and said, "Lucy, we are both going to die here. I love you too much." He then took out of his pocket a handkerchief saturated with chloroform and placed it against her mouth, but she pushed his hands away. He then fired a shot in the air, and in an instant afterward pointed the pistol at her head and fired. She fell, to the ground insensible, and when she recovered consciousness found him cutting one of her wrists. She at once wrapped her handkerchief around it. He tore the handkerchief off, and asked her pardon for what he had done. She said that she could never forgive him. He then seized her right arm and inflicted with a knife three terrible gashes, saying, "Lucy, 'it will give but little pain; die bravely." She then tried to take the knife away from him, but was too weak. He then again cut her arm, and said, "This will help you; lie down; to-morrow morning they will find you dead." She fell to the ground. He then lit a match, and applying it to her underclothing, set it on fire, and then left her. Still conscious, she reached out one of her arms, from which the blood was streaming, and quenched the flames with the blood. She laid almost unconscious on the ground until daybreak, and then, as she was endeavoring to crawl to a house near by, she was discovered by Sayers.

During Mrs. Krull's examination the clothes she wore on that terrible night were brought into court, and were found to be stained with blood and partly burned. The accused testified in his own behalf that he missed his wife in Philadelphia, followed her to Elizabeth, could not find her there, and then went back to Philadelphia, where he was arrested by the police. His examination will be continued to-day.

JAPAN.

The Hari-Kari System—Medical Science.

From a letter in the Cincinnati Commercial.

It may or it may not be generally known that the hari-kari system is abolished. Dr. Hayes is of the opinion that it was the abolition of this barbarous usage, more than anything else, which reconciled the nobility to the loss of their ancient feudal prerogatives. There are many people in Christendom who have been wont to regard the Japanese as a race so eccentric, and having in them so little human nature, that they looked upon the hari-kari, or happy dispatch, as a blessed boon, a privilege dearer than life. I am happy to be able to state, on as high an authority as that of Dr. Hayes, that the Japanese are eminently human in their feelings, and that they consider their bowels as being very well situated where they are, and do not at all hanker to rip them open, or otherwise disturb them. An instance occurred in the Doctor's professional practice which was pathetic. He was called one day to visit a nobleman of high rank, who was laboring under a chronic disease, which the Doctor discovered upon examination was hopelessly incurable. It appears that the nobleman had been suffering under it for many years before the revolution, but so long as the hari-kari system remained in force he had made no attempt to cure it; had not even consulted a physician.

While this frightful Damocles sword hung suspended over his head by the merest thread of the Imperial pleasure, and he was liable to be commanded at any moment to rend himself asunder in this awful manner, he cared very little whether he lived or died. But after the horrid custom was abolished, life became sweet to him; he yearned once more with all the passionate longings of human nature to be restored to health, and as a last hope he caused the American doctor to be summoned to his bedside. When Dr. Hayes discovered the painful truth that there was no hope for him, and was obliged so to inform him, and thereby to wrest from him all his bright anticipations, he was greatly moved. He found this task one of the very saddest duties of his life.

The native doctors entertain notions concerning the human system quite as absurd as those of the Chinese. Some of these are as follows: They regard venous or arterial blood as the same, also muscles and nerves. At the base of the brain there is a reservoir of marrow, for the supply of bones. Soupd proceeds from holes in the lungs, and these latter rule these various portions of the body. The centre of the pit of the stomach is the seat of the breath; joy and delight emanate from it, and it cannot be injured without danger. The heart lies underneath the lungs, and is the prince of the body; thoughts proceed from it. The liver is on the right side, and has seven lobes; the soul resides in it and schemes emanate from it. The gall bladder is below, and projects upward into it, and when the person is angry it ascends; courage dwells in it, hence gall is eaten by men who are very anxious to increase their valor. The pelvis, skull, fore-arm, and leg are considered as single bones, the processes of the joints being quite dispensed with, and the whole considered merely as a kind of internal framework to hang the flesh upon, without any connection with it. any more than a clothes-horse has with the shirts and pillow-cases hung on it. The blood is thought to irrigate the body, but the doctors are much troubled as to how it runs down the extremities and returns up hill. Some pictures represent tubes issuing from the fingers and toes, and running up the limbs into the trunk, where they are lost, or reach the heart, lungs, or some other organ, as well as they can, wandering over most parts of the body in their course, etc.

But the Japanese in this, as in all other branches, are thoroughly awkward, and are putting forth earnest efforts to acquire the arts and science of the Western nations. At Osaka there has been organized a medical association of forty physicians, who assemble periodically for discussion and mutual benefit. Dr. Hayes says their meetings are characterized by a spirit of inquiry worthy of all praise. There has been translated into Japanese the standard anatomical atlas of our language (I forget the names of its two authors), besides other medical works. The Orientals have a repugnance against dissection which they cannot overcome at once.

—The Hudson (Wis.) *Times* publishes a communication from James Johnston, thresher, of the results of his work for fourteen farmers, in St. Croix County, threshing 22,039 bushels of wheat, an average of over twenty-one bushels an acre.

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We have just received the entire Bankrupt Stock of L. De Barjo, Paris Hair Emporium, of New York, which we will close out this week regardless of cost. Look and compare these prices with others:

36-inch Human Hair Switches for - - $2.00 worth $4.50
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Also, our entire stock of Ladies' Underwear at half price. Ladies' Fine Merino Underwear at 50c., 1,000 Black Astrachan Skating Caps for 50c, worth $1.50. 1,000 Paris French Corsets at 50c, worth $1.25. Ladies' and Children's Furs at a sacrifice. Immense Bargains this week.

THE FAIR, 530 State-st.

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Grand Christmas Sale AT AUCTION, OF HOLIDAY PRESENTS,

At our Salesroom, 204 & 206 East Madison-st.

MONDAY, Dec. 22, at 9 o'clock.

$30,000 WORTH OF

Diamonds, Jewelry, FANCY GOODS, AND BOOKS.

This Grand Sale commences at 9 o'clock, and will continue ALL DAY, and DURING THE EVENING, until the whole stock is disposed of.

Diamonds, Genuine Jules Jurgensen Watches, Fine Watches and Jewelry, Bronze and French Clocks, Opera Glasses, Elegant China and Bohemian Vases, Fancy Berlin and Paris Goods, Bronzes, &c., &c. Large lot Choice Books and Photograph Albums, &c., &c.

Goods can be seen before the sale commences.

TAYLOR & HARRISON, Auctioneers, 204 and 206 East Madison-st.

On Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 10 o'clock,

At our salesroom, 204 and 206 E. Madison-st.,

PAWNBROKER'S SALE AT AUCTION, OF Unredeemed Pledges,

BY ORDER OF A. GOLDSMID.

FINE DIAMONDS, in Pins, Rings, Ear-Drops, etc. Fine Gold and Silver Watches. Solid Gold Jewelry, Rings, Pins, and Sets in Diamond, Ruby, Emerald, Sapphire, Pearl, Amethyst, Topaz, and Coral. Solid Silverware. Gold and Silver-headed Canes, Opera Glasses, etc.

☞ Sale positively without reserve for cash.

TAYLOR & HARRISON, Auctioneers, 204 and 206 East Madison-st.

Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 2 1-2 o'clock, 204 & 206 E. Madison-st.,

300 Elegant Chromos

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ALL IN GOLD GILT FRAMES.

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SALE POSITIVE. Our orders are to sell. On exhibition Monday.

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Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 9½ o'clock,

Our Regular Wednesday Sale OF DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING.

Large and full line Men's Scarfs.
Full line Black and Colored Velveteens.
New invoice Custom-made Clothing.
Fleece-lined Hose, Merino Hosiery.
Cardigan Jackets, Nubias, Hoods.
Towels, Fancy Goods, Notions, Furs.
And our usual full line of Sundry Dry Goods.

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OUR REGULAR WEDNESDAY SALE OF DRY GOODS and CLOTHING.

Large and full line Men's Scarfs.
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New invoice Custom-made Clothing.
Fleece-lined Hose, Merino Hosiery.
Cardigan Jackets, Nubias, Hoods.
Towels, Fancy Goods, Notions, Furs.
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CLOSING SALE OF ELEGANT CHROMOS,

When any remaining stock WILL BE SOLD. This is a chance for a good Christmas Present.

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On Saturday, Dec. 27, at 9 1-2 o'clock,

REGULAR SALE OF Furniture and Carpets,

Parlor and Chamber Sets, Book Cases, Sideboards, Desks, Brussels and Wool Carpets, Crockery, Chromos, Beds and Bedding, Stoves, &c., &c.

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Choice Canary Birds,

GUARANTEED SINGERS.

Those wishing birds SHOULD CALL AT ONCE, as they are being sold very rapidly.

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Will be sold, one elegant Hallet & Davis Piano; Oil Paintings, by Garrison of New York, Knapp of Paris, and other artists of repute; super Marble-top Chamber Sets, Marble-top Tables, Easy Chairs, English Velvet and Brussels Carpets, Silver Plate, China, Dinner and Tea Sets, Beds, Bedding, Stoves, Dining-room and Kitchen Furniture, &c. All must be paid for and removed by Tuesday afternoon.

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TWO HUNDRED FINE CHROMOS,

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Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 10 a. m., full line of Marble-Top Chamber Sets, Marble-Top Dressing Bureaus, Superb Parlor Suits, Card Tables, Bedsteads, Bureaus, Easy Chairs, Bedding, Stoves, &c.; also Brussels and Woolen Carpets. BRUSH, SON & CO., Auctioneers, 41 South Canal-st.

Saturday, Dec. 27, at 10 a. m., WILL BE SOLD HOUSEHOLD GOODS,

New and Second-Hand Carpets and general Merchandise. BRUSH, SON & CO., Auctioneers.

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By ELISON, POMEROY & CO.

Great Bankrupt Sale OF WATCHES AND JEWELRY AT AUCTION,

Monday Morning, Dec. 22, at 10 o'clock, at our Salesroom, 84 and 86 Randolph-st.,

Fine Gold and Silver Watches, Gold Chains, Elegant Gold Sets, Rolled Plate Sets, Gold Charms, Sleeve Buttons, &c., &c.

Also, at 12 o'clock, 200 Volumes of ELEGANTLY BOUND and valuable BOOKS, suitable for HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

A large assortment of Plated Ware, Fancy China Vases, Toilet Sets, Bohemian Glassware, Cologne Sets, &c., &c.

ELISON, POMEROY & CO., 84 and 86 Randolph-st.

Tuesday Morning, Dec. 23, at 10 o'clock, CLOSING SALE OF THE Bankrupt Stock

AT STORE, 72 RANDOLPH-ST.

Entire stock of Stationary, Initial Paper and Envelopes just to the trade. Blank Books, Letter, Note, and Foolscap Paper, Inkstands, Rubber Bands, Lead Pencils, Steel Pens, Envelopes, &c. Everything pertaining to a first-class retail stationer's stock. Also a large lot of Saloon's Birds, Rewards of Merit, &c., &c., and 3 Silver-Plated Show Cases, Counters, Shelving, Gas Fixtures, &c. Sold by order of R. D. JENKINS, Esq., Assignee.

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Diamonds, Watches, AND FINE JEWELRY, AT AUCTION.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, Dec. 24, at 10 o'clock, afternoon at 2 o'clock, and evening at 7½ o'clock, at our store, 84 and 86 Randolph-st. Magnificent Diamonds in Ladies' Breastpins, Ear-Rings, and Pins; Solitaire and Cluster Rings, Diamond Studs. Ladies' and Gents' Fine Gold Watches, American and Swiss manufacture. Elegant Jewelry in all the latest and most fashionable styles. A large collection of London, Paris, and Vienna Fancy Goods, suitable for the Holidays. Solid Silver and Silver-Plated Ware. Clocks, Bronze, Ornaments, etc., etc. All the most elegant goods, and the latest styles and quality, equal to any house in the city. Consigned to us by PORT in his German specialties. Mast. GEORGE DAVES

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Our Regular Friday's Sale,

Friday Morning, Dec. 26, at 9 1-2 o'clock.

We will offer the usual immense assortment of New and Second-hand FURNITURE, which has made our sales so successful. Rich Parlor and Chamber Sets, Marble-top Tables, Walnut Extension Tables, Lounges, Bureaus, Carpets, Crockery, Bedding, Blankets, Stoves, etc., and a large lot of Plasterers and General Merchandise.

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26 HANDSOMELY-FURNISHED ROOMS.

Parlor and Chamber Sets, Tables, Chairs, Rockers, Lounges, Hair Mattresses, Bedsteads, Bedding, Parlor and Cook Stoves. English Brussels Carpets in all the rooms.

On Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 10 o'clock prompt. The rooms can be viewed; terms made known at the sale.

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TUESDAY MORNING, Dec. 23, at 9½ o'clock, fine custom-made Clothing, for men, boys, and youths, in Suits, Dress Coats, Overcoats, Pants, and Vests; splendid line of Fur Goods, Muffs, Boas, Capes, Collars, and Sets, in Mink, Beaver, Sable, Astrachan, Squirrel, &c.; full line of Men's Underwear and Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Gloves, &c.; Ladies' Cambric Initial Silks, and Skirts, &c.; full line misses' and children's Fancy Balmoral Hose, Perfumery, &c.; Toys, Fancy Goods, and Games; Pocket and Table Cutlery; splendid invoice of Silver-plated Ware, suitable for holiday trade; Government Clothing; 25 bales Red Comforters; 10 bales Gray Blankets, and 50,000 Cigars.

GEO. P. GORE & CO., 68 and 70 Wabash-av.

NEW YEAR'S

Is near at hand, and with it the Tide will turn, and up go the prices again. WEDNESDAY, DEC. 24, at 10 a. m., we shall offer, to close,

600 CASES WELL ASSORTED Boots and Shoes,

GEO. P. GORE & CO., 68 and 70 Wabash-av., Ancl'rs.

AT AUCTION.

REGULAR SOUTH SIDE SALE OF Household Furniture.

Another rich display of Household Furniture, Parlor and Chamber Furniture, Book-Cases, Wardrobes, Extension Tables, Lounges, Rockers, Chairs, Tables of every description, Parlor and Office Desks, Bedsteads, Mattresses, Comforters, Camp Chairs, Mirrors, Stoves and Carpets, Oil Cloths, 25 Crates fine English Crockery at 11 o'clock; Buggies and Harness. Furniture retailed during the week at low prices.

On Saturday, Dec. 27, at 9 1-2 o'clock.

G. P. GORE & CO., Auctioneers.

By WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., AUCTIONEERS, (ESTABLISHED 1856.) Nos. 15 and 17 Randolph-st.,

Sales rendered and paid 4 days after sale. Consignments solicited.

Large and Desirable STOCK OF FUR GOODS,

For Ladies', Misses', Children's, and Men's Wear, of Mink, Seal, Otter, Beaver, Chinchilla, Marten, Fitch, and other kinds. Wolf, Bear, Fox, and Buffalo Robes.

AT AUCTION,

On MONDAY MORNING, Dec. 22, at 10 o'clock, at our Salesrooms, 15 and 17 Randolph-st.

WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers.

Valuable Miscellaneous Books On Tuesday Afternoon,

Dec. 23, at 2 o'clock.

At our Salesrooms, 15 and 17 Randolph-st.

The stock consists of Historical, Classical, and Miscellaneous Works, many elegantly illustrated and finely bound. Full particulars in catalogue, nearly ready.

WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers.

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, &c.,

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 24, at 10 o'clock, at 15 & 17 Randolph-st.

BOOTS, SHOES, BUFFALO OVERS, RUBBERS, GLOVE GAUNTLETS, &c.,

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 24, at 10 o'clk, at 15 & 17 Randolph-st.

CARRIAGES, HARNESS, &c.,

ON WEDNESDAY, Dec. 24, at 10 o'clock.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

ON SATURDAY, Dec. 27, at 9½ o'clock.

By HODGES & CO.,

At the Marble Front Auction Rooms, No. 62 W. Lake-st.

We will sell on Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 10 a. m., also at 7 p. m., a large Stock of HOLIDAY GOODS, consisting of Fancy Ornaments, China, Glassware, Plated Ware, Cutlery, &c., &c. Also a general line of Household Goods. Look out for Bargains.

HODGES & CO., Auct'rs, No. 62 West Lake-st.

SMOKERS' ARTICLES.

MEERSCHAUM

Pipes, Cigar Holders, Cigar Cases, and an elegant line of Smokers' Articles at HOFFMAN'S,

176 STATE-ST.,

Opp. Palmer House.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

THE

NEW AND SECOND-HAND STORE at which can be found Furniture, Carpets, Office Furniture, Bedding, Counters, Air Mixers, and Show Cases.

F. & J. CASEY'S, 4 and 6 Fifth-av.

AUCTION SALES.

By WILLIS, LONG & CO., Auctioneers and Manufacturers' Agents, 195 and 197 Randolph-st.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF CHRISTMAS FURNITURE, HOUSEKEEPING GOODS, NOTIONS, FURS, &c., &c., AT AUCTION, AT OUR REGULAR WEDNESDAY SALE,

DEC. 24, AT 9½ A. M.

WILLIS, LONG & CO., Auctioneers.

AT AUCTION, AT 336 WEST ADAMS-ST.,

TUESDAY, Dec. 23, at 10 a. m.,

HOUSEHOLD GOODS,

Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, Pictures, Ornaments, Books, Stoves, &c., &c.

WILLIS, LONG & CO., Auctioneers.